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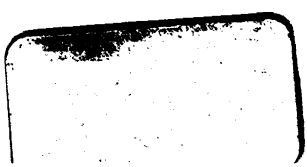

MXS

Gocher

Champ.

TALES OF THE TURF---Vol. II

WET SUNDAYS

BY

W. H. GOCHER

Between the heats men talk and read
Of action, pedigrees and speed;
While form and color, style and weight,
Cut in with courage, mouth and gait.
These when combined in one, endorse
The composite—a racing horse.
To run or pace select the daisy cutting glide,
To trot seek ample fold and the four-cornered stride.
To win hold hard, my friend, you're hunting touts and mirth,
Walk-overs are the only certainties on earth.

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A NOTE.

The title of this book requires an explanation. Since I have been able to own a horse, a matter of about twelve years, I have made it a practice to go for a long drive on Sunday afternoons, as it is the only time a wage earner, which I have been since a boy, can call his own. In Cleveland my outings were taken behind a little brown mare named Juda, whose memory will always be green in the family; Tirzah, by Dictator, and The Hawk, a harum scarum gelding that was all his name implied. After coming to Hartford, in 1896, I purchased the bay mare Bessie Wilkes, 2:33, by Wilkie Collins, and in the past seven years I have driven her over twenty-five thousand miles, an average of about ten miles a day, over the roads of Connecticut. In that time I also had many a drive behind her stable companions, the airy gaited pacer, Touch Me Not, 2:13½, by Pocahontas Sam, and gallant old Guy, 2:09¾, the war horse of the Mambrino family of trotters.

Those who study the weather will remember the batch of wet Sundays which were placed on record during the spring and summer of 1902. They cut off my drives and while Bessie Wilkes and Guy stood in their box stalls munching hay and stamping at flies, I wrote and revised the most of the material in this book. It was, in a measure, a holiday jaunt wheeling about among memories long since relegated to the garret. While recalling the old days, the dripping eaves and muddy roads were forgotten and as

> "Into each life some rain must fall,
> Some days must be dark and dreary,"

I present them in the hope that under similar conditions those who love a good horse and enjoy driving or riding on the road or on the turf may find in them at least a flicker in the window of cheerfulness when the rain is falling and the clouds hang low.

W. H. GOCHER.

HARTFORD, CONN.,
NOVEMBER 1, 1903.

THE BEGINNING.

'Twas on the famous trotting ground,
The betting men were gathered round
From far and near; the "cracks" were there
Whose deeds the sporting prints declare.
There, too, stood many a noted steed
Of Messenger and Morgan breed!
Green horses also, not a few,
Unknown as yet what they could do.—*Holmes.*

It had been a severe day. Colonel Edwards had kept the ponies going from one o'clock until seven and when the last heat was decided there was scarcely enough light left to distinguish the horses as they passed under the wire. All of the races were badly snarled. Betting ring and bad actors, did you say? Well a little of both possibly, although it is not well to admit too much in these days of adverse legislation and investigation committees. For the present purpose it is enough to say it was a hard day for the scribblers who are expected to get their stories on the wire or on the city editor's desk before nine o'clock and write them on an empty stomach.

On this day in particular there was very little victuals to be had. Being forced to skip lunch on account of the hour at which the first race was called, the only refreshment which came my way was a chicken sandwich and a meat pie and by that I know it was Thursday, the big day, as for twenty-three years Miss Walton had on each Thursday of race week sent the Cleveland judges a basket of meat pies.

If you were in favor with the Colonel you were given one—two, did you say—no never, that was not on record except the year that Jim Oglesby brought a great unknown from the far west as a driver. He slipped into the stand while the Judges were discussing the advisability of postponing on account of a slippery track and before he was noticed filled a Missouri vacuum, commonly called a stomach, with a bunch of the revered meat pies from the slate-colored mansion at the lower end of Gordon Park.

The races went on, but the Colonel stormed terribly and Oglesby's driver—Oh, that I could but place his name on record, as he is an only of the onlies and his record will never be beaten, as the old mother earth has like a great morass swallowed about all of those who figured as leaders in the amusement world of Northern Ohio at the period covered by this story. Their obituaries have been written and so it will go on while the old world wags. Some one possibly still unborn will rattle off a line or two about you and me, only to be forgotten like a puff of dust on the road. Others will yell themselves hoarse possibly from the seats which we once occupied in the grand stand or discuss the chances of the field and favorite in the betting ring. Like the line in Tennyson's Brook "Men may come and men may go" but the ponies go on forever.

A broiled black bass with French fried potatoes and a cup of hot coffee in one of the stalls at the Oyster Ocean on Bank Street soon made the dust and confusion of the race track seem like a memory and as I rang for a cigar—I smoked in those days—the commotion of a party in the next stall attracted my attention. With my heels on the table and a chair tilted

against the wall, I made up my mind to hear what was being said, as from the way they were ordering wine I knew that they had been winners and might possibly give a reporter a hint or two as to how such fruit is gathered in the harvest field over which Frank Herdic and William Riley presided as separators—that is, separating one body of wise men from their money and giving it to another, less the commission.

As near as could be made out, some one in the party was urging one of his associates to tell them how he ever drifted into racing and he refused point blank to make a confession unless he was given permission to tell the tale from the beginning, "from the knicker-bockers up," as he expressed it between a "here is looking at you" or "death to the crows." A husky voice suggested that he cut in at the long breeches, but it was always No! No! As I listened I began thinking of the beginning of things from my own standpoint. Did you ever pick up the trail of your life step by step and try to discover the first shred of memory dangling among the cobwebs of the dead past and from that shadow trace the part which the fairy finger of fate has played in moulding your career? In many particulars the lives of nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand are shaped by circumstances which existed before they were born, and for the odd one who rises above them the world has reserved turmoil and trouble, fame and possibly fortune blasted with the sleepless spirit of ambition, which like the Dead Sea fruit looks fair when afar but "melts to ashes at the touch." This is the beginning and the going on of man, said I, as I listened to the rattle of the glasses in the next stall and

watched the smoke of my cigar melt into thin air as it floated towards the gas jets over the table. After two more small bottles and a lot of talk which is not material to the story every one in the next stall consented to hear the tale of the party importuned from the "knickers up" and this is what I now recall.

"I was born in an inland village that never heard the whistle of a steamboat or a locomotive or had a race horse of any description within its limits. The mail and travellers came in on a stage and ninety per cent of the people born there were never ten miles away from home during their lives. How my parents happened to locate there is more than I know, but before I was old enough to learn the ways of the world they packed all they owned on a couple of wagons and pointed the horses for a town nearer the edge of civilization and industry. I will call the stopping place Z——, which will do as well as any other name, as I can see that all of you are rusty on geography. Z—— was on a wood burning line of railroad, while the small stream that turned the grist and saw mills also carried an occasional steamboat whose whistle brought half of the population down to see the freight rolled on or off the wharf."

"Fizzle," came the voice of the husky man who had held out for the "pants up" story. "Fizzle, I say. Cut it, my lad. Steamboats! have plenty of them on the Cuyahoga. It's ponies we want, ponies! ponies! understand."

"Probably you had better tell it yourself," rejoined the reconteur, but as it was followed by a dozen "go ons" his huskiness was down and out after the exchange of compliments and a general lighting up, for another spell of listening.

"What memory I have left runs back to Z——. What I know of prior to that was told me later in life and the first stop is punctuated with a horse."

"I knew it, I knew it," growled the husky one while the balance silenced him with a genial 'dry up,' a term a trifle out of place in that party, thinks I. Without noticing the interruption, the story teller proceeded.

"At the time I was between two and three years of age. The horse was a little brown mare that my father drove in his business, and while she did not have any speed, she was all that could be asked for. When I shut my eyes I can see her now, smooth made with a short neck, heavy mane, pointed ears and a playful toss of the head when you spoke to her. That old mare and I were friends, boys, and when they laid her away under the sod, as the governor said no dog should ever pick her bones, I cried like a baby. For our business she would not be worth thirty cents except to pull the traps from the track to the cars, but with all your worldly ways and wise looks I reckon each of you had a first horse if you only take a little time to think of it.

"The next horses that I recall appeared on a placard advertising a condition powder or something of that sort. It was nailed to a post in the village grocery and as I with the other boys dodged in and out to exchange pennies for candies and marbles, I in time learned that the names of three of them—there were five in the group—were Flora Temple, the switch tailed queen of the trotters, Dexter, the white legged champion, and the old war horse, General Butler.

"General who," broke in a voice with an unmistakable Southern drawl. "Did Ben ever have a trotter named after him?"

"Did he," said husky voice, "well I should remark. Never heard of 'the contraband' that was mixed up in the murder in Chicago?"

"Never," said the Southern voice. "Reckon we had all of Ben Butler at New Orleans that we could tolerate without naming race horses after him, or reading about any that were."

This remark made the occupants of the stall roar, and when it subsided, husky voice suggested that as the story teller of the party had not as yet graduated from his "knickers" he might air his knowledge of the old time trotters before turning out any more junk from his reminiscence factory. This appeared to be agreeable to all, as in a minute or two the following in reference to General Butler came to me through the partition:

"General Butler was a ragged looking black gelding that was foaled over on Long Island in 1853 and began trotting about the time that the war broke out. As his front legs looked a trifle shaky very little was done with him until he had arrived at what was then called maturity, seven or eight years old, but when he did get under way the General made a reputation in short order and was from the start among the first flight of trotters. The frisky Widow Machree trimmed him in his first race, but as the General did not have a name then the loss did not count. His first up and up race as General Butler was, I think, in 1861 against Lady Suffolk. Hiram Woodruff drove him and won. The following year, when Butler and

Farragut were making it interesting for our friends at the mouth of the Mississippi River, the black gelding caught the eye of Harry Genet, who was so well pleased with him after he made General McClellan trot a fourth heat in 2:32½ to wagon, that he paid the owner's price and placed his new star in charge of Dan Mace.

"The General's first start for Genet was in a purse race to wagon against Panic, who was considered invincible. The betting was 20 to 1 on Panic and all you wanted of it. Genet and the balance of the Tweed ring who were in touch with his secret took enough of the General Butler end to make it interesting and then pulled off the race in straight order, the first half of the second heat being trotted in 1:11. That clip was what could be termed tapping at the championship door in those days and in a short time Genet found a few wigs on the green.

"At this time the brown stallion Robert Fillingham stood without a competitor in the public estimation. Flora Temple was no longer on the Island, George M. Patchen was in the stud and Ethan Allen was not fast enough to exercise Eph. Simmons's son of Hambletonian and Dolly Spanker, who at a later date established a world wide reputation as a stock horse under the name of George Wilkes. In order to keep the ball a rolling Harry Genet offered to match General Butler against Robert Fillingham, his horse to go to saddle and the stallion to harness. Eph. Simmons made the match and the pair went in what was called the best trotting race ever seen on Long Island, General Butler winning in 2:21½, 2:23, 2:27, after Robert Fillingham gathered in the second heat in 2:24½.

"The day before the race was trotted Harry Genet met the owner of the gray gelding Rockingham, and before they parted they agreed upon three $1,000 matches, the first to wagon, the second to harness and the third to saddle. Rockingham was a Massachusetts product, and I mention him here as these matches had considerable to do with putting Budd Doble on his feet as a trainer of record-breaking trotters. Rockingham passed from Massachusetts, where he was known as the "Granger colt," to Philadelphia and became one of W. H. Doble's pupils. He was a winner for him to harness and Budd, who was then twenty years of age, gave the lofty going gray all of his saddle work. When General Butler and Rockingham met in their race to wagon the black gelding was the favorite, but his backers' patience was tried, as two firsts were entered on the book for the gray before Butler settled down to business and won. He had plenty of speed, as in the third heat he trotted a half in 1:13, but was unsteady. Sam McLaughlin was employed to drive Rockingham in the race to harness. It proved a very unsatisfactory affair. Rockingham won the first and third heats and Butler the second and fourth. The Judges then decided to carry the race over to the following day, when Rockingham pulled it off in 2:25¼, his harness record. In the saddle race Budd Doble had the mount on the gray and gave him his record of 2:22¼ in the second heat. Dan Mace showed him the way to the wire on the next trip in 2:24½. It was then supposed that Butler would go on and win, as he was known to be a laster, but Budd had a little more speed under him than was looked for, as he came back with Rockingham in 2:23½ and

placed the odd event to the credit of the Philadelphia party. Budd Doble's riding in this race attracted the attention of Hiram Woodruff, and later on when Fawcett and Trusell purchased Dexter he recommended him as the trainer for the horse, which was the pride of his last days and the fastest trotter he ever drew a line over.

"You all know the balance, and as Budd Doble is now nicely started on the way to fame, I will skip four years and appear with General Butler at Chicago. This was in 1866, the year that Dexter and George M. Patchen, Jr., were hippodromed from Long Island to Milwaukee and back to Philadelphia. General Butler was at the time under the management of William McKeever, a New Yorker who had been brought up in the butcher business, but who became enamored with the gay going trotters and in due season exchanged the apron and cleaver for a driving cap and whip. When Dexter and George M. Patchen, Jr., were shipped west he went along with General Butler, starting him at Syracuse, Buffalo and Cleveland, at all of which places he was defeated by Dexter, the race at Buffalo being a memorable one, as on that occasion "white legs," as Dexter was called by his admirers, trotted three miles in 2:21½, 2:26, 2:18, the last heat being a quarter of a second faster than his mile to saddle against time at the Fashion Course the preceding October, and a second faster than his second heat in the race on the same course in July, when he defeated General Butler and Toronto Chief.

"When Doble, Eoff and McKeever arrived at Chicago in September they found that two races had been arranged for Dexter, the first being with George M.

Patchen, Jr., and the second with General Butler. The race with Patchen was the first called, and as the California stallion was beaten easily in 2:30½ on the first trip the spectators expressed their indignation in very plain terms. In order to smooth out matters Doble went on regardless of his traveling companion and trotted two heats in 2:24½, 2:28. Three days later Dexter was brought out again to meet General Butler over the cinder track of the Chicago Driving Park and lost his only race that season. The first heat was trotted in 2:33½. Dexter won it. Butler then won two heats in 2:27, 2:26½, after which Dexter was drawn.

"Two weeks to a day after this race, or to be more accurate, as this is a momentous event in the annals of harness racing, September 22, 1866, General Butler and Cooley met in a $5,000 match race at the Driving Park. Before the race the Western horse was a prohibitive favorite, five to one being laid on him so long as the Eastern people would take the Butler end of it. Rain had put the track in bad condition, but as Cooley was known to be at home on any kind of footing, that but added to the confidence of the favorite's admirers, and it looked as though the Chicago people considered him the only horse in the race.

"William Riley drove Cooley, while Sam Crooks had the mount behind General Butler. In the first heat both horses were up and down all the way, the lead alternating according to the breaks. From the distance to the wire it was nip and tuck, Cooley winning by a neck in 2:38½. Both of the horses were very unsteady in the first quarter of the second heat, but when Cooley settled he went on about his business

and won by a dozen lengths in 2:37½. The backers of General Butler now began to talk a little and said that 'the contraband' was not properly driven. In the hope of saving the day William McKeever took the mount. Getting away in front he took the pole and won the third heat in 2:32 by twenty lengths, his horse never leaving his feet in the mile. This showing created considerable excitement. It was almost dark before the horses were given the word for the fourth mile. Both of them were unsteady and when near the wire it looked as though Butler fouled his competitor, but the judges placed them as they finished, Butler first by half a length and the time 2:33½.

"The deciding heat was trotted by moonlight. As the pair vanished in the darkness Butler was a length in front. As it was impossible to follow them around the track the crowd waited for the pair to appear on the stretch. At length a shout was raised and Cooley came under the wire. Close behind came General Butler galloping with an empty sulky. He disappeared in the darkness and made two more circuits of the track before he was caught and led to the stables. The crowd gathered around the judges' stand, some clamoring for a decision and others wondering what had become of McKeever. In a short time the judges announced that McKeever was on the back stretch and supposed to be dead. Riley, the driver of Cooley, told the judges that McKeever had run into the fence, upset his sulky and that he had to stop Cooley to avoid running over him. Later on the body of William McKeever was found lying on the track about twenty rods from the half mile pole. He was carried to the residence of a physician, where it was found

that his skull was fractured, and as he died without becoming conscious it was impossible to gather the details in connection with the only tragedy of this character ever seen on a trotting track. The mystery was partly solved by finding a board some ten feet long, six inches wide at one end and something wider at the other, which was lying near the spot. One end of it was covered with blood and a piece shivered from the end.

"It has always been believed that some person or persons, whose identity was never discovered, pulled the board from the track fence and standing on or inside the rail held it so that the horse or driver would run against it. The blow, probably intended for the horse, was sustained by the driver with the fatal result as stated. Several parties, including Riley, the driver of Cooley, were arrested, but as there was no evidence they were discharged."

"Rather fierce racing," came the easy drawl through the partition of the stall and which I credited to the New Orleans member of the party. "Reckon if old Ben had been there he would have found the man even if he had been forced to run all of them through a seive."

"Think so, do you?" remarked his huskiness. "Well probably you know, but if no one objects, I move that the orator as soon as he has taken a breath or two spiels a trifle on the text. That plank business made me feel a trifle creepy."

After a slight interruption, during which I aroused myself enough to relight my cigar, I again heard the familiar voice swing into line with the remark:

"In the town of Z—— there was a square plot of about two hundred acres off to the north end that was called 'the commons.' No one knew who owned it, except possibly the tax collector, and as it never raised anything but sour sorrels and a crop of short curly grass which turned brown and dried when the sun struck it in July, it was used as a field for cricket, base-ball and lacrosse. Football had not as yet broken into that latitude, while golf was still smouldering among the hills in Scotland. At the lower end of 'the commons' there was a cone-shaped hill, one side of which had been worked as a gravel pit, and around the hill there was a race track, which I suppose was a mile in circumference. It was laid off on the turf and defined by a furrow on each side of the course which was laid out so long before my time that the mark made by the plough had grown over and left only a slight depression in the sod. The judges' stand, four uprights with cross pieces on which four or five boards were thrown, was located on the outside of the track and at a point from which about three-fourths of it could be seen. As for the spectators, they took in the races from the top of the hill, leisurely walking around the cone while the gallopers fought it out between the two furrows at the base. It was on this track I saw my first race and, strange enough, it was the last one run over it. The starters were Sorrel Billy, a white-faced gelding owned by the son of a wagonmaker who was doing his level best to make an honest living in the livery business, and Bay Frank, a gelding with a long tail owned by a hotel keeper on the other side of the river, which divided the town of Z—— into two halves and two factions on anything that ever came up from

a dog fight to buying a fire engine. The squabbles between the people on each side of the river were all that ever kept that town alive, and were I to enter into them and relate how the boys would fight on the least——"

"Oh, cut it, cut it," broke in the husky one. "Bring out the horse."

"Thanks for touching the button," continued the story teller. "The story of the race is soon told. They were off after a couple of breaks and as they started the crowd began to follow them around the hill, each man and woman—there were a few of the latter present—and an avalanche of small boys cheering them on. At the finish they were heads apart, the bay being in front. Sorrel Billy's rider claimed that he was crowded on the back of the hill. The judges could not see it and as patrols were not thought of, all of the people on Sorrel Billy's side of the river, and they were in the majority, as the track was located in their territory, crowded around the judges' stand and demanded a decision in his favor. The followers of Bay Frank were equally determined to have the stakes and contended that he won. It looked as though there was going to be a riot, when one of the judges, a big red-faced individual standing fully six feet and built with a girth which always made me wonder how he managed to climb up the ladder into the stand, waved his hand for silence. When the tumult subsided he said: 'The judges have decided that the race just run is a tie and that it will be run off at three o'clock to-morrow afternoon.' A few cheered, several whistled and a number growled, but when the horses were led away, they all disappeared.

"As for the race, it was never run off, as that night Sorrel Billy kicked down one side of his stall and impaled himself on the splintered end of a scantling which supported the partition. He was dead when they found him. The following year a man from the other side of the river screwed up enough courage to buy a corner of 'the commons,' and as the lot cut into the track the gallopers had to do the balance of their racing on the road."

"Reckon he did it to get even like a gent down our way," broke in the smooth voice of the New Orleans party. "In the days before the war New Orleans was the most important racing point outside of New York. The planters would come down there for a frolic and when their blood was up they thought nothing of betting a bunch of niggers or a crop of cotton across the green cloth or on the old Metairie course providing they could find a gentleman to bet with. They were very particular on that point, so much so that they kept their set as exclusive as New York's '400.'

"At the time I speak of the New Orleans club was very select and to be admitted to membership a man had to be considered a gentleman of family as well as have the where-withal to settle with should he happen to take hold of the wrong end of a betting proposition. Upon a certain occasion a local gentleman who had either made his money over the cloth or in the lottery, I do not now remember which, if either, presented an application to join the club and was blackballed. It riled him, as after winning his way in the world he wanted to be a gentleman among gentlemen, but the club members did not look at it in that way. They believed that gentlemen, like race horses, were bred

in certain lines and unless they could trace their pedigree for a few generations they were classed with the οἱ πόλλοι. Arguments, pulls and pressure were tried in this case, but without avail, until finally the rejected applicant arose in his wrath and said with a bounding American expletive that he would buy the track over which Lexington and scores of old-time champions had raced and turn it into a graveyard. And he did, the ground covered by the beautiful Metairie Cemetery being the site of the old race course which you have heard of in song and story."

"Step a heat with that," broke in the husky one, as I heard some one by my ear scratch a match on the wall and take a few puffs at a cigar.

"How would it do to trot a heat or two seeing that some one has cut a slice out of the track around the hill?"

"I will go you just once," was the reply of the party who had been doing most of the talking, "and tell you of a trotting race on the river."

"The what?" said husky voice. "Do they walk on the water where you come from?"

"Scarcely, scarcely. This is one on the ice. Something that will please my friend from the edge of the levee, as he never saw a piece of ice outside of a wagon or a high ball. This trip I will take you to the land where there are miles of it and going on the runners for four or five months each year."

"I feel cooler already," chipped in the husky voice. "Oh, what a yarn for a July night with the thermometer in the top of the tube. Let me touch the button just once more and then we will be with you."

In a few minutes a general settling in the chairs showed that every one was ready for a trip on the ice, which ran as follows:

"As I have told you the town of Z—— was located on a fair sized river. During the summer it was the scene of many a boating party and fishing expedition, while in the winter after the snow had drifted the roads full, the bulk of the travel was done on it. As soon as the Christmas holidays were over every man in the town with an eye for a horse began to talk about a winter meeting. It was the absorbing topic from that time until the bills were out, while every horse in the neighborhood that was threatened with speed received as much drilling as a candidate for a Grand Circuit event. Also about this time what were known as the 'cute ones' were apt to disappear for a few days and eventually show up on the street with a new horse or two hitched to a speeder. One man in particular made a specialty of this for a number of years, but for some reason or other his pupils always failed to connect. He always had the speed and could fly when alone, but when he broke into company they either pulled so that he could not control them or proved bad actors. Each winter the old heads would gather around the stove in the tavern and tell of a new one that had been added to the list of misfits, and after a few hot scotches or a little straight proof they went home convinced in their own minds that it would not do.

"Finally one crisp winter morning the star figure in the bunch of 'cute ones' appeared on the street behind a little gray mare that stepped and acted like the regulation article. She poked along with her head

down and so far as appearances went, seemed to know as much about road work as the man who was driving her, and that was saying considerable. Before night those who had not seen the gray had heard of her and when the evening session opened the talent voted to buy a whisk broom and send it over to the barn, as it might come in handy to brush off the white hairs and the snow balls which were looming up in the future. All of this was done the following day, and when the cronies came together again for a smoke and a talk their messenger told them that their gift was accepted and that word was also sent to them that if they did not keep their eye on Nelly Gray—that was the mare's name—their pocketbooks would not need dusting when she began to shed her coat. When Hi Hopkins was told about this the next day I thought he would die laughing, but he and his friends survived until race week.

"As none of you were ever at an old style winter meeting I will give you an idea as to how the business is conducted. A week or two before the meeting three or four teams are hitched to a big snow plow and sent down the river to make the track. They scrape four or five paths, the number depending on the width of the river or the probable number of starters. Each competitor in these races had a track to himself, the snow that covered it being shoved into a mound extending from one end of the course to the other. In Nelly Gray's year the finish was about a mile below the town near the mouth of a little bay where the boys gathered water lilies and killed frogs during the summer months. From this point it bore off to the left and after a straight strip of river for about half a mile

NELLY GRAY.

disappeared around a bend which was covered by a heavy growth of timber. From there it cut across to a point where during the fishing season all of the river boats stopped for a supply of spring water, and on rounding it followed the stream straight away to the starting point.

"When the race day arrived all of the male population of the town that could get away from work and those who had no business engagements to bother them, together with a swarm of small boys, many of whom I am sorry to say were playing 'hookey' from school, were on the river, groups of them being gathered about huge fires which were lighted on the banks and even on the ice near the finish, while the more fortunate jogged up and down in cutters or long sleighs with seats on each side of the box. Each of the town taverns were also represented by a refreshment sleigh, at which you could get a bite to eat or a sup to drink.

"For the first day of the meeting there was but one race on the programme. In it Nelly Gray was to meet Hi Hopkins' big gelding Pepper Duster and an unknown that had drifted into town under the cover of darkness. For three seasons Pepper Duster had had everything his own way and Hi was vain enough to think that his run of luck would continue. The night before the race while he and his cronies were talking it over, Hi offered to bet $10 that he would distance Nelly Gray and every man in the party believed it. When the horses were called Pepper Duster, as I now remember him, looked a little the worse for wear, as notwithstanding his speed Hi made him earn his oats when there was no racing to be done. Nelly Gray looked very cheap along side of him as she jogged by

with her head down and many a head shook as she passed around the bend, while for the hundredth time some one remembered that 'a fool and his money were soon parted.' Ninety per cent of those who had made the trip to the track wanted to see Nelly Gray's owner defeated, as being a newcomer in the town they looked upon him as an interloper, while Hi and his father before him had been a taxpayer from time out of mind, and while he might not be as smart or as sprucely dressed as those who had been to New York or Buffalo, he knew a thing or two, and don't you forget it.

"Talk ran high after the three competitors and the judges in a sleigh to which a pair of running horses were hitched departed for the starting point. Everybody appeared to be for Pepper Duster, while those who had seen the preceding races cracked jokes over the other stars which Nelly Gray's owner had imported to defeat him. After a short wait word came down the line that they were off and by the time that the buzzing had ceased, the three of them were seen coming around the bend. Pepper Duster was out in front and marching like a drum major, while Nelly Gray and the unknown appeared to be within a couple of lengths of him. There was no change to the finish, Pepper Duster winning by a couple of lengths, amid the huzzas of his enthusiastic admirers. Nelly Gray, to the surprise of every one, never made a break, while Hi was clever enough to see that her driver was only sizing him up and would trim him when he was good and ready. And so it proved, as after nipping him out at the finish in the second and third heats, Nelly Gray was cut loose and made a 'holy show' of old Pepper

Duster. Those who remained to see the last heat returned to town in the dumps. They looked as if they had been to a funeral, the owner of Nelly Gray and the 'cute ones' who had an idea as to what she could do being the only followers of the races who had a smile to spare that evening.

"On the following day Nelly Gray won again. Hi Hopkins was very conspicuous by his absence, and Pepper Duster for the first time since he was known as a trotter was marked as a non-starter on the memorandum in the hands of the judges. The telegraph operator at the depot said that Hi had taken the midnight train, but as he had jumped aboard without buying a ticket he had no idea as to where he had gone. On the morning of the third day, which was the last of the meeting, a rumor floated about town that Hi had returned with a trotter that would smother Nelly Gray and the unknown, but as no one was permitted to see the phenomenon it was not possible to confirm or contradict the report.

"A little before noon one of the men in Hi's stable was seen leading a big horse covered with a hood and blanket from nose to tail towards the river. All that could be seen of the horse was four black legs, and by that they knew that it was not Pepper Duster, as one of his front legs was white half way to the knee. This was a declaration of war. Hi's racing dander was up and the horse in the blanket represented it. Being Saturday, all of the farmers who had come into town to do a little shopping joined the town folk when they started for the river, and I doubt if there ever was before or since such a crowd seen at a horse race in that place. When Hi arrived he had the new 'critter,'

as he called it, hitched to his speeding sleigh and when the blankets were pulled off, those who were near by saw a sixteen-hand brown gelding a little on the leggy order with a head like a barrel, long, tapering ears which almost met at the tips and a rat tail that worked up and down like a pump handle when he was going. As he warmed him up a little all but his cronies began to think that for once in his life Hi Hopkins had been skinned in a horse deal. And so it proved, as both Nelly Gray and the unknown trotted rings around him when it came to racing.

"Fifteen or sixteen years after the above race was trotted, I was one Sunday morning sitting on the steps in front of the club house at Fleetwood Park, New York. A number of members' horses were being worked for the edification of their owners, one of the lot being a low-headed gray mare without a name or record. After a couple of warming up heats she stepped a mile in 2:25 and a fraction, the last quarter of it being a shade better than a twenty gait. Her owner was delighted with the performance and after the honors had been done in the usual way, said that he had owned and driven her dam and her grandam, both of them being grays and gaited like the one we had just seen. He also stated that the grandam had made a record in the thirties and had trotted Fleetwood better than 2:30, but that he had sold her to some one living up north after she had been so unfortunate as to get mixed up in a runaway on Seventh Avenue. At this point I asked him her name and he replied, 'Nelly Gray.' "

As he spoke the name I heard a shuffling of feet and a husky voice say "Shake," while at the same time

a hand touched my shoulder and a voice in the stall I occupied roused me with the remark, "A note for you, sir." I opened it and read, "Come quick, or there will be a strike. There is not a man on the job who can read your copy. W. B."

As I paid my check at the bar I asked Frawley the names of the parties in the next stall. "A bunch of Southerners," he replied, "who came on to play Hal Pointer. They have the money and went out about an hour ago to see how Cleveland looks by gas light. Good night."

THE GENERAL.

"Can she win?"—gee whiz—I reckoned
You had been out to the track,
Her quarter in thirty-two seconds
Made the favorite look like a hack.

"Good actor?"—never a better,
Head down and as clever as Mace,
Every stride right to the letter;
The best trotter they have on the place.

"Will he try?"—now that's a fine query
Do you think they came here for their health?
You scribblers always make Turner weary,
Run along and get some of the wealth.

For centuries Ireland has been referred to as the nursery of noted men who, after abandoning the land of their birth, became prominent on foreign soil. For time out of mind the Irish have been referred to as a people who were "driven from home," their troubles beginning long before Cromwell transported hundreds of them to the West Indies or any other point towards which he could with safety send a ship. But with all their misfortunes the Irish flourished, their valor, wit and industry, blended with a temperament that comes up smiling in the face of all kinds of misfortune, carrying them triumphantly into port.

It is a long skip from Brian Boru to Bobs, but at every step on the stairs you will find an Irishman attracting attention either by his fighting qualities, volubility, call it eloquence if you will, or disposition

to work, and while thousands of them never learn the value of a dollar there are others who do and succeed in amassing a comfortable fortune in the most hazardous enterprises. On the trotting turf one of the latter by his skill as a reinsman and his ability to deliver "the goods" when due, was assigned the title of "General," his name on the Pennsylvania tax list appearing as John E. Turner. *

A sketch of John E. Turner's career reads like that of many another lad who started at the foot of the ladder, Irish wit, clear head, and thrifty habits proving his talisman. Aladdin did not come around mornings and let John E. rub his lamp for luck or to help his imagination, as the young man was always up at peep of day looking for the nimble sixpence. As a boy, he started out to care for horses that came to the shed of a road house near Philadelphia, while those who made up the driving brigade of the day were inside toasting their shins and swapping experiences, as they had a "little of something." Turner was so industrious that he soon attracted the attention of the road drivers by his good manners and the taste which he displayed in keeping everything in shipshape order, to say nothing of the care that he took of their horses after a spin. One gentleman in particular thought that the Irish lad should have a horse to drive on the road, so he sent him an old stallion named May Day. Turner soon

*The term "General," or "Little General," was first connected with John E. Turner's name in the summer of 1878. In April, 1903, when referring to it, Charles H. Page, of Philadelphia, wrote as follows: "One afternoon in the summer of 1878, in company with A. G. Westmore, who at that time was doing turf work for "The Item," as we were sitting on the fresh green sward waiting, wondering and watching, we saw Turner, who was engaged in a race, skirmishing and manoeuvering for a position, and when he won the heat, one of us—and I think I am the man—used the words "Little General." The following Sunday Mr. Westmore used the words "Little General" in "The Item." That was the start of "General" or "Little General." "

found a way to hitch the veteran and it was not long before he began to step him. It was along in May when the old horse was sent to him and the sun never caught John E. in bed from that time until he met a Waterloo that almost put a damper on his prospects.

May Day could trot, and the brushes that he received mornings together with the care made him feel like a game cock. His young teamster was sweet on the old horse, so he let him move along at times. On the Waterloo day, the pair had been down a side drive, and as they struck the macadam, May Day asked for his head. Unfortunately for Turner and his hopes, that piece of road had been treated to a few loads of broken stone the day before. When the old horse reached it he stumbled and fell, Turner flew over his head, and when the pair managed to get on their feet again, they looked like a couple of defeated gladiators. May Day's knees were cut and bleeding and he had a dozen other wounds, while Turner's face was almost peeled and his hands were not much better. The pair wandered back to the tavern, and before the blood had been washed off the owner of May Day put in an appearance. After looking them over he took the horse home. Turner never saw him again, but after he had drifted to the race tracks, he found a mare by May Day that proved the nest egg from which his fortune was hatched.

This horse, May Day, was, according to W.H.Van Cott—who gave Flora Temple her first lessons—bred by Jacob S. Platt, the New York merchant, after whom Platt street in that city was named. He had three Canadian trotting mares named Surrey, Bet and Rose. Surrey was very fast for her day and could trot in

about 2:40, a remarkable performance in the thirties, when a 2:30 horse was an unknown quantity and John Treadwell was chanting the praises of Abdallah. Jacob Platt bred these mares, and from Rose, a chunky mare with a good head and neck, he got a chestnut colt, by Henry, who then stood on Long Island at Jacob Van Cott's stable. The colt was foaled on the first day of May and was named May Day. He grew up to be a fine looking horse, was sold to New Jersey parties and eventually drifted to Philadelphia. Bet never produced any foals worthy of mention, but Surrey afterwards threw Henry Clay to the cover of Andrew Jackson.

John E. Turner's early days were ones in which hard work took out all of the play. He had to see where the money came from and also see that it was spent judiciously. On that account he did not enjoy any of the advantages of education. His school experience was of but three or four days' duration. While he was at the tavern looking after the road horses of its patrons, the wife of a gentleman who was connected with one of the express companies in Philadelphia, asked him if he had ever been to school. On receiving an answer in the negative, she had her husband make arrangements for John to attend school during the winter. He did so, but the surroundings were new to a boy that had been out of doors all of his life. After an hour or two his legs began to cramp. Then, to make matters worse, he imagined that he could not wrestle with the pot hooks and other primary marks in chirography as cleverly as others of his age, so he politely took French leave of the institution and the gentlemanly tutor and made his way back

to the shed. Years after he saw that he had made a mistake, and busied himself about learning how to read, write and do a little financiering.

As the years slipped by, Turner drifted to the race tracks, where he found employment as a groom and invested his savings in a bay mare that caught his fancy. In those days Sunday was selected by the road drivers to visit the horses which they had in training, and they usually sat around the track for half of the day, making matches and talking horse. On the morning that John E. Turner again attracts attention he was walking his mare. A few of the enthusiasts present were on match-making intent and kept chaffing the shrewd youngster, as they classed Turner, when he told them that his mare could trot faster than anything on the track. The usual smile went around the circle, but the up-shot of the business was that he made three matches. He had all of his capital on the first and won. This made plain sailing for the second. He won it and the third was never decided. With this money and what was added to it as the days rolled by, the budding reinsman found May Queen. She put him on his feet, not only financially, but also as a trainer. May Queen was brought out by John B. Haines, of Burlington, N. J. He drove her with another little bay mare named Lucy and they made a spanking team. Haines began racing May Queen over at the Mount Holly fair grounds. She won for him and was the star trotter of that section of New Jersey when he sold her to Turner. May Queen won more races for him than any horse he ever pulled a line over, dozens of them never being reported. Starting out from Philadelphia he drove from town to town, once going as far west as Iowa.

A short time before the war Turner happened to be in Buffalo with his horses. Hearing of a meeting at Homer, a little hamlet, or rather a hotel, blacksmith shop, store and race track about three miles from St. Catherines, Ontario, he decided to invade Canada with May Queen and a green horse which he had picked up for a trifle. When Turner and his horses arrived in St. Catherines, he found that if he wanted to go to Homer he would have to walk. The road, after crossing the Welland Canal, was sandy with considerable fine gravel in it. This annoyed him, as he was wearing a pair of patent leather shoes which he had purchased in Buffalo, so he pulled them off and trudged on to Homer on nature's sandals. The following morning when Turner tried to get his shoes on he found that they were too small. His feet had swollen, and nothing remained for him to do but to travel to St. Catherines for another pair or go barefooted. He chose the latter and won a race with May Queen and two with the green horse in that make-up. Tom Brown, the party giving the meeting, wanted to buy the green horse before he started, as Tow Boy was getting to be a back number. Turner's price was $400. The old man hesitated, but after the horse had won his races paid $600 in silver. With it and the purse winnings in a bag which was tied to May Queen's sulky, Turner and his mare turned their backs on Homer forever.

When May Queen returned to Philadelphia she had speed enough to defeat all but three or four of the best trotters on Long Island and her owner was not very anxious to meet them, as in those days the earning capacity of the trotter depended largely upon his

ability to win matches, and in order to do that a horse had to be a shade faster than he had ever shown in public. About this time a few of the Quaker City experts also decided that now was the time for an industrious young man like John E. Turner to lose a little of the coin of the realm which he had brought on from the West, and in order to separate him from it they made three matches to be trotted inside of two weeks. The first two were trotted on alternate days, May Queen winning both. In the deciding heat of the second Turner gave her a mark of 2:30. The day after the second race May Queen was sold for $11,000 and Turner paid forfeit in the third.

The story of the sale was related by Turner one afternoon while en route to a trotting meeting. "At that time," he said, "I was living quite a piece out of Philadelphia. The day after May Queen's second race a hack drove up to the door and I was called in from the stable where I was looking after the mare. A man that I had seen about the tracks and knew as 'Squeally Jack' on account of his shrill voice, stepped out and said that he had come to buy May Queen and was going to take her to California. After looking her over (and she was smooth as oil that day) he asked me my price and I told him $11,000. It just about took his breath away, but after a time he said that he would give me $10,000; but I would not hear of it. He argued and talked for over half an hour; told me it was a big pile of money and all that, and it was more than I had ever had at one time up to that date, but it was no use. I saw from his actions that he wanted the mare, and as he was getting in the hack to drive away told him that he had better buy her then and save $10

for hack hire coming after her again. He would not raise, however, and drove away. After sundown, when I was getting ready to go to bed, I heard a hack drive up. It was followed by a rap at the door, and when I went out I found my man back, ready to pay $11,000 for May Queen. Gallar bought her that night, took her to California, while I invested the $11,000 in the house I lived in from that time until I moved to Ambler Park."

"But why did you hang on $11,000?" asked one of the party, "or come to place that price on May Queen?"

"Well, it was this way," said Turner, "I had priced that piece of property and found it could be bought for $11,000. As soon as I learned that, I made up my mind to sell May Queen for that figure."

A picture of May Queen has a place on the walls of Turner's house, one of Nettie being added as a companion piece at a later date. The latter was his most successful money getter. When racing she carried considerable weight and had a will of her own, but she also had that happy faculty of being inside of the money when the judges made their announcements. Nettie carries the race record of the Hambletonian family, and she also showed in public faster than the mark which made Dexter a champion, as she was well up when Lula trotted in 2:15 at Buffalo in 1875. No effort was made to duplicate the performance against the watch, as Turner never had the time record bee in his bonnet, as of all things that he had no use for, an outclassed horse was placed first on the list. Trinket is the only fast one that he marked in that manner, her mile in 2:14 being trotted over Fleetwood Park, New York, in 1881.

When racing for large or small purses Turner was always opposed to going out for a heat when there was not one chance in a hundred of winning the race. When he cut loose he wanted everything in his favor, his horse ready for a hard race and the field a trifle slower or in a condition to come back to him after going a heat or two. Until such a state of affairs presented itself Turner was willing to wait, laying back far enough in each heat to not, as he termed it, "compromise the Judges." Splan was also for many a day imbued with the same idea. Both of them were disposed to lay up a heat or two and see who was going to do the fighting before they tried. From that moment they differed as the thousands who have seen them in the sulky can testify. Splan's seat was simply perfection. With hands just right and arms in a position to take back or ease away in an instant, he fitted almost any kind of a horse, taking to them with a dash that was characteristic of the man. At no time in his career did he ever drive a better finish than at the Cleveland meeting in 1892 when he chased Elmonarch home second to Robert J. The roan gelding wanted a rest when he passed the distance. The clip was faster than he had been used to, in fact faster than he had ever shown. The wire was still a hundred yards off and the money was there. Gathering him up Splan lifted the gelding through the air in a style which made one think that he was wiggling on the end of a derrick, hit him a couple of cuts with the whip to chase the tired feeling out of his head and shoved him home in second place. All of the flourish, dash and boldness that can be seen in any finish was displayed. There was none of the

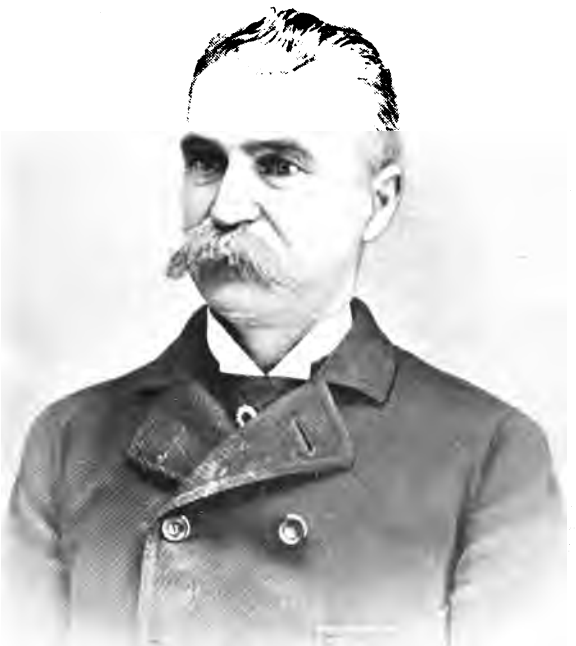
John Goldsmith climbing or the winding that characterized Wagner, none of the stiffness seen in a Hickok finish or recklessness seen in Bowens, but there was a steady get there, get there quickly in a straight line, and at the same time make no mistakes. Add to the above a "gift of gab" which can be equalled only by the end man of a minstrel show and a war whoop of such calliope proportions that it prompted early turf legislators to pass a rule against loud shouting and you will have a very fair idea of John Splan when he and Charley Ford met Turner and Hannis at the West Side track in Chicago in 1880.

Hannis was a bad tempered little horse, but as Turner knew that he would make a serviceable piece of racing material he waited for him and was rewarded as usual. In 1880 after a series of races in which Hannis had never shown his true form, Turner landed in Chicago with the pony cherry ripe. The admirers of Charley Ford were confident that it was finding money to back the gray gelding at any kind of odds against Hannis and Ettie Jones and Turner allowed them to think so until they were "all down." After six heats, three of which were battles royal, the delegations from the levee had lost everything but their reputations. Turner had the money.

As for the race, the first heat was declared dead in 2:19½, although Splan always contended that his horse won it. The Judges then as now did the thinking and after Ford's second heat in 2:16¾ the game was up, although the betting did not change. In the third heat Hannis was stepping by Ford in the stretch when he caught a quarter boot and left his feet, the gray gelding winning the heat in 2:19. Splan's last

great effort was made at the finish of the fourth heat which went to Turner in 2:18¼. All of the devices that the former had studied in the sulky and with which nature had endowed him were called into play, while Turner sat erect driving one of his characteristic finishes. Not a muscle of his face moved as he approached the stand; as he knew he had the gelding beaten, but he drove with all the skill that he possessed and did not let a motion of his horse escape him. Two miles in 2:27 and 2:23 finished the race in favor of Hannis.

Such an experience is not by any means as racy as Gus Glidden had in the early seventies when trotting through Illinois. He had a fair young horse that few people knew anything about and as no one was looking for fast records, he and three others, divided the purses and trotted according to the humor of the party. After three weeks of this kind of racing, during which Glidden's horse was nearer the distance stand than the wire, his confederates put their heads together and decided to save a quarter of the purse by leaving Gus out and let him take a whirl with the flagman. Gus did not object. That was just what he was waiting for. When the race day came the other owners avoided Glidden as much as possible. Nothing was said and Glidden did not show a disposition to make any advances. When the betting began, an unknown appeared and bought all of the tickets sold on Glidden's horse. As for the race it was short and sweet. Glidden knew it would be dangerous to prolong it, so he distanced the field in the first heat. The combination did not tumble to the move until the flag fell. They read Glidden the riot act, but it did no good as he had the money.



JOHN E. TURNER.

Turner made four campaigns with Hannis. He started him in fifty-eight races, of which he won seventeen, was second in fifteen, third in thirteen, fourth in nine, unplaced in three, and divided first, second and third money in an unfinished event with Driver and Dick Swiveller at Beacon Park, Boston, his gross winnings amounting to $23,835. Hannis made his first starts at the Philadelphia spring meetings in 1877, where in a series of conditioning races he was defeated by Little Mary, General Howard and the gray gelding Royal George. As the showing was favorable Turner had Hannis in his car when he dropped into the Michigan Circuit in June with Nettie, Slow Go and the balance of his racing material. As Hannis was reserved for the slow classes in the Grand Circuit, the entries for which did not close until the week prior to the Chicago and Springfield meetings, which were in 1877, held on the same dates, Hannis did not show in front at Grand Rapids, Jackson or Detroit, the record of his trip showing a second to Teaser at Grand Rapids, a second to Jacksonville Boy and a third to Monroe Chief at Jackson and seconds to the same pair at Detroit.

At Chicago the entries for the Grand Circuit having closed, Hannis being named in the slow classes from Cleveland to Hartford, the brakes were taken off and the Mambrino Pilot pony began his memorable trip down the line by adding two first moneys to the Turner stable with six heats, the fastest being trotted in 2:27. At Cleveland the Eastern and Western stables met. Dan Mace had won a great race at Springfield with Sheridan, and his admirers were confident that the Edward Everett gelding could

lower the colors of Hannis and all the other horses named in the 2:34 class. When Col. William Edwards rang the bell for the race Turner appeared with Hannis, followed by Mace behind Sheridan and Lady Pritchard with John Murphy in the sulky. The other starters were David, St. Patrick, Captain Sellick, B. F. Bruce, Frank Saylor, Dan Bassett and Marian H., but all they did from a racing standpoint was to contribute their entrance towards the payment of the purse.

When the horses scored for the word, to the consternation of Turner and the Western brigade, it was found that Hannis was completely "tied up" and could not get into his stride. At the word Murphy rushed to the front with Lady Pritchard and won the heat in 2:27, with Hannis struggling along near the distance stand. Mace won the second heat with Sheridan in 2:23, Hannis being still in the rear and in distress. At this point the Eastern brigade was jubilant, Mace bright and witty and Turner storming over a bad start and the condition of his horse. Mace won the third heat in 2:25½ after a finish that showed him Hannis was still in the race. At the half Hannis was struggling along in the rear when he suddenly regained his stride and speed. From that point he acted like a trotter and picked up every horse in the race except Sheridan, the latter winning by a head. This unexpected awakening put a crimp in Mace's wit and when Hannis stepped by him at the half in the fourth heat he pulled into Turner and took a couple of spokes out of one of his wheels. Fortunately Hannis never faltered and won the heat in 2:22¼ and the next two in 2:24¾, 2:26¼. John

Murphy, by winning the first heat with Lady Pritchard, saved the race for Turner.

Dan Mace had a bit of sweet revenge the same season when he met Turner and Hannis at Poughkeepsie with Prospero. Before reaching that point Hannis won his engagements at Buffalo, Rochester, and Utica, where he cut his record to 2:21 in a race with Sheridan, Lady Pritchard, Roman Chief and W. H. Arnold. At the Hudson River Driving Park, May Bird, Frank, Lady Pritchard and Lady Snell were named to start against the Messenger Duroc gelding and Hannis. Frank picked up the first heat in 2:20, after which Mace scored twice with Prospero in 2:21½, 2:20. The next heat went to May Bird in 2:22½ and the deciding mile to Prospero in 2:22. Hannis saved his entrance, but at Hartford the following week he turned the tables on the same pair and won in 2:19¼.

After a skip in 1878, his only start that season being in a race with Nettie at Woodbury, N. J., on the Fourth of July, Hannis was in 1879 dropped into the Michigan circuit, where he trotted second to Proteine at Jackson, Saginaw and Toledo. After winning at Cincinnati and Louisville he was pointed for the "big ring" but failed to make good as on the trip down the line he was third to Bonesetter at Chicago, unplaced to Darby at Buffalo, third to Bonesetter at Rochester and third to Darby at Utica. After a month's let-up Hannis won over Steve Maxwell and Emma B. at Mystic Park, Boston, and divided the purse with Driver and Dick Swiveller in an unfinished race at Beacon Park. He also won a stallion race from Thorndale at Prospect Park, Brooklyn, de-

feated Jersey Boy, Steve Maxwell and Neli at Providence, while Scotland had too much speed for him at the Mount Holly fair, and Charley Ford raced away from him and Driver at Washington.

The campaign of 1880 has been referred to. Before leaving Philadelphia that spring Hannis won a race at Suffolk Park and was defeated by both Driver and Ettie Jones at Point Breeze. After winning two races in straight heats with Hannis at the Prospect Park spring meeting, Turner shipped to Michigan, where he met Charley Ford and lost to him at Jackson, Toledo and Cincinnati. This, together with the showing made by Hannis in his race with Monroe Chief on the opening day of the Chicago meeting, when he was beaten in 2:21¾, 2:20½, 2:20½, after winning two heats in 2:24¼, 2:21½, convinced the Charley Ford people that they had nothing to fear from Turner and his pony. They accordingly backed their horse and, as has been related, lost their money. On the trip east Hannis was defeated at Cleveland and Buffalo by Maud S., was third to Driver at Rochester, won his last race at Springfield and made his record of 2:17¾ in the fourth heat at Hartford, where after winning two heats and making a dead heat he was beaten by Charley Ford.

In 1881 Hannis was one of the starters in the $10,000 stallion race trotted at Rochester, N. Y., on July 4. It was spun out for seven heats, France's Alexander finally winning it, with Robert McGregor second, Santa Claus third and Hannis a non-heat winner, saving his entrance. Before going there he had trotted fourth to Voltaire at Jackson, was defeated by Robert McGregor at Detroit and Saginaw and dis-

tanced by Midnight at Toledo. Hannis was also started in the $6,000 stallion race at Chicago, where he took the word with Wedgewood, Santa Claus, Piedmont, Robert McGregor and Monroe Chief. He also saved his entrance in this event, Piedmont winning it after Robert McGregor had been awarded two heats and Santa Claus one. After skipping Cleveland and Buffalo Hannis was defeated by his old rival, Charley Ford, at Rochester and Utica and took the word for the last time in a stallion race at Fleetwood Park, New York, September 21, 1881, where he was fourth to Santa Claus in 2:20¼, 2:19¾, 2:21, with Wedgewood second and Voltaire third.

Edwin Thorne, a thrifty Quaker who amassed a fortune in "the swamp" in New York and retired to a farm in Duchess county, usually sent his racing material to Turner, as the man from Philadelphia knew how to make a trotter pay his way. His best products were Edwin Thorne and Daisy Dale, both of which were by Thorndale. They proved a great pair of money makers. Turner did not strive to give them fast records, but he did do considerable thinking when it came to placing them where they could win. In 1880 he won four consecutive races with Daisy Dale and gave her a record of 2:19¾ at Buffalo. He had Edwin Thorne the following year. Picking up a race in Detroit in June he did not win again until the Grand Circuit opened at Cleveland, where he disposed of Voltaire and Lucy, trotting one heat in 2:20¾. At Buffalo he trotted a sixth heat in 2:19¾, and at Rochester he finished the last three heats of a six-heat race with Kate Sprague, J. B. Thomas and Pilot R. in 2:20, 2:19½, 2:25. He also won again at Utica, and landed another event on the first day at Hartford.

The big chestnut gelding was also entered in the 2:21 class at this meeting, the other probable starters being Piedmont, Lucy, Voltaire, Emma B., Steve Maxwell, who had been an absentee all the year, Hambletonian Mambrino and Dan Smith. Peter V. Johnson had Piedmont and he had been so successful that almost everyone considered him invincible. Piedmont had started in at Chicago, where he defeated Robert McGregor, Hannis, Wedgewood, Santa Claus and Monroe Chief, trotting the last three heats of a six-heat contest in 2:17¼, 2:18, 2:21. There was nothing in his class to force him to a drive at Cleveland, Buffalo, Rochester or Utica, and as the same kind of an event was expected at Hartford, T. O. King, the Secretary of Charter Oak Park, asked all of the other nominators in the 2:21 classes if they would agree to give Piedmont one-half of the purse for a special and race it out among themselves for the balance. Turner alone objected, as he felt that he could win second money with Edwin Thorne and also have a chance for first, as he knew that Piedmont was "short" on account of the easy races he had had during the preceding four weeks.

When the race was called the betting was Piedmont $50, field $8. In the first heat Thorne led to the quarter in 34¼ seconds with Piedmont, who was a slow beginner, two lengths away. He was at the gelding's shoulder at the half in 1:09 and had a length to spare as they swept around the upper turn. In the stretch Edwin Thorne closed with the stallion and had him under the whip at the distance, Turner taunting Johnston with the remark "hit him, Peter," as he stepped by and won by a length in 2:17½. In the second heat Voltaire rushed away in front, but fell

back before Edwin Thorne passed the quarter in 34¼ seconds. Piedmont had worked his way up to the leader's wheel when the half was called in 1:09 and was at his neck when they passed the three-quarter pole in 1:44½, but not being legged up for such a prolonged flight of speed so near his limit, Piedmont fell away on the trip to the wire, Edwin Thorne winning in 2:18½.

The third heat was a scorcher. Piedmont lay at Thorne's wheel to the quarter in 35 seconds and half in 1:08¾. On the stable turn the gelding broke and lost three lengths, but came so fast after he caught that Piedmont had but a length to spare when he passed the next quarter pole in 1:43¾. At the distance Johnston drew his whip, which he had not used on Piedmont from the race at Chicago in July. Down it came on the stallion, who was straining every nerve. As it stung him he faltered, while Turner tapped Thorne lightly and landed him the winner by a neck in 2:18¼. Of this race the "Turf, Field and Farm" said: "Piedmont's supporters were confident that he would win in straight heats. They forgot that Edwin Thorne had a general behind him—a general whose tactics are always bewildering. Turner keeps his own counsel, and when he hits the boys he doubles them up as if they had been kicked by forty mules. He feels of his own horse and those trotted against him and when he is confident that he has a winner he does not babble to the winds. He quietly pockets the good things and goes about his business with the meekness of a lamb."

Edwin Thorne and Clingstone were the stars of the Grand Circuit in 1882. The Rysdyk gelding won at Cleveland, where he trotted to a record of 2:14, and again at Buffalo, where he drew outside position and

won the first heat by a nose in 2:14¾. At Rochester the Thorndale gelding won a heat, but Turner was not ready. His day came at Hartford, where Clingstone was foaled and developed and where every man, woman and child believed that no man had a horse that could take the measure of "the demon trotter." In the first heat of the race Thorne made a break inside the distance and Clingstone won in 2:17 amid cheers that could be heard to the top of Talcott Mountain. On the next trip Clingstone was carried to a break before he reached the quarter pole and Saunders' effort to close the gap took all the trot out of him, Thorne winning that heat as he pleased in 2:17, and the next two without being extended in 2:21¼, 2:21.

Turner had another gala day at Hartford in 1888 when he stripped Spofford for the Charter Oak Stake. During the winter months of that year a couple of gentlemen, neither of whom were very fond of the "General," made an effort to have the training quarters of the Kentucky Prince gelding transferred from Pennsylvania to Ohio. J. B. Houston, the owner of the horse, was interviewed and all kinds of pulls and combinations rung in to get the black gelding from under the Philadelphia man's eye. As the horse had paid his way under Turner's management Mr. Houston decided not to make a change and eventually told Turner of the move. It made him very bitter, as he had worked for two years with Spofford in the hope of catching him right and making a killing, and as luck would have it the day came that season.

In July, when the time came to "pop the question" to Spofford, Turner found that he was very fast, far and away beyond the record with which he retired

from the turf after having been campaigned over half of Europe and part of South America. This good showing had a dark side, as his trainer began to be troubled with a kind of malarial fever and was forced to employ others to give his horses their fast work. At Cleveland, Spofford stole away from Gus Wilson and trotted a third mile close to 2:16, and did it so easily that those who timed it would scarcely believe their watches. One morning at Rochester, Spofford brushed away from Doble and trotted a quarter in thirty-two seconds. Turner saw it and turned pale, as the horse had won a seven-heat race at Buffalo the week before. Thornless defeated him at Rochester, and after an easy race at Utica, where he won, Spofford was shipped to Hartford to be drawn to an edge for the Charter Oak Stake. From the hour of his arrival until the race was called one or two men were in the stall with the horse night and day. Turner boarded near the track, was at the stable by daybreak, and never left it until nightfall. He watched the horse in his work, fast and slow, as closely as a mother does a favorite child, and brought him to the wire ready to trot for his life.

Charter Oak Stake day was a memorable one in Turner's history. Never was the green cap donned with as much determination and never, since May Queen and Nettie were in their glory, did the man who developed Edwin Thorne, Daisy Dale and Hannis appear to such advantage, as each heat was won in the stretch, with a dash that electrified the spectators and drew rounds of applause from the New York delegation in the boxes back of the press stand. Each finish showed the skill of a master hand. Erect, alert and

confident, knowing what he was doing all of the time, and what a few of the others were doing some of the time, he marched on to victory. For a time it looked as if everything was against Turner. Thornless fouled him in the third heat and when scoring for the fourth he locked wheels with Kit Curry, was thrown out and his sulky wrecked. Fortunately Spofford did not get away, and with a new sulky behind him trotted the last quarter of the deciding heat in thirty-two and one-half seconds, a flight which showed the amount of speed that Turner had in reserve.

After the dust of battle had blown away and congratulations were being mingled with the sparkle of champagne and lemonade for those who asked for it, Turner between the puffs of a cigar in a Manilla wrapper said, with a quiet chuckle: "Mr. Houston, which would you rather do, win two or three thousand dollar purses or one ten thousand?" At such a time it was not necessary to remember the answer.

Suisun succeeded Spofford in Turner's stable, and it is a question if he ever hated anything on earth more than that mare. She was a disappointment from one end of her career to the other. As for speed, she had plenty of it, but somehow she never could win when due, and was always popping up when not wanted. While he had the Electioneer mare in his stable, Turner also rejuvenated Harry Wilkes and shaped Rosaline Wilkes for a number of winnings. In 1891 he had Abbie V. and Happy Bee as stars and was one of the heaviest winners of the season. The Happy Russell filly was good enough to win the Flower City Stake at Rochester after she had been uncovered at Cleveland and a $5,000 event at Springfield. The fol-

lowing season Happy Bee failed to connect. Rosaline Wilkes showed that her racing days were over, and a couple of other buds failed to bloom when the rays of the Grand Circuit sun hit them in August. Abbie V. also failed to win when expected. She showed that she carried the stout blood of Aberdeen, but somehow when pinched the Peavine combination in her dam made the cogs jump when not expected.

Having risen from the ranks, Turner was a master of every detail in a racing stable. He favored kindness to punishment and on that account never carried a heavy whip when working a horse or in a race. He taught his horses to do their best at the word or a light tap, and from the day that he was high enough in the profession to reject a horse he would not train one that pulled. When settled in his seat for a hard drive, Turner was as erect as a field marshal on dress parade. There was no give or take to him. He had no time to look around to see what the other fellow was doing, but sat there steadying his horse, confident that the nag knew what was wanted. Age did not change him a trifle in this particular, many of his best finishes being driven the season he retired from active racing.

While identified with racing John E. Turner made more clever remarks than half of the men in the business, and being equipped with what Sam Slick, the Yankee Clockmaker, termed the two great requisites of life, a knowledge of "human natur" and a supply of "soft sodder," he whisked out of many an awkward situation. Time and again he said that when there was something doing the judges rarely said a word to him, but when he was trying they were very apt to bother him. On one occasion when the judges com-

plained of a drive, which to say the least was not very vigorous, the "General" walked into the stand and said: "Gentlemen, there is my whip." They told him to go on, but there was no change in the mode of procedure.

At the Cleveland fall meeting in 1892 Abbie V. was considered good with nothing to bother her. After she had won the first heat the Lucas Broadhead gelding Prince M., which was considered a back number, showed her the way to the wire. In the third heat Abbie V. cut off Prince M. at the head of the stretch, almost literally "nailing him to the fence." It was a deliberate foul. All of the spectators saw it and made many uncomplimentary remarks. As soon as the heat was finished and before the judges could take action Turner rushed into the stand and said: "Judges, I fouled Prince M. You could all see it. I should not have done it and I should be at least placed last for what I did." Turner's apparent earnestness brushed the frown from Col. Edwards' face, and when he said "John, you are old enough to know better. Do not repeat it," Turner left the stand without making a reply. He had gained his point. Abbie V. was placed last. Prince M. was never dangerous during the balance of the race, which was won by Abbie V. The money was down on her. What was done to Prince M., did you say? That is another story.

With John E. Turner life has always had a bright side, as his careful methods and thrifty habits deterred him from trusting to luck in the hazardous business which he followed for a living. No one ever accused him of giving up a bird for two in the bush. The "General" was looking for longer odds and at the same

time planning to offset what he termed a "severe week" with a better one further down the line. That he never had any trouble with the turf officials other than those created by temper, the usual failing of the impulsive sons of Erin, speaks well for him, and that he raced horses year after year for the same owners shows that he lived up to a sprig of advice which he gave a young driver who was in trouble. It was, "never deceive an owner."

Turner is one of the few living men who watched the 2:30 list grow from a handful to thousands, who can remember when a 2:30 horse was a star and a 2:20 horse a wonder, and who kept up with the procession gathering in as he marched by his share of the world's goods until he decided to retire from the sulky and spend the balance of his days under the shade trees at Ambler Park with an occasional visit to the tracks on which he was at one time an important factor.

OINEY O'SHEA.

They said she had speed—I believed them,
And made a swell bet in the book.
When she finished,—well, you should have seen her,
Although she was not worth a look.
They took her home for the winter,
And gave her the best in the barn,
And now all they have to show for it,
Are the bills and an old stable yarn.

CONQUERING BILLY.

Oiney O'Shea was a resident of Irishtown. His three brothers, Mickey, Terry and Paddy, were located on adjoining farms. All of them were well-to-do, as the term went in that section, and all of them were hard-working, honest people. The four had the reputation of never missing a fair or a horse race for miles around, and it was a sorry day when they failed to have a "bit of blood" to sport the green cap, which was the colors of the quartette.

Irishtown cannot be found on the map. It was applied to a bunch of farms near Oxford Station in the County of Grenville. Every man in it was supposed to have come from the Emerald Isle, some of them leaving it, as Oiney would say when feeling his oats, "for their country's good," while others, to use the western term, "emigrated for their health." It was understood that the O'Sheas were identified with one of the upheavals which are so prevalent in Ireland, but

"the b'ys," as they were called, never dropped a word on the subject, possibly because they were under the British flag and were still afraid of spies, or there may have been nothing in it.

A galloping horse was the pride of Oiney O'Shea's heart, and if he would "lep," as he termed it, so much the better. Oiney was the smallest of the four brothers and could, at the time I first met him, ride under eight stone. His face was thin and peaked, you might say on the hatchet order, while his unusual length of limb gave him the same grip on a horse as that which made Fred Archer famous. On the ground, Oiney cut a very sorry figure, as he was narrow-chested and had a long, thin neck, in which the cords stood out like ropes on the rigging of a ship, while his hair, at one time red, was sprinkled with gray and worn rather long. When he threw his leg over a horse you would not have known him. His seat was that natural, easy, jaunty style which comes to a man who is born for the saddle, and when in motion he and the horse moved as one. When at home there was nothing Oiney delighted in more than skipping across country. When out on one of those "larks," as he called them, Oiney was never known to open a gate or lower the bars. With him it was "up and over it, my boy," and then off for a scurry down a lane or up the road. Between two of the O'Shea farms there was a wide lane that ran from one concession to another. This made it one mile. On this lane Oiney trained their race horses. The other brothers worked in the fields doing Oiney's work as well as their own whenever he was busy with the "ponies," and you can depend upon it they were never short of work.

While in Ireland, Oiney had learned that every horse has his distance and that it is very rare to find one that was swift on the flat and at the same time clever at cross country work, but he managed to keep one or two of both and at the same time make them pay for their keep. The average man looks on a race horse as a very useless piece of property, and he is if not trained for what he is bred—that is, racing. In what was then known as Upper Canada, thoroughbred stallions were found to be very good property, as after the farmers learned that they could cross their farm mares with them and get saddlers, hunters, and in some cases, horses that could sprint like all possessed for half a mile and sometimes three-quarters, they were willing to breed to them. The O'Sheas knew that when they landed on this side of the Atlantic, and being the first in the field they, for years, gathered in many a dollar from buyers for stock that could not go fast enough to race and at the same time managed to sweep the boards at the county fairs with those that could. You will not find the breeding of any of their stock in the Stud Book, for while they at different times had both thoroughbred stallions and mares and raised colts from them, they never went to the trouble of having them recorded. In the O'Shea family the stamp of excellence in a horse rested on his racing qualities. That was the beginning and the end of it. Oiney took charge of those that would race, while those that did not come up to expectations were turned to the plough or hay wagon until a buyer put in an appearance.

I became acquainted with Oiney O'Shea in a very peculiar manner. One afternoon in the early seven-

ties, while walking along a lonely back road, I stumbled on one man, two boys and two horses. I knew the man by sight. His name was Mike Floyd. Locally he was known as a sporting character and a rough and tumble fighter. He was by no means a desirable acquaintance after he had had a "drop or two." At such times nothing pleased him more than an opportunity to pick a quarrel with some one. In his younger days this man Floyd had been mixed up in a shooting fray and before he was about again the doctors had amputated one of his arms below the elbow. In after life this stub of an arm was his defence in whatever little differences he might have with the flotsam and jetsam of the public that crossed his path. Ducking his head he would swing half round and with the stub of an arm ram his opponent. The only way to escape a knockout was to side-step, and as Floyd was as quick as a flash, it took a very clever man to evade him.

The pride of Mike Floyd's life was a little chestnut mare named Maud. She was as pretty as a picture and could out run any horse in that county at any distance up to a half mile. She had been to Ottawa, Kingston and Prescott, and I have been told that she had also been over to the 'burg, the local name for Ogdensburg, and so far as I could learn, she had never been beaten. Floyd, when he was at home, which was very seldom, lived on a farm near a place called Bishop's Mills, and the fame of Maud was so well established in all that section that it was as much as a man's life was worth to even hint at some one getting a horse that could lower her colors. Horse after horse had been brought in with that object in view, but Maud still remained the pride of the county.

Maud was one of the horses that Floyd and the two boys had on the lonely road. I afterwards learned that the other horse was Claret by Reporter, out of the Vandal mare Seven Oaks. He was a blocky built bay horse almost a brown, standing a shade over fifteen hands, with the tidy, hardy look which is found in horses that will stand all kinds of care and grow fat on it. Before I arrived Maud and Claret had run a trial of five furlongs and the boys were getting ready to mount for another trip over the road when I came up. Maud had, for some reason, not run to suit her owner, and as he did not have any objection to my seeing the pair gallop, I climbed up on the fence to see the heat. The pair trotted down the road until they came to a slight raise of ground and from which they could be distinctly seen by anyone standing on the fence or, for that matter, on the bank at the side of the road. Floyd walked down the road to a place that I afterwards learned was measured as half a mile from the foot of the hill. As the horses wheeled in the distance I saw him wave his hat and then drop it. As it fell a little cloud of dust in the distance showed that the pair started and in a few moments I saw them coming towards us. The boy on Maud was in his shirt sleeves, while Claret's rider wore a black jacket. As they approached the place where Floyd stood, I could see that Maud was in front and galloping very freely, but as soon as she passed him she seemed to shut up like a jack-knife, while Claret, with his ears laying flat on his neck and mouth open, swept by her like a thunderbolt, his rider doing his utmost to stop him.

Maud did not appear to be distressed when she pulled up, and after taking a couple of long breaths, she

blew out very nicely. As the boy slipped the saddle off her she rubbed him with her nose and whinnied. Floyd patted her on the neck and called her "Old Gal," but his face was as black as thunder. As the two boys led the horses up and down the road he got in between them. They conversed in low tones. I could not hear what they said, and for that matter did not wish to, as up to that point all the interest I took in the proceedings was the pleasure in seeing two horses gallop at racing speed.

In about twenty minutes the boys put on their saddles again and mounted for another heat. Before starting up the road the rider of Claret said to Floyd, "If that were my mare I would try a whip or spur on her."

"Why?" said Floyd.

"Well, I think," said the boy, "she has run so many races at half a mile that she knows the distance and will not try after she goes that far. She was not tired when she came back, as when she passed you she had Claret safe."

"That is so," said the boy on Maud. "I have rode her I do not know how many races and I have never carried a whip or spur. She has always run on her courage."

"I do not doubt that a bit," replied Claret's rider, "but you have now seen twice that she will not go after half a mile and if she won't go in her work she won't do it in a race."

"Do not be too sure of that," broke in Floyd. "When she sees the crowd and hears the shouting she will run till she drops."

"Well, she is your mare," said Claret's rider, " and you can do what you please with her, but if I were in your place I would see what a switch would do on her when she wants to come back. I was taught to learn all I could about a horse before getting him into a race, as then I would know what to do when pinched."

"True for you," said Floyd, and swinging round on his heel he asked me to cut a switch from a clump of bushes that stood in the corner of a snake fence about fifty yards below the half-mile mark on the road.

Climbing over the fence I approached the bushes from the field side, and as I did so, my heart almost jumped into my mouth as I saw what appeared to be a dead man lying between the bushes and the fence. He was watching me like a cat watching a mouse. As soon as I caught sight of him he put his finger on his lips and nodded. He did not offer to say a word to me nor I to him. After selecting a switch I trimmed the leaves off it, hopped over the fence and handed it to Floyd. He put it behind his back and slipped it up to the boy on Maud without her noticing it.

The third heat was run under the same conditions as the second. As they approached a tree standing near the half mile mark, the boy on Maud tapped her lightly with the switch. She came away from it like an arrow from the bow, but as she passed the half she began to stop. Then he struck her in earnest, and instead of scudding on after Claret, who had shot by, she swerved and almost threw him in the ditch. Then there was a time. The boy slipped down as soon as he could, while Maud acted like a crazy thing. Her eyes blazed like balls of fire, while she lashed out when

Floyd came near her. She even tried to strike her rider with her front feet. I walked away, as I did not care to hear what Floyd had to say, and in a few minutes the three men and the two horses started down the road towards town. As they disappeared around a corner I turned towards the clump of bushes to see if my supposed corpse had come to life. In a couple of minutes this individual, in a jaunty riding cap, tweed jacket, riding trousers and a pair of top boots, hopped over the fence and came towards me. The merry twinkle in the foxy eyes which seemed to flit about like a pair of fireflies under his shaggy brows, assured me that there was nothing to fear, while the smile on his wizened face told plainer than words that he was in a very contented frame of mind. After looking me over as if I were an exhibit at a fair, he remarked in a rather dry sort of a way, "Well, my boy, did they gallop to suit you?" Not knowing what he meant, I nodded and began to whistle.

"No, don't do that," said the man in the jaunty cap. "It is a bad sign. The wind always makes a noise in a hollow tree. You are a bright slip of a boy, but I don't know you. Where do you live?"

I told him that I was a nephew of John Flynn's and had arrived that day week on a visit.

"Do they let you go in the house?" came back at me as quick as a flash.

"Yes," said I very slowly, as I recalled only too vividly the complaints and hints that were made by my aunt if I happened to make a mark on the floor or a stain on the table cloth. You may not know it, but a sensitive boy of twelve or fourteen notices such things and by them makes up his mind as to whether he is

welcome or not. As my uncle had no children and the help were, at all events during the summer months (I was never there at any other time) compelled to eat in the woodshed and sleep in the barn, I found their company more enjoyable than that of my aunt. Uncle John was a dear, good old soul, but his wife—well, the least said the better, as she is now dust, something she could not tolerate while living.

"And do you know who I am?" was the next question fired at me.

This put me at my ease, as here was a chance to air my local knowledge, and I told him that he was Oiney O'Shea, the race horse man. You should have heard him chuckle when I said it, and slapping me on the back, he raised me to the seventh heaven of delight by saying that I was a cute lad and that he had no doubt I would one day be nothing short of a Member of Parliament, which I afterwards learned was, in his eyes, the limit of human greatness.

"And your name," said Oiney, "is Charles, is it?"

"No I did not say that," I replied. "My name is Lawrence."

"Ah, but that is music in my ears," replied Oiney, as he slipped one of his hands into his pocket and with a polite bow, wanted to know if it would be "Larry for short."

This was something that I had never heard of, but supposed it would, as a great race horse man like Oiney O'Shea, with his jaunty air and cunning look, must know everything, or at least I thought so.

As I did not venture to reply or feel able to make a remark of any kind, Oiney attracted my attention by pulling a piece of silver about the size of a quarter

from his pocket. After rubbing it between his hands a few times, he balanced it on his thumb nail and flipped it into the air. When it fell on the road he picked it up with the remark "Heads it is. That bit always wins, as it has a head on each side." The laugh that followed this remark seemed to start down in his stomach and after all kinds of wriggles and gyrations, managed to pass up his windpipe into the air. Such matters were new to me, while I had not the slightest idea that Oiney was doing a lot of thinking on his own account. Something bothered him, but it did not require very much tact to conceal it from a slip of a lad, although I did not know then as I did after, that a boy frequently makes a remark which exposes the work of clever men, and women, too, for that matter.

"Larry, my boy," said Oiney, after he had rubbed the dust from the silver piece, "do you see that piece of money?" I nodded.

"Well, Larry, that is a lucky penny. So long as I have it, it brings me luck, and if I should lose it there is no telling what might happen."

At this I opened my eyes, while Oiney continued:

"That penny was blessed by a Bishop in Ireland, so it was, my lad, and it has been on the eyes of more dead men than I have hairs on my head."

I did not believe that, but I will admit that I was scared as Oiney looked at me when he finished the remark, as if he were going to pick me up in his arms and show me a few of them.

"Now, Larry, me dear little spud," continued Oiney, after he saw I was back to earth again, "I am going home, and if you want to see a race horse that is a race horse gallop, come along with me."

Would I go. I was afraid of my life he would leave me, but Oiney was not ready to start yet. "You must," said he, "run over to your uncle, who I see working in the field yonder, and ask him if you can come. Tell him you have been asked to go over to O'Shea's for a lark with the lads and I think he'll say yes."

Inside of half an hour I was seated in Oiney O'Shea's spring wagon, rattling over the road towards the center of Irishtown. Oiney O'Shea's house was in a straight line about three miles from Flynn's, being on the second concession from the back road on which Maud and Claret ran, while their houses were built on the opposite end of the farms, the O'Shea's being towards the south, while Uncle Flynn's was towards the north. Oiney drove home through the lane on which he told me he galloped his horses, and that I would see all of them and also see his lads. On the trip up the lane he stopped and went over in a field where three men were hoeing corn. They talked for some time and I noticed that at intervals one or more of them turned and looked at me. In a short time all of them walked over to the fence and I then learned that they were Oiney's three brothers, Mickey, Terry and Paddy, or as no doubt a parish register somewhere in Ireland showed, Michael, Terrence and Patrick, while the fourth was Owen. Terry ventured the remark that I would have to stay three or four days. That made me as proud as a peacock. Just think of it, almost a week among the race horses, and when he followed it up with the remark that he would see Flynn and tell him, I would not have traded places with the Prince of Wales.

On the morning after my arrival in Irishtown, I saw my first gallop. Oiney (no one, not even his children ever dreamed of calling him by any other name) was up and out before the peep of day. I heard him talking in the yard, and as I looked out of the window I saw him ride by on a gray horse. The gray had nothing on him but a rope halter, the shank of which was looped through his mouth. As I recall the horse he was a ragged built gelding with a big head, long, slim ears that almost touched at the tips, a thin neck and a capital pair of shoulders for a galloper. His middle piece was rather light for the spread of his quarters, while he walked with that pointed, dainty step that stamped him in my mind a thoroughbred. As Oiney disappeared in a bank of fog which hung low over the end of the lane, I slipped into my clothes and ran out into the yard, where I met Terry, the boy I had slept with. He told me that Oiney had taken the gray out for a warming up gallop and that when he came in they were going to work him with Spangle. Spangle was a big, brown horse with a ragged white strip running over his nose. He was standing with his head over the half door of a box stall, and I noticed that he pricked up his ears as Terry mentioned his name.

"Did you see that, Larry?" said Terry. "Oh, but they are a knowing lot. Oiney says that a galloping horse can do everything but talk and we do that for them. And do you know, I believe it. It would make your heart rattle to see that one go over a sod bank or a fence. All you have to do is to speak to him and he is up and over. Darlin's no name for him. But he's sold and will be off to the hurdles and steeple chases

the last of the week. The man that wants him is to be here Friday and then you will see Spangle go 'cross country as the bird flies." Spangle rubbed his nose against Terry's coat, blinking and nodding all the time just as if he knew every word that was said, and when he opened the stall door to let me have what he called "a sight of him," the horse wheeled and stood like a soldier on parade. Spangle was the first "cross country" horse I ever put my eye on, and as first impressions are the most lasting, I have never forgotten him. He was then a six-year-old, standing sixteen hands full, all but thoroughbred, with immense bone and substance, full of quality and as clean on his legs as the day he was foaled. Oiney bred him, and on the following day he told me that "he came off a good sort of an ould mare, as good as gold, by trating her wid a lape from one of the best horses in the counthry and troth," continued he with a wink, "it was a stolen lape which you know is always the best, to say nothing of the chapeness."

Terry told me that Spangle had started in a number of races on the flat and over hurdles and was never beaten but once, and that time by Floyd's chestnut mare Maud. They had met in a dash of half a mile and she," to use Oiney's expression, "ran right away from him." He did not like it, and it was this that tempted him to try and get one that could defeat her. All this I learned afterwards from my aunt, as she was a cousin of Floyd's, and being Scotch-Irish, they were as clannish as Highlanders.

When Oiney returned with the gray, Terry told me that his name was Conquering Billy, and as he will play a prominent part in the balance of the story, I

will now tell you what I learned about him. In speaking of him, Oiney said: "Larry, it was this way. A friend of mine, Mike Walsh by name, lived beyant Toronto. He had an ould gray mare that was a good one. She had been run and run, here, there and everywhere, over all kinds of tracks and all kinds of roads, and under all kinds of names, let me tell ye. She was getting old and onsartin the first time I see'd her at the 'burg, but I wanted her to breed. Mike would not hear of it; but I kept at him until he promised to send her to a good horse and sell me the colt. Breed her he did the next spring, after she fell in her work and hurted her shoulder, to a high flyer up in Western Canada, called Terror. Isn't that a name for you? Well, it isn't here or there, he was a clipper horse in his day and they tell me his colts are doing fine. At all events, I have one of them and will make him earn his oats, or onto the plough he goes. In due time Mike's old mare had a foal. It was a colt as black as your hat, so he wrote me. By that I knew it would be a gray. I did not like it, but let me tell you right here, a good horse cannot be a bad color. I stood by my bargain and here it is. When the colt was a two-year-old Mike had him gelded and sent him down here on the boat. I went to Prescott and got him. It was on the Twelfth of July and all the Orangemen in the country were there paradin'. Half of them knew me and the other half had heard of me, no doubt, for when I went to lead the colt up the street from the wharf, it was Oiney here and Oiney there until I could not hear myself think. Then they began laughing at me and wanted to know where I was going with King William's horse, for, as you must know, all of the King Willie's in the

Orangemen's parade ride on a white horse if they can get one. I knew something of the Boyne and Londonderry, possibly more than some of the loyal men who were making game of me, but no matter. I said nothing and led the colt to the stable where my other horse was and came home. When I named the gelding I called him Conquering Billy, and if he is ever good enough to run I mean by the powers to let them that laughed at me remember it, through their wallets," and he did.

After Conquering Billy had been walked about the yard for fifteen or twenty minutes he was taken into his stall, where a light saddle and racing bridle were put on him. Oiney then slipped the halter on Spangler. As he hopped on his back Terry slipped into Conquering Billy's saddle and followed his father to the lane. By this time the sun was beginning to peep through a strip of maple trees that lined the bank of a creek at the end of the cow pasture, while the light fleecy clouds of mist were rolling back from the fields. In an apple tree near the post where Terry told me they would finish a big robin was singing as though his throat would burst, while a couple of chipmunks with their tails over their backs sat on a rail and looked at him. As the sun struck the dew on the leaves and grass, the trembling drops changed colors like the jewels you read about in the Arabian Nights, while the crisp morning air made me feel like "picking myself up by the boot straps."

In a few minutes I saw Oiney coming towards me on Spangle. He was as he said "thawing him out." As he jogged back he remarked, "You may look for some flying next trip," and I did. In about

ten minutes I heard them coming. The fall of their feet on the sandy loam was like the roll of a muffled drum. At the sound of it the cows in the pasture picked up their heads and looked at them as they swept by, while the sheep and the lambs dodged out from the fence corners dancing about like big white spots on a green carpet of grass as they scampered towards the center of the pasture field. In the next lot a couple of mares started off in pursuit, while their foals with their bushy tails over their backs whinnied with delight as they rushed after them. When they reached a fence the mares in turn whinnied long and loud, as I thought, to the pair that were racing rather than the youngsters which were soon bunting them at the flanks in search of a morning draught. As I was watching them Conquering Billy and Spangle swept by. The gray was in front. I followed them as they turned out of the lane and walked to the stable yard. As I joined them I noticed that same foxy twinkle in Oiney's eyes when he patted Billy on the neck with a "You'll do."

The pair ran another heat, and after that I heard no more of Conquering Billy for three days. On Friday a man came from the 'burg and bought Spangle. We had a day of it, as both Oiney and Terry put him over the "leps," riding bareback and with nothing on him but a rope halter with the shank of it in his mouth. Oiney called it the "Irish hitch" and the man did not seem to like it. He said it would spoil his mouth and make him a "jibber." Then you should have seen Oiney look at him. Straightening himself up until he looked like an animated rail and staring the man in the eye he said: "Spoil his mouth,

will it? If you want him to come back honest like, spake to him and he'll mind ye. Nothing else for Spangle, and let me tell you if you are racing and out to win, you'll find that there is more needs pushing than pulling." You should have seen the man look at him; but finally Oiney told him at dinner, "If you don't like him, just lave him and I'll bate the horse you buy with him." That settled it.

I expected that every one about the place would be in tears when Spangle was led away and, to tell you the truth, I felt that way myself, but not a bit of it. On the other hand, Oiney kissed his wife and said, "Nora, darlin', that was a bargain," while Terry stood on his head and laughed until I thought he would split. Years after I learned the grounds for all this merriment. It seems that Spangle would not go in any other rig. With a bit in his mouth he would "jib" or run side ways, and when you put a saddle on him there was war. He would cring and stick up his back when he felt it, and when the man mounted he was off, but not the way or where you wanted him. Terry told me it was simply awful to see the way he would kick, plunge, bolt, or take off at a wall or fence, and if you put a spur into him he would lie down and try to roll on you. Oiney had sold him at least half a dozen times without a recommend "mind ye" and always took him back at a reduction. But with a bare back and a rope in his mouth, if you would be "aisy with him, ye spalpeen," he would go through fire and water or over any stone wall in the country. All you had to do was to speak to him, give him a clip with your heels, and he was off, and if after the hounds he would never stop, no

matter how you pulled or yanked him, until the fox took to earth or the dogs caught him. Then he would be, as Oiney termed it, "as meek as a lamb."

In the three days that elapsed I made the acquaintance of all the lads in the four houses; had seen every mare and colt on the place; counted the cows and calves, pigs and sheep; tried to make friends with a big black and red rooster that was of "royal fighting stock;" picked strawberries in the fence corners in the meadows and caught perch and rock bass in the little brook that ran diagonally through the farms. This was the holiday of my life. No one ever looked to see if I made a mark on the floor or hung my hat on the proper peg morning, noon or night, or seemed to care if one of us scratched a cheek or bruised a head in a scrimmage. It was "Come on, boys," from daylight to dark, and I managed to keep up with the procession. Oiney also put himself out not a little to see that I did not get "homesick," and his kindness in those days made me his friend in a horse sense. What I knew I told him and what he knew he told nobody.

Saturday morning after breakfast Conquering Billy was led into the yard. His mane was braided with green ribbon, while his tail floated behind him like a white banner. Terry came out of the house with a hood and blanket bound with green tape. When they were put on the horse I saw that Liddy (she was Oiney's only daughter) had sewed the letters "C. B." on the blanket. They were green silk, and Terry told me they were cut from the ribbons of her Easter bonnet. She said they would bring Billy "good luck" and all of the family believed it. Liddy

also told me at breakfast that they were going to race Billy that afternoon against Mike Floyd's mare Maud, and that if I wanted to go and see the race Oiney would let me. She said that she was going and that Terry was going to ride the gray. Later I learned that a few weeks before I arrived in that part of the county Maud had beaten Spangle in a race; "made him look like a two-penny bit," as Liddy expressed it, and Oiney then made up his mind to get back what he lost and a little with it. The first time that he met Floyd after the race they began talking about it, and as Floyd had been drinking a little, he boasted that "Maud could gallop over the top of anything in Irishtown." That was cutting Oiney to the quick, as he was the only one in the place that had a race horse or pretended to have one, so he bided his time. As Floyd became very overbearing, Oiney ventured the remark that he had a "bit of a gray gelding that could gallop a little, but he did not care to match him, as he did not know how to break away." This made Floyd laugh, while the crowd which is apt to gather at such a time joined in. As they laughed Oiney kept thinking and finally said he would run either Spangle or the gray against the mare a race of mile heats for $200 a side. At this Floyd only laughed louder than ever. He also reminded Oiney that he never ran Maud further than half-mile heats. "That is a dunghill's distance," said Oiney, as he turned on his heel and dodged through the crowd, and it was well he did, as in a moment Floyd was acting like a madman. "Let me at him!" he yelled, as he strove to break away from a few of his friends who grabbed him as soon as they saw what was coming.

There would have been murder if Floyd had found Oiney that night; but Oiney knew it and kept out of the way, while he told those whom he knew would carry it to Floyd that if he did not change his ways he would "ride on a horse that was foaled of an acorn." This was one of Oiney's favorite expressions.

A few days after this altercation a friend of Floyd's met Oiney on the road. They stopped and talked. He told Oiney that Floyd was wild and that he had better keep out of his way. Oiney only laughed and said he would race him three-quarter-mile heats with a green colt, and told him to go and tell him so. Floyd would not accept; but as his blood was up and he felt that a slur had been cast on his mare, he offered to split the difference, or, in other words, make a race for $200 a side at five furlongs. This was what Oiney was waiting for, and after fighting shy in order "to make the betting good," as he said, the race was made. It was to be run on a straight piece of road about five miles from where the O'Shea's lived and where nearly all of the races in that section were decided. From that time Oiney put in all of his time on Conquering Billy. He had been galloped regularly all spring with Spangle. As he was not a very quick beginner the bay could always beat him for half a mile, but at the end, when Spangle would be all in, Billy was full of running. His rush came too late to reach, and it was this fact that made Oiney believe Billy could do better over a longer distance. I also learned afterwards that the morning I saw the pair worked, Spangle was sent away five or six lengths in front of the gray and Billy caught him at the finish, but the dash was three-quarters of a mile.

Oiney never told me that, but Terry whispered it in my ear when we were going home after the race.

Oiney started off on foot with Conquering Billy for the race ground, and in an hour or so the balance of the O'Shea family started in wagons for the same point. It was a great day for Irishtown. Their pride had been touched by Floyd's boasting, and they were going to make another bid for "ould Ireland" and her supremacy in racing affairs in those parts. No one was to be seen when the place was reached, but towards noon Maud in a white blanket was seen coming down the hill. She was led to one of the sheds that had been erected in a field near by for the shelter of horses on similar errands in the past. During the next two hours rigs of all descriptions, men on horseback and on foot assembled. The time for the race was fixed at two o'clock, but it was after three before the wrangle over judges and starter was disposed of. Then Floyd objected to Terry riding Conquering Billy. He claimed that he was below the proper weight, but the stakeholder ruled that the race was at catch weights and that Oiney could put up anybody he pleased or ride himself if he wanted to. Then there was betting galore, but it was done by the spectators, for while Oiney knew after what he had seen on the back road that Maud did not like the distance, he was not certain that Billy would get away well and might lose more at one end than he could make up at the other.

Maud was the favorite and a volley of cheers followed her up the road as her jockey galloped towards the starting point. Oiney took Conquering Billy by the bridle and walked off with him, telling Terry to

follow on foot. After a long wait the spectators saw Maud coming down the road alone. Her rider went over the course and claimed the heat and race. The judges, who were standing on the tail end of a wagon, heard what was said, but remained silent until the starter and Oiney appeared. I could see Oiney was wild with rage and the starter was not much better. Then when Terry trotted up on Conquering Billy it was plain to me that he had fallen, as he was covered with dirt.

Oiney claimed the race on a foul. He said that Maud's rider had forced her against the gray and bumped him into the ditch. The starter said that, in his opinion, Maud's rider had accidentally crowded Conquering Billy just as he tapped the drum for them to be off. The latter swerved on to the grass at the side of a shallow ditch which ran parallel with the road. It gave way under him and caused him to stumble and finally fall in the mud. As a recall flag had not reached that section of country, Maud's rider galloped over the course as stated. The judges, after considerable deliberation, gave Maud the heat and let it go at that. As for distancing Conquering Billy—well, that was not thought of.

When the horses came out for the second heat it looked as if the whole affair would break up in a fight. Oiney was up on Conquering Billy, and after breezing him up and down the road a couple of times, "to get his pipes open," as a bystander remarked, he told the judges that he would ride. "The lad is well enough," he said, "when they play fair, but I will not have him hurted."

Floyd objected, but the judges overruled him after reminding him of his former protest. Then he said he would draw his mare. The judges said, "You can if you wish, and we'll give Oiney the money." The stake-holder was one of the judges. He was a fair man and as brave as a lion. In about half an hour the two horses were again at the starting point. There was but little delay, the rattle of the drum soon telling the people lining both sides of the road that they were off. As they came into view the mare was in front, running under a pull with her mouth open. Oiney was about a length away on the gray and riding him for dear life. As they passed the half-mile mark the mare was still a length to the good. She held the advantage for over a hundred yards, when she began to come back. I was opposite to her at the time and Floyd was standing in front of me with an umbrella in his hand. He rushed out into the road and struck at her, while the boy who was riding her also struck her with the whip. As the blow fell she swerved her head, striking Conquering Billy's quarters as Oiney with a wild "hooray" dashed by. Conquering Billy won the heat in almost a dead silence. There was not a cheer to greet him. Many of those near the finish believed that Maud had been pulled out of her stride, as they never saw her struck before. Oiney came back smiling, but said nothing. He was awarded the heat as soon as the starter came to the wagon and reported to the judges.

With the announcement pandemonium broke loose. The whole O'Shea family, young and old, seemed to have money to bet on the gray. They stood up in their wagons and asked everybody and

OINEY DASHED AWAY.

anybody to come and take it. They would not give odds—that I learned was contrary to their belief in racing—but they would bet even that Conquering Billy would win.

By this time Floyd also saw his mistake. No one had to tell him what was wrong, as he remembered the trial on the back road, and while he did not at that time know that Oiney had seen it, the knowledge was enough for him. He saw that his mare was not overmatched, but that he was running her beyond her distance, so he sent a friend to Oiney to see if they could not call the race off, as each had a heat and for either of them to win another would only make bad blood. Oiney's answer was "No." In a few minutes the man came again to see if he would take the stake and not run another heat. Oiney again answered "No." There remained but two things for Floyd to do: one was to run it off and the other draw. He drew. Conquering Billy, with Oiney up, galloped over the course and was awarded the stake, while every man on the grounds wanted to thrash Floyd for not giving them a race to the finish for the money they had bet.

As we drove home from the race Oiney's wagon went out of its way to take me to Uncle Flynn's. As he dropped me at the gate Oiney bade me tell my aunt all about Maud's trial on the back road, and especially how I found him hid in the corner of the fence. I obeyed orders, and when Mike Floyd heard of it, which he did that night, my visit was finished.

CHARLIE SING.

For ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar.—*Harte.*

Charlie Sing was a Chinaman. He was the proprietor of what Ragan called a four tub shop in the rear of the stable in Albany where I wintered the bay horse in 1887-8. The Chinaman and Ragan, the foreman of the stable, were friends. It was a peculiar mixture, but one that is apt to occur under the American flag where all men—this includes Chinamen—are free and equal, if they behave themselves. At all events, Ragan said Charlie Sing was a good Chinaman, and as Ragan was a clever Irishman and a splendid hater, I accepted it. As the winter wore along I learned that Charlie Sing had money and that he knew how to keep it. He was not one of the fantan playing, opium smoking variety, but an up-to-date worker, even if he could not make himself understood in English. He had a small stock of words that he could roll out with the usual double e on the end of them, but I soon found that he understood about all that was said and could, with his slender stock of English and a bunch of signs, carry on a busy conversation with Ragan.

Ragan was not what you might call proud of his Mongolian friend, still he considered Charlie Sing an exception, and in speaking of him always closed his remarks by saying that Charlie was "bound to get

rich through his main strength and ignorance." No one knew what he meant, and I doubt if he did himself, but before the end of the year every man in the outfit saw the prediction fulfilled.

The foreman was always up in front when the boys were telling tales "around the stove of an evening." You could find more "hot air" there than at the nozzle of a blast furnace. A sitting or two also proved that Ragan could put a spoke in the cleverest man's wheel and block more yarn spinners than a strike at Fall River. Charlie Sing was at every session. He sat on a feed box in the corner, but never said a word or ventured more than a nod to those with whom he was acquainted. When the spring came I moved out to Island Park, and for all that I knew the Chinaman went back to his tubs. Ragan drove out occasionally, but had nothing to say until the Monday before the Grand Circuit meeting. I had come in the night before from Utica and was busy fixing up my stall when the door opened and who should walk in but Ragan. He looked as spruce as a pin in his light fedora hat, checked suit and red and white striped shirt. You could see yourself in the shine on his shoes, while the diamond in his pin made the horse cast a shadow on the wall. I had come all the way down from Cleveland without seeing anything like this and, to tell you the truth, I did not look for it at the Island. But there it was, and aside from the brogue you never saw a more correct fashion-plate for what Ragan would term a "sporting karakter."

When my eyes became used to the sight I asked him to sit down on the trunk if he was not afraid of

the dust and I would be with him as soon as I took the horse's bandages off. I peeked around to see how he took it and found it was the same old Ragan, as in a minute he was on the other side of the horse rolling a derby off his leg as clever as the best groomster I ever put an eye on.

"So you thought I was stuck up?" says he.

"Not a bit of it," says I, "but I was afraid you might soil your new harness." By that I meant clothes.

"I am having my vacation," said Ragan without noticing my remark, "and as I was made a present of a new suit of clothes for selling a horse, I thought I would put them on and take in the races."

"Right you are," said I. "I knew you had warm blood in your veins, although you were always daft on the jumpers." By that I meant his fondness for the steeplechasers, and let me tell you, Ragan was an artist on the back of a horse when it came to piloting him over the fences. He said it was in the south of Ireland breed and I believed it, even if Turner and Murphy did take to the sulky instead of the saddle.

What we talked about is no matter, but the following morning when I had my pupil out walking him in the wet grass to take the fever out of his legs, Ragan slipped around the turn and signaled for me to come to him. That looked like business, so over I went. After passing the time of day Ragan says to me in a whisper: "Is there a horse named Del Monte?" I told him there was. "Well," said he, "I'm going to back him." You should have seen me look at Ragan. When I had my fill I took him by the arm, led him and the horse into the stall and hooked

the door. When I found no one was listening I said: "You don't mean it." "I do," said he, and with a snap that showed he was not pleased with my familiarity.

"Well, do it," said I, "but it is like burning good money. He is one of the kind that will do for see-sawing heats at small meetings, but when it comes to the Grand Circuit, he is outclassed."

"Can your thing beat him?" asked Ragan, pointing at my horse.

"I don't know," said I, "but he don't have to, as they are not in the same class."

"I thought so," said Ragan, as he slammed himself down on the trunk.

I let him cool off a little before taking out my book to read up. Then I showed him where Del Monte had been racing since the May meeting at Fleetwood, where he won a six-heat race from "Gypsy" Haight with Gautier and how Gautier trimmed him over the half-mile ring at Goshen the next week. As I thumbed over the summaries I found that Del Monte had won a seven-heat race at Poughkeepsie, a straight heat affair at Albany in June and was third to Green Girl at Hartford. I could, against my will, feel like getting sweet on him when I found that he had won a seven-heat battle over Mystic Park with ten of them behind him, until I turned over another page and saw that Ernest Maltravers had tramped on him at Beacon the next week, and that after he had won a second heat in 2:21½ and was back sixth in the fifth heat in 2:25¾. As I closed the book I said: "Ragan, when it is split up in cool weather Del Monte is a good card, but he won't do here."

"I tell you he will win," said Ragan.

Just think of that coming from a man that had never seen the horse, so I completed the sentence for him by adding "the banner." As Ragan shook his head, I felt sorry for him. So I says: "Old boy, last winter when I was hungry you fed me. You even chipped in to buy me an overcoat, so if you will listen, I will put you next to a good thing. Bet what you can afford to loose on Richardson (his full name was J. B. Richardson, but no one but the starter ever called him that) and he will romp home for you. As for Del Monte, he will not be two six. It is worse than a shell game to back him." When I had the throttle wide open I told him of the races Richardson had won at Cleveland, Buffalo and Utica, and what a stiff fight he put up at Rochester when Geers bowled him over with Frank Buford. He would not listen to it and my chance of making twenty-five or fifty for steering him went glimmering.

On looking up the entry list I found that Del Monte was in the 2:24 class. It was down for Wednesday. The other entries were Graylight, Jeremiah, St. Elmo, Company, Lucille's Baby, Eclipse and William Kearney. On paper it did not look as though he had a chance in five hundred, unless the balance of them dropped dead or ran into the river. On the day of the race Ragan popped into the stall bright and early. He looked like a winner, but that was in the morning. I did not have anything to say, as I knew my tip on Richardson was cold, while he sat on the trunk and rubbed his hands after the style of a Jew that had just sold a two-dollar suit for a ten-dollar note. Finally Ragan could not keep quiet any longer

and he broke away with the remark, "Charlie Sing says Del Monte will win."

"The Chinaman," said I. You could have knocked me over with a feather.

"Nothing else," said Ragan.

Then I thought he was off his head. If there had been a station on the grounds I would have talked it over with the captain. Finally, screwing my courage up to the sticking point, I walked over to him and putting my hand on his shoulder said, as I looked him in the eye: "Ragan, are you going to put down your good money on Del Monte?" I must have looked serious as he burst out laughing When he had it out and gave me time to get back to earth he said, "No, I am going to bet it for the Chinaman." As he said this I felt relieved, as it now looked as though he had been joshing me. But I soon found my mistake, as in a couple of minutes Ragan produced a roll of fourteen fifties. He counted them with the sang froid of a faro dealer and followed up the good work with the remark that it was Charlie Sing's contribution to the betting ring at this meeting. My eyes stuck out so far that I believe you could have knocked them off with a stick. Ragan noticed it and laughed, as he said "Charlie is the first and only Chinaman that ever could be found guilty of betting $700 on a horse race, and that he would put every penny of it down if the game hung out long enough."

As Ragan slipped the roll into his inside vest pocket I asked him to strip a leaf off of it so that I could buy a ticket on Richardson. I told him that I had not been rubbing a winner, and while the owner paid for the food and freight, I was in need of a little sure

money to get under way again, as the last I had went kiteing when Frank Buford put a crimp in the betting ring at Rochester. Ragan never moved an eyelash when I stepped on and told him that the best thing he could do was to keep the balance and after the race we could find enough dead tickets to make the Chinaman believe it was bet as ordered. Then you should have seen Ragan boil over. He just hopped up and down like Guy when scoring and became so noisy that I had to push him out of the stall to keep him from scaring the horse. As he toddled down the home stretch I whisked over to the club house and found a heeler to look after my horse until I could make a run to Albany.

As I walked up the alley Charlie Sing was standing at the door of his wash house. He did not appear to know me when I called him by name, and as I was short on Chinese and long on English I was not able to make him understand who I was. To everything I said all the answer I could get was "Allee samee, you bet," or something of that sort. Finally I took him by the sleeve and led him into the stable. After pointing towards the horses I marched him in front of half a dozen colored racing prints which hung on the wall in the gangway. He looked at them as a boy would at a prize package, but never so much as smiled. What to do I did not know. I tried to make him understand that I wanted him to go to the race track by pointing towards the horses and the river, but all I could get out of Charlie Sing was a shake of the head.

Whether it meant that he did not understand or would not go, was more than I know. I felt like

touching him up with a pitchfork. Finally I played my last card by saying Del Monte. As soon as Charlie heard it he nodded and said "Goodee, goodee," but as soon as he said it his face again assumed its usual blank expression. Taking a piece of chalk I made a ring on the floor and running my finger around it said, "Del Monte." There were more nods from Charlie Sing, but no more comments. That was the limit and I walked down to the dock, while Charlie Sing started up the alley towards his four-tub shop. Touching Splan for my fare up the river I sat down and did not have much heart in the fun that Frank Herdic was making with a fiddle he had taken from the leader of the orchestra. No one paid any attention to me and I was glad they did not, as that dumb Chinaman with money to bet had taken all of the life out of me.

When the morning selling began I was in the betting ring and waited for Herdic to reach the 2:24 trot. It looked as though it would never come, as there was a load of money going in on Richardson, while the Canadian speculator who made such a killing when Frank Buford won at Rochester, was playing that horse to "beat the band." Herdic's tongue rattled along like a brook over a bed of pebbles, while Jimmy McCrea was taking in the greenbacks at a rate that would soon start a National bank. The Coates family thought Philosee had a chance, while the New Yorkers considered Eph a quantity that required attention. And let me tell you he was a good horse, while with Alta McDonald to drive him meant considerable at the Island, as he knew every foot of the ground and does not ask any odds of anyone when it comes to

stepping up in the bunch. Splan had Protection. While he had not as yet acquired the faculty of winning, he could make a whole lot of bother and would win a heat now and then if you were not looking.

When the betting on the race began to drag Herdic tried the free-for-all pace and then jumped to the 2:24 trot. This was the race that Del Monte was in. It opened with Graylight at "50 all over the house." Every one appeared to want a ticket on him, or, as Herdic remarked, "it looked as if all of them had a tip direct from the Fifth Avenue Hotel," which was at that time under the management of that horse's owner. As Frank Herdic rattled along it was apparent that Feek thought well of William Kearney's chances, as the Syracuse contingent bought him steadily at $25, but their confidence was not a whit stronger than Mortimer Thompson's in Lucille's Baby, until he had reached his limit. When he began to fall off Herdic lifted his hat and asked Mort not to forsake the Baby, as she was better than her mother, referring, of course, to the old race mare Lucille Golddust, which produced Lucille's Baby, and that good race horse Sprague Golddust, which was later on a winner for Charlie Green. No one appeared to want very much of Company, as it was known that he was a rank puller, while the big horse St. Elmo was counted out of it for some reason or other. "Then it was how much for Jeremiah?" Some one said 15, and Herdic knocked it down with the comment that it was a rather small figure for such a well-known character. Del Monte's name was at the bottom of the sheet, and when it was called I heard some one near me cry 5. It was Ragan. A man on the other side of the box

raised it to 6 and Ragan got it for $7, Company and St. Elmo being thrown in for good measure. The selling ran on in this way for an hour or so.

Whenever a Del Monte ticket would run up to $15 or $20 Ragan let it go, but I saw he always had a bid and was along towards the end paying as high as $15 for him. Herdic had his eye on Ragan and time and again designated him as "a game sporting gent," "a fashion plate in a fedora," and all that sort of thing. Ragan did not mind it, but stepped up and took out the tickets knocked down to "Charlie," the name he had given at the start. I could not but admire his pluck, although I know it does not take a very game individual to bet another man's money. When the selling on the race stopped I stepped over to Ragan and asked him how much he had on. After adding up a row of figures which he had on the back of an envelope he said $405, and he then told me he would try and place the balance before the race started, as he did not like the field and favorite betting between heats. It staggered me when I saw how he was catching on to the business, so I had dinner with him and went back to the stall.

The 2:24 class was not called until after four o'clock. In the interval J. B. Richardson made good as I said he would, but it was by a narrow margin, as after Eph had carried him two heats Protection landed twice and Frank Buford once before the old warrior could again catch Wood Martin's eye at the finish. He gave many a man a touch of heart disease that afternoon. Then in the free-for-all there was another snag. Jewett was considered the best one in the bunch. After he landed a heat Van Ness came on

with Gossip, Jr., and won two. The judges did not take very kindly to the way Jewett was being driven, so they assessed Mann a hundred because he waited for Gossip in the stretch, and told Jimmy Doughrey to put on the colors. From that time it was a romp for Jewett.

After the deciding heat in the pacing race the 2:24 trotters came out for the word. As they scored I could hear Herdic saying, "Graylight sold for 100, who will give me 50 for the field?" That was the quotation on the last ticket sold. The favorite did not go away very brisk and Bowen was not hurrying him when Feek showed in front at the quarter with William Kearney, Lucille's Baby and Jeremiah being lapped on him as they marched up the back stretch. At the half Green's mare showed in front. She remained there to the finish in 2:21¾. Del Monte was fourth, Graylight sixth and St. Elmo distanced. After the heat I brushed up against Ragan and on taking him one side learned that Charlie Sing's $700 was in the box and that the Chinaman would be broke before night or in a position to go back to China and buy a yellow button. I told Ragan the money was as good as gone and he might just as well tear up the tickets, but he smiled and said something about its not being my funeral.

Del Monte did not go away very brisk in the second heat. He either did not like the footing or his driver was not trying, which I was not clever enough to decide. The track was soft and a trifle cuppy, and as Graylight was a big, heavy going horse he marched through it like a quarter horse. Bowen growled at him when they got the word and away he went up into

the bunch. When they showed on the back stretch Jock pulled him to the outside and turned him loose. From that moment it was all over, the heat going to the gray in 2:21¼, with the Baby second, Jeremiah third and Del Monte fourth. On the next trip it was Graylight all the way, Del Monte pulling up in fifth place, Jeremiah, Lucille's Baby and William Kearney being between him and the leader in 2:21¼. The race then went over on account of darkness. When the postponement was announced I was grassing my horse near the upper turn. As Ragan passed by I asked him how he liked it. Seeing he was worried I thought it would be a good time to remind him that the race was all over but the announcement and had he listened to me he would now have $650 with $50 out for me in his inside pocket. As I said it he looked at me rather hard and replied, "That would not have been fair to Charlie."

That tickled me. Fair to a Chinaman. Who ever heard of such a thing? "Ragan," said I, as I walked off towards the stables, "you are in need of a guardian," and I meant it.

How Ragan and the Chinaman put in the night I don't know, but both of them were out at the Island next morning. I spotted them before the bell rang, but kept shy of the pair. With the wind blowing a gale and the dust flying, almost every one kept under cover, as it was cold enough for October. Thinks I, Ragan and his partner have a chill, a frost bite as it were. About race time some one knocked at my stall door. I crawled over, and peeking through a knot hole saw Ragan and Charlie Sing. The door was hooked, and as I knew they had no money I was not

at home. In a few minutes they went away and I saw no more of them until the following day.

The story of the race is soon told. When the horses were called half of them were "froze solid." Lucille's Baby when scoring rolled about like a rocking horse, while Graylight was so badly tied up that Bowen could scarcely get him up in his position. On the other hand the cold air appeared to have pumped a little speed into Del Monte. He was up in his place and kept Geers and Feek busy to come head and head with him. When the word was given the seven of them whirled away to the turn in a cloud of dust. When they emerged in the second turn Feek was in front with Lucille's Baby at his wheel. Company made a break and was seen no more until the following week at Hartford. Graylight was the next one to stub his toe, and as Del Monte stepped up into second place at the half Lucille's Baby was in the air. Company, Graylight and Lucille's Baby were still dancing on the back stretch when Del Monte passed Kearney near the three-quarter pole. For the next half minute there was some thinking done on the Island, as Del Monte came on and won the heat by three open lengths in 2:21½, while the red flag fell with the favorite, Graylight, Lucille's Baby the only other heat winner, and Company on the wrong side of it. After the heat it was found, as I have stated, that Graylight was tied up by the cold and that Lucille's Baby had a case of temporary congestion. As for what the betting fraternity had, you can guess.

In the fifth heat Del Monte led from start to finish, Jeremiah getting the place from William Kearney and Eclipse fourth. When the non-heat winners were

sent to the stable Del Monte jogged over the course in 2:37¼. This made all of Charlie Sing's tickets good. That night Ragan walked in as brave as a lion, cashed his tickets and took the roll to the Chinaman. I learned later that they divided it. Charlie Sing took his portion and started for China, while Ragan bought a stable up York State and went into business for himself.

The following winter I learned where the tip came from. As it was told me, the parties who had Del Monte shipped to Albany after their horse lost to Ernest Maltravers at Beacon. As they wanted a little laundry work done, they, by accident I suppose, dropped into Charlie Sing's. He pulled over the bundle and handed the man one of his crow track checks. The man would not take it, but handed Charlie one of Morse's pool tickets with Del Monte written on it. Showing Charlie that he had another one like it he gave him to understand that that would be his check. Charlie hung fire a little, as he had been compelled at different times to make good for lost clothes, but finally pinned the ticket on the bundle and threw it under the counter. He told Ragan about it. They kept talking it over until Charlie Sing got Del Monte on the brain. You know the balance.

BILL HOOD.

Oh, what a tangled web we weave
When first we practice to deceive.—*Scott.*

Bill Hood was a trader pure and simple. He never did, would, or I doubt if he could, pursue any other calling. When I first met him horses were his specialty, and if he is now in the land of the living he is, in all probability, still making exchanges in that staple. When a boy at school he was noted as the most inveterate "swopper" in the district. There was nothing under the sun he would not trade for if he could get a little boot, as trading was with him from the first a business and not a pastime. There was a story in the neighborhood where I first met him that in a measure showed how thoroughly this passion permeated his system even as a boy. As it was told to me, his Aunt Lucy lived on an adjoining farm. She had no children and Bill was her favorite; but as she was very close there was never any presents coming from that source.

The spring that "Willie" (that is what she called him) was twelve years old Aunt Lucy traded a calfskin with a traveling peddler for a buck-horn handled pocket knife. She showed it to her Willie when he called and let him have it to make a bundle of shavings to kindle the fire next morning. The knife was sharp and strong, and as it slipped through the straight fibre of the cedar sticks, Bill made up his mind that he wanted it and must have it. How to get it he did not

know, but fortune soon smiled on him, and if some people are to be believed, the fair dame still continues her attentions.

Aunt Lucy had a maiden lady friend who lived on the road north of the schoolhouse. She made a practice of calling on her every Friday afternoon and timed herself so as to return at four o'clock, when the children would be dismissed for the day. On this particular Friday a rain storm came up while she was walking home, and as it was rather sudden, she was not prepared for it. When she reached the school the door was locked, the teacher being a judge of the weather, having dismissed school early in the hope of his pupils getting home before the storm broke. Aunt Lucy's home was the nearest house, and it was a mile away. The rain had not started, but it looked as though it would do so at any moment. So Aunt Lucy gathered up the skirt of her new gingham dress and started for home as rapidly as she could walk. She was not more than a hundred yards from the school when the big rain drops began to patter on the leaves and stir up little puffs of dust on the road. Up went Aunt Lucy's skirt over her head in the hope of saving her hat, and letting the lining of her skirt—something she always insisted on—take the wetting. On she sped as the rain began to come down harder and harder, while the wind rose and fell in such a way as to make you feel creepy and think of Kansas twisters. As Aunt Lucy came to the corners, which was half way home for her, who should she see sitting on a boulder by the side of the road but "Willie" with a green cotton umbrella over his head. My, but she was pleased and so was Willie. She was sure he had

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come to meet her and Willie did not have any doubt on the subject.

"Oh, Willie," said Aunt Lucy, as soon as she could get a breath and had brushed her loose hair out of her eyes, "you are a love of a boy and so I always told Mary," that was Willie's mother. "Jump over the ditch and let me have that umbrel', quick."

But instead of rushing towards her, Willie slid over back of the stone, taking the green cotton umbrella with him.

"My sakes alive!" said Aunt Lucy, "what do you mean, child? Don't you see I am getting wet and spoiling every stitch of clothes on me? I'm a fright. Come here this minute and give me that umbrel' or I'll spank you until you'll see more stars than there are in the Yankee flag."

As Willie did not move she dropped her skirts, jumped the ditch and made a dash for him. He dodged around the stone and hopped onto the road. Just then there was a lull in the rain, but it could be plainly seen that there was more coming. This led to a parley, and, as the story was told to me, Willie proposed trading the umbrella for the buck-horn handled knife. Aunt Lucy would not hear of it, so Willie said he would go home and take the umbrella with him. Just then the rain started again and Aunt Lucy surrendered. Willie closed the umbrella and, after tossing it across the ditch, started for home on a run. Aunt Lucy also learned on reaching home that her husband had sent Willie with an umbrella, which he had brought from town, to meet her while he went to the pasture to get the cows up before the storm. Aunt Lucy was what they termed "riled," in that

neighborhood, but a bargain was a bargain, and to keep her husband from laughing at her, she gave the young scamp the knife.

When I first met Bill Hood he was a man of thirty-five or forty, with flaming red hair worn rather long, and a beard that was twisted and matted after the style artists represent Jews in the comic papers. He had a high, thin nose, sharp at the point and ferret-like gray eyes, while the backs of his big hands were marked with freckles the size of a quarter. Every time he offered to shake hands with me these spots put me in mind of the little sunfish which I caught on a pin hook as a boy, and there was just about as much warmth to his grasp. Those who knew Bill Hood well said he was a good neighbor and a clever man, as the term goes in this world, but I never could believe it and I won't. He was always trying to get the best of the other fellow and had been at it so long that I doubt if he could "break even" on any question from the weather up. Hood, however, had one peculiarity, and that was he never would boast of sharp work or try to air his cuteness. It was common report in the neighborhood that he took the money and let those who paid the piper do the dancing. As a rule, they had little to say. You ask why? Well, what can a man say when he gets the worst of a horse trade. One rainy afternoon, however, over a bottle of whisky and water, Bill Hood told of an exchange that should be placed on record. As the story and the sequel were related for my benefit I will endeavor to reproduce what was said, but it will fall far short of the original.

When Bill Hood sat down, he always tilted his chair against the wall, pulled his slouch hat over his

eyes, as if the light hurt them, and twisted one leg around the other. Then with both hands shoved into his trouser pockets he would talk if in the humor. If not, it was "Yes" or "No," and let it go at that. This afternoon he was in the humor and he ran on in this vein:

"It will be two years in March since I made an exchange in horesflesh that pleased me. I had a clever brown horse about fifteen one, which had nothing but a little jack. He was in the team when I drove into town the day before the fair. I had made up my mind to come over early to have a talk with the buyers. As I drove into the yard I noticed a thick set man standing under the shed. He had a double whiffletree pin in his tie and a horseshoe dangling at the end of a fob chain. Thinks I, that must be a swell coachman from the city. What can he be here for. He seemed to know me, although I did not remember having seen him before. As soon as I had put up my team he walked over towards me, and after bidding me the time of day, asked if I had a horse worth buying. As soon as he opened his mouth I knew he was an Englisher, and his whole bearing impressed me as one of those gents who think they know more about a horse than the man who first made them. As I was not very anxious to do any business just then, and especially with this man, as for some reason or other I had taken a dislike to him at first sight—you will do that sometimes—I said that I had not and walked into the hotel.

"That night at supper the Englishman again struck up a conversation, and under the conditions there was no getting away from him without leaving the table.

I soon saw from the way he was drifting that he wanted my brown horse and, according to his talk, he had one that he wanted to trade in on account, as the storekeepers say. Well, one word led to another and by the time we had satisfied the wants of the inner man, he had me out in the yard to look at his horse. It was dark by that time, but I was not so very particular so long as I could get a glimpse of the horse with a stable lantern and have a chance to run my hand over his head and legs. The Englishman had seen my horse when I drove into the yard. That was one point in his favor, but as he was doing the trading, if I did not want to make the shift all I had to do was to say 'No.'

"On entering the stable he walked into a wide stall and led out a high-headed bay gelding sixteen hands full, with black legs and a tail that touched the floor. His mane was long and wavy, while his foretop almost touched the tip of his nose. From the way he peeked about the stable I knew that his eyes were all right, and as there was bran on his nose, I could see he had been feeding on something that the man with a double whiffletree on his tie would not be giving to a nag which had trouble with his wind. Aside from a couple of wind puffs his legs were clean, while he walked as limber as an eel, although he appeared a trifle dull, as he moved off after standing a minute or two. I could not for the life of me find a hole in him; still the man wanted to swap. His mouth showed him to be ten years old, and that was about all I could object to, other than his coat felt dry and hard; still you might expect that from a horse kept up on dry feed all winter. As I had nothing to say, I kept look-

ing and looking, and finally walked over to the stalls where my horses were, to straighten their blankets. As the Englisher had introduced the subject, I finally had to remark that he had a likely looking horse. He thought so. Then there was another spell of silence. I will admit the horse pleased me, but I was shy, as he looked too good for the surroundings.

"Pulling up a chair, I sat down near a stove that was in a little harness room at one side of the entrance. The bay horse was put back in his stall, and as it was near the office, I could hear him go to eating right away. In a minute or two the Englisher came in and opened the ball by remarking that he wanted to exchange that horse for a smaller one to mate one he had at home. As I nodded, he followed up the remark that he allowed the brown horse in my team would suit. I then asked him if I would back my horse out on the floor, and he said 'No,' as he had had a good look at him when I drove in, and that was enough for a man with an eye for a horse. I allowed it was, and the conversation stopped again. Somehow I did not feel like trading, even if the big horse did please me, but I could see from the way that the Englishman fidgeted about on his chair that he was getting anxious. Three or four men came into the harness room, but as there was no place for them to sit down they passed out with a 'Good night,' and walked into the house. As the fire in the stove was getting low, and there was no wood in the box, I had almost made up my mind to go into the hotel, when the Englishman asked me how I would trade. I was not looking for that, as I thought after showing me such a toppy horse he would play a waiting game, and as the brown

did not stand me very high, I said, just as a feeler like, 'I will take twenty-five.' 'Give you twenty,' says he, as quick as a flash, and as I lifted one leg over the other I remarked, 'Neighbor, you have traded.'

"That was all there was to it. He handed me the money, and after the horses were shifted in the stalls and blankets changed we walked into the house, had a drink and went to bed. George, pointing to the proprietor of the house, was in the bar at the time. For some reason or other I could not sleep. Thoughts of that natty looking bay bothered me. I just itched to have a drive behind him, and as I could see the moon shining outside I made up my mind to do it, even if it did look a little looney.

"By that time it was near midnight, and when I came down stairs the man was getting ready to close the house. I told him that I had made up my mind to drive over home and come back in the morning. He stirred up the stableman, and in a few minutes I was on the road. When I spoke to the bay horse I saw he acted rather dull, but that did not surprise me. As soon as I cleared the town I gave him a cut with the whip and started on a five-mile drive at a rate that would soon take me over the road. After passing what I called the half-way house the new horse began to lag. I gave him a cut with the whip, but it did not seem to do him any good. The horse that he was hooked with was a regular steam engine when it came to roading, and he soon had the collar slipping up on his neck. As soon as he did not offer to balk I had a half idea that it was a case of staggers, and the clip which I had driven him with a full stomach had a tendency to bring it on. Pulling the team to a walk, I let

them poke along at their own gait, but it was too late, as my picture horse began to twitch his ears, then shake his head, and finally trembled all over like a leaf on a poplar tree. I pulled out my knife and was ready to bleed him if he should drop; but he stopped short of that, and after a breathing spell I jogged home."

At this point Bill Hood looked across the table at George, the proprietor of the house, and in a drawling Mark Twain style, asked him to tell the next chapter while he walked over to the store to buy a few things. Without a moment's hesitation the landlord laid his pipe on the table, and after taking a nip "to get everything in running order," as he remarked, when pouring it out, started with a narrative that did not appear to me to have any connection with Bill Hood or his trade. Stripped of what he considered clever remarks, his story was as follows:

"There is always more horse selling and trading at the March fair than at any of the other three during the year. Those who are looking for two or three horses to put in the crops with are in the market and will buy, while the stock which has been wintered carefully or otherwise, is offered for sale at that time. Then you can always look for the out-of-town buyers. They come here regularly, and when a buyer sees a sound one that will do for the city trade he picks it up at a fair price. It is true that they buy close, but not as close as the horse dealer, who usually has three or four he has been patching up on soft feed all winter and will not make a deal unless they can slip one in. Not one of them but knows that a good horse does not eat any more than a skate, and if they can make a turn

they are just so much ahead. Two years ago I had plenty of help, as my boys were at home, so I was out around considerable and seen all that was going on.

"On the afternoon of the fair that Bill referred to, I was at the fair grounds looking up old acquaintances and making a few new ones, which is something all hotel men must do if they want to get along in the world. I had just had a word with a friend of mine from 'the other side,"—by that I mean a New York Stater,—when a swell looking city rig drove into the show ring. I had never seen a rig like it in those parts up to that time, and when the horse stepped around in front of me, I did nothing but stare. He was clipped, and, by the way, it was the first clipped one I remember having seen in this town; his tail was cut off square above his hocks, and mane was pulled until it looked as light and fleecy as a colt's. The driver was a spruce looking young man, wearing a wide-rimmed soft felt hat, light-colored coat with a velvet collar and a pair of tan-colored gloves. A middle-aged man of clerical cut, smooth shaved and smiling, also occupied a seat in the carriage. No one paid any attention to the pair, all eyes being levelled at the horse. It would have done you good to see him march around that ring, while the sun fairly glittered on the silver mountings of the harness that he carried. There were some twisted letters on the blinders and hip straps, but no one had time to make them out, and they would not have been a bit wiser if they had.

"More than one buyer spotted that horse as a blue ribbon winner for the horse show, if he had not already paraded on the tan bark. At least, that is the

way I heard them talk about them when they sighted a stylish one. After stepping around the ring two or three times, I do not remember now which, but it does not make any difference, the young man pulled up short, and tipping his hat to the spectators, said, 'Gentlemen, how do you like him?' As he stood the horse did not appear to like the curb bit and kept champing it, while his arched neck, with the foam flecks down the front of it, gave him a showy look. Every foot was in its place as he stood there, the admired of all, and it was not long before someone asked if he was for sale.

" 'Why, what would I have him here for if he were not for sale or trade,' smiled the young man; but not one in ten of those who were looking at him supposed he meant it, while the middle-aged man also smiled and bowed with the politeness of a dancing master.

" 'What do you ask for him?' whispered a big man in a snuff-colored suit, as he leaned over the wheel.

" 'How much will you give?' asked the young man, while a smile like sunshine continued to spread over the bland countenance of his companion.

" 'How old is he?' asked another.

" 'Look in his mouth and satisfy yourself,' said the young man. And so it went on. He would not name a price and no one would make a bid. Finally a big man in snuff-colored clothes whispered something in the young man's ear. He shook his head and acted as as though he were going to drive off.

"At this point a round-faced man wearing a checked suit of unmistakeable English pattern and cut, elbowed his way into the ring, and after taking a look at the horse said, 'Young man, hif you will drive down to the hinn hi will buy that 'orse.'

"'Will you?' said the young man.

"'Yes, hi will,' was the reply.

"'Well, if you want him you will have to buy him here. This is the first horse I ever sold, and as he is a good one I am going to sell him on the fair grounds, just as he stands before everybody, or I will keep him. So if you want him,' continued the young man in the soft hat, 'speak quick. I don't know what he is worth, but I can consider an offer.' With this remark the clerical gent looked happier than ever. Everyone expected that he would say something, but he did not.

"'You're a queer 'un,' replied the Englishman, 'but hif you will take a 'orse hin trade hi'll try and make a deal with you.'

"'Let me see what you have' replied the young man with a spirit that was refreshing, 'and I'll consider, as I may want something to pull the rig out of town, unless you will take the whole outfit.'

The Englishman sent a boy for the horse he had of Bill Hood. When led up alongside of the clipped one wearing the silver-mounted harness he looked like a deuce spot up against a king full, and the young man began to laugh as he said, 'Is that what you want me to trade for?'

"'That's hit,' said the Englishman, 'and hi'll let you have hit with $300 for your 'orse.'

"'Oh now, you're joking,' said the young man.

"'No hi ham not,' said the Englishman, as he unbuttoned his vest and pulled out a wallet, while everybody roared.

"'Do not be so speedy, my friend,' said the young man. 'That horse you have is only fit to pull my traps home, but rather than not make a trade when I feel like it, if you say $400, it's a go.'

"The Englishman hesitated and finally shook his head, but after taking another look at the horse said, "Hi will make you a sporting hoffer. Split the difference, say three fifty and the gelding.'

"Half a dozen said 'Don't you do it. He is worth more,' and all that sort of thing, while the Englishman looked daggers at those who were making the demonstration. The young man never moved an eyelash until all was quiet, when, without even looking towards his companion, he said, 'You've traded. Hand over the coin and we will change them here.' The money was paid, the horses shifted, and inside of five minutes the young man with the swell city rig and clerical-looking companion had disappeared behind Bill Hood's gelding.

"Everyone said that the Englishman had bought the best horse at the fair, and as he was feeling good over the bargain, all of the acquaintances that he had made had several rounds with him at the bar.

"About dusk Bill Hood drove into town behind an old gray horse. All of the best stock had been disposed of by that time and the dealers were getting them ready to ship in the cars or start over the road. As some expressed a little surprise that he had not been at the fair, Bill said that his brother and nephew had come on from the west that day to see him, and as he was not feeling very well he thought he would stay at home and visit. One word led to another until Bill was told of the fine show horse that the Englishman had purchased from a stranger, and how he had traded in his old gelding.

" 'You don't say,' said Bill; "Well, that is too bad.

I don't like to see that one leave the neighborhood, as I have owned him at least a dozen times and he is a rare good one.'

In a short time the Englishman with the double whiffletree pin in his tie elbowed his way into the group and saluted Bill Hood with a nod, as he told him he had traded off the gelding.

" 'You should not have done it,' said Bill.

" 'Why not?' asked the Englishman.

" 'Because he is a better horse than the one you let me have,' said Bill, as he shortened the reins and prepared to drive off.

" 'What did you do with 'im?' asked the Englishman with a half smile, in which more than one of the bystanders joined.

" 'Let you have him back again,' said Bill with a drawl, as he gave the gray a cut with the whip and started down the street on a gallop."

THE OLD FAVORITE.

In the field the old horse looked neglected and gray,
With the burrs in his tail and his mane all awry.
A wet spot on his side showed he'd rolled in the clay,
But the years had not dimmed the wild glint of his eye.

When I called him he came on the old fashioned trot,
About which the reporters made many a note,
And as soon as he stopped at the gate of the lot,
He was nosing for sweets, in the sleeve of my coat.

'Twas a trick he'd been taught, in his old racing days,
And to see him remember it made my heart long
For the lads, who had gone on their different ways,
Since the days of my youth when one's hopes are so strong.

When I touched his soft muzzle and felt his warm breath
On the hand that had reined him in many a race,
I could feel we were friends, and would be until death;
And the thought brought a sigh, though it seemed out of place.

As I looked at him then I remembered the day
When he first caught my fancy and made my heart bound,
As he stood on the track one bright morning in May,
With his head in the air, while his tail touched the ground.

GUY, 2:09¼ WHEN TWENTY-ONE YEARS OLD.

The bright light in his eye spoke of courage and pride,
While his shimmering coat told the world he was fit,
And the net-work of veins could be seen through his hide,
As he stamped with impatience and strained on the bit.

When I tapped him he wheeled and dashed off for a block,
On his frictionless gait, once so rapid and round,
Then side on I could see the slight flex of his hock
And the low stride in front barely clearing the ground.

It was Guy, the bad actor, the trotting machine,
Of the old sulky days when Maud S. held the throne,
The black horse that taught Sanders to humor the queen,
But he's dead and he sleeps in the meadow alone.

There's no mark on his grave, but his name will retain
All the honors he earned while the records are kept,
As his antics caused thousands from Texas to Maine
To protest at his scoring and cheer when he stepped.

THE GOLDSMITHS.

ALDEN GOLDSMITH.

A man he was to all the country dear.—*Goldsmith.*

In 1724, when Queen Anne, the last of the Stuart sovereigns, was on the throne of England, a man named Goldsmith was granted a deed to a plot of land near what is now known as Washingtonville, in Orange County, New York. He became a farmer and stock raiser (although his name would indicate that his ancestors had followed a very different calling), the produce of his farm and the adjoining ones being shipped to New York, which was then, as it is now, the market for everything produced in Orange County, from eggs to race horses. The property included in the original deed passed from generation to generation, through the oldest son, the dark days of the Revolution being passed without a change being made in the ownership of the place, which, at a very early date, became known as Walnut Grove Farm. The home of the Goldsmiths was an old-fashioned farm house, standing on a terrace surrounded by hickories of over a century's growth, and whose shadows fluttered on a lawn sloping to the Otterkill. In this home Alden Goldsmith and his two sons, James and John, were born, two of them died there, and all of them were borne from its portals to the grave.

In the seventy-five years which elapsed between Alden Goldsmith's birth, on December 4, 1820, and John Alden Goldsmith's burial, in December, 1895, a new breed of race horses was evolved on the continent of North America, and of all who contributed to the establishing and developing what is now known as the "light harness horse," there is no family that has left so legible an impression on its history from the foundation to the top of the arch as the Goldsmiths. Upon the father was cast the burden to breed and develop a family of horses which, after breasting

"The stings and arrows of outrageous fortune,"

rushed on to such an emphatic triumph that it will stand for all time as the symbol of sterling race horse qualities. In the harness racing world, "as game as a Volunteer," has become a proverb, and the members of that family which won the laurels for their sire, exhibited their courage and stamina in many a split heat contest, in which the time, from start to finish, was up to the limit of their speed. None of the Volunteers were what has been termed "born trotters." They learned the trotting step after arriving at maturity, and it was while assisting their father in developing the horses bred on or purchased for Walnut Grove Farm that James and John Goldsmith first showed the light hand which is such a necessary adjunct in the natural endowment of a reinsman or rider.

Alden Goldsmith's fondness for the trotter can be traced to the old Beacon Course back of Hoboken, N. J., where, on August 1, 1839, as a young man of nineteen, he saw Hiram Woodruff ride Dutchman in his match against time. As the old-time champion jogged by the stand under a pull, after trotting three

miles in 7:32½, a desire took possession of him to breed and own a horse that could change the figures placed on record that day, and unlike the many day dreams of youth, he lived to see the wish a reality, when Huntress, by Volunteer, in 1872, trotted three miles to harness over Prospect Park, on Long Island, in 7:21¼.

Technically, Dutchman's three-mile record of 7:32½ to saddle is still unbeaten, as that style of racing was no longer in vogue when all of the old-time records to harness and to wagon were changed by the later day champions which succeeded him and his contemporaries. It was also the best on record at any way of going in 1866, when Hiram Woodruff's book, "The Trotting Horse of America," was written by Charles J. Foster, the following description of the performance being taken from its pages:

"The odds were two to one on Dutchman when we brought him out and stripped him. At six o'clock in the evening he was saddled, and I mounted, feeling fully confident that the feat set would be done with much ease. We were allowed a running horse to keep company, and I had a nice blood-like mare, she being under my brother, Isaac.

"We went off at a moderate jog, gradually increasing the pace, but conversing part of the way at our ease. Isaac asked me how fast I thought I could go the mile, to which I replied, "About two minutes, thirty-five." It was accomplished in 2m. 34½s., and Dutchman never really extended. Now occurred a circumstance which must be related, because it was curious in itself, and had its effect on the time. Mr. Harrison, the backer of Dutchman, had lent his watch

to a friend and was not keeping time of the horses himself as they went around. As we came by the stand, some bystander, who had made a mistake in timing, told him that the time of the mile was 2:38, which was a losing average. He therefore called out to me as I passed him, to go along, and go along I did. Dutchman struck a great pace on the back stretch, and had established such a fine stroke that the running mare was no longer able to live with him. My brother, Isaac, got alarmed and sung out to me that I was going too fast. I replied that I had been told to go along. It was not my conviction that the horse was going too fast even then, for if ever there was one that I could feel of, and that felt all over strong and capable of maintaining the rate, Dutchman did then. Nevertheless, I took a pull for Isaac, and allowed him to come up and keep company for the balance of the mile. It was performed in 2:28 very handily.

"The third mile we kept the same relative positions, Dutchman being under a good pull all the way, and able to have left the running mare had he been called upon to do so. The rate was now very even, and it was maintained until we were within about 200 yards of the stand, when I was notified to check up and come home at a more moderate gait. I therefore crossed the score at a jog-trot, and Dutchman was at a walk within fifteen yards of it. The last mile was 2:30, the whole being 7:32½. Great as this performance was thought at the time, long as it has since stood unequalled, and great and deserved as has been, and is, the fame of those who have endeavored to surpass it, I declare that it was not by any means all that Dutchman could have done that day. I am

positive that, if he had been called upon to do so, he could have trotted the three miles in 7:27 or better.

"As for the second mile, which he made in 2:28, it was one of the easiest I ever rode in my life. In the great burst of speed he made when Harrison called to me to go along, and Dutchman went away from the running mare, the horse was strong, collected, and his long, quick stroke very even. At all other times in the race he seemed to be going well within himself; and, in setting down his mark that day at seven minutes twenty-seven seconds, I am confident that I allow him quite time enough. The truth is, that he was a most extraordinary horse."

DUTCHMAN.

That trot no mortal could explain!
Some said, "Old Dutchman, come again!" —*Holmes.*

Dutchman was eleven years old when Alden Goldsmith saw him trot three miles under saddle in 7:32½. Prior to that time he had covered the same distance in 7:41 to harness and had defeated such old-time celebrities as Rattler, Lady Suffolk and Awful.

When closing the chapters devoted to Dutchman, Hiram Woodruff expressed regret that nothing definite was known of the pedigree of a horse that had proved so fast, so stout, so sound and so determined, while he also said: "When I first saw Dutchman he was five years old and belonged to Mr. Jeffreys, of

Philadelphia. He worked in a string team and did his full share of the hauling. It was found that the bay horse was a good stepper, and they began to drive him on the road to wagon. He could then go a little better than three minutes."

A few years after the publication of Hiram Woodruff's book, John H. Wallace, the founder of the American Trotting Register, and who died May 2, 1903, at the ripe age of eighty-one, turned the light on Dutchman's history. He relegated the string team story to the garret to keep company with the "mile in a minute" by Eclipse and Lady Thorn's record-breaking trial, although H. N. Smith, the owner of the mare, assured me personally that Dan Mace drove her a mile in 2:11¼. Wallace traced Dutchman to his breeder, and as the dash and courage of the horse convinced Alden Goldsmith that of all things wanted in a light harness horse, endurance was the most essential, a few notes from the pen of "the old master" on the subject would not be out of place as a preface to the work of the man who risked his all and won on Volunteer, the founder of a family of race horses of the same stamp:

"Dutchman was a dark bay gelding about 15.3. He was foaled in 1828, got by Capt. Tuft's Tippoo Saib, Jr.; dam, Nettie, by Black Messenger, son of imported Messenger; grandam by Gray Swallow. David Denny, the breeder of Dutchman, had two mares that were somewhat distinguished in the neighborhood; the one called China Leg, by Atkinson's Gray Mambrino, and the other, Nettie, by Black Messenger. It was at first represented that the former was the dam of Dutchman; but a more thorough in-

vestigation clearly establishes the fact that it was the black mare, and not the gray, that produced Dutchman. This mare Nettie was a brownish black, about 15½ hands high, powerful in form at every point, and was known all over the country as a very fast roadster. She was bred by Joseph Hinchman, Clarksboro, Gloucester County, N. J., and sold in 1819, when four years old, to Thomas Davidson, of Swedesborough, and by him transferred to his son-in-law, John D. Norton, of Bridgeport, Gloucester County, N. J., from whom Denny bought her. Both before and after Denny got her, she was recognized as a very formidable animal to encounter, whether under the saddle or in harness. Joseph Hinchman, her breeder, belonged to a fox-hunting club and took great pains in breeding the stout lasting sort, after the model of the English hunter. Denny, although poor and illiterate, had a great passion for horse racing, and the leading aim of his life appeared to be to get a horse that could beat some of the wealthy gentlemen of that neighborhood. With that aim he got Nettie, intending to breed her to Mark Antony, a noted son of Sir Archy, that had just arrived in Salem.

"David Denny was a ship carpenter by trade, a very industrious man, but he had a fondness for grog that often got the better of him. At this time he lived on what was known as the Brick House Farm, a little over two miles from Salem, owned by Ephriam Lloyd. He esteemed Nettie very highly, which was evident from the fact that, poor as he was, he brought her into town to breed her to the fashionable horse Mark Antony, at $30. But Captain Tuft, or some of his strikers, took advantage of Dave's weekness, and after a few

drinks he was able to see very clearly how he could save $25, so before he left, his granddaughter of Messenger was bred to Captain Tuft's grandson of Messenger. In due time Nettie dropped a brownish-bay colt nearly the color of his sire, that grew up very plain. As he matured, he developed a most remarkable trotting step, and the "Denny colt" was talked about all over the country. Denny called him Tippoo, and drove him in a one-horse lumber wagon, always carrying a long gad or whip to stir up Tippoo, and when he got a few drinks aboard he was exceedingly abusive to his horse, but still very proud of him. Pennsville, about four miles from where he lived, was a favorite resort of his for a drive and a dram. On the way there, and not far from where he lived, was a schoolhouse, and the 'big boys' were always on the lookout for Denny if he passed during play hours, and if a little drunk, they had their own fun with him. But one day the fun turned out to be at the expense of the boys.

"As David came along on his accustomed drive to Pennsville, a number of the boys jumped into the wagon for a short ride and for some jokes in the meantime. He made them sit down in the bottom of the wagon, and then applied the gad to Tippoo. The pace was so terrific that the boys were afraid to jump out, and David never drew rein until he landed his cargo at Pennsville, three or four miles from the schoolhouse. The boys had to scamper back at their best speed, and then take a sound thrashing for their absence. Whatever jokes the boys played on David afterwards, they were always careful to keep out of his wagon. The speed of this horse was certainly not the

result of education, for his owner was no horseman in any sense of the term. It may be taken as conclusive, then, that like so many of the inbred Messengers he was a natural trotter. There can be no doubt that while in Denny's hands he could trot better than three minutes.

"About 1834, Benjamin Tindall, a citizen of Philadelphia, who had been raised in Salem, N. J., and often visited there, bought the 'Denny colt' from David Denny for $120, and took him to Philadelphia and offered him for sale. Daniel Jeffreys, the brickmaker, who raised Andrew Jackson, looked at him, asked Tindall his price, which was $225, and got permission to try him before he would agree to take him. Jeffreys rode him out on Broad street, with some of his friends mounted on the best roadsters about the city, and they, one after another, went at him, but not one of them was able to put the new horse up to his speed. Jeffreys was more than pleased, returned to the city, sent his check by J. L. Hancock to Tindall for the amount, $225, and took the horse to another stable. He was then named Flying Dutchman, which was soon reduced in usage to Dutchman.

"Before Mr. Jeffreys had been happy in the possession of Dutchman for any great length of time, George J. Weaver came into his stable one day, and, half jocularly in manner, asked Jeffreys what he would take for him. Without much thought, and supposing Weaver was not in earnest, Jeffreys replied that he would take $400, whereupon Weaver promptly responded that he would take the horse. The transaction was regular and there were plenty of witnesses to it. Jeffreys was chagrined, but he could not go back on his word, and

next morning he offered Weaver $100 if he would not take the horse. Weaver replied that he had bought the horse for Peter Barker, of New York; that he had notified him of the purchase by mail, and that it was too late then to consider any terms of compromise whatever.

"It is said that Dutchman got a few colts before he was castrated, at three years old, and after he became famous as a trotter, John Weaver, the owner of Andrew Jackson, and some friends went down to Salem to pick them up. When they went to Denny to learn where they could be found, he flew into a terrible passion, calling them thieves, robbers, and everything else that was abusive; ordered them off his premises, and would give them no satisfaction whatever. It was while Dutchman was owned in Philadelphia he lost an eye; but whether this was caused by a timothy stalk in his manger, as has been generally represented, or by the cruel treatment of his former master when on a drunken spree, cannot now be determined. The story that he was used in a string team hauling bricks is a pure fabrication; and the same story was told about Charcoal Sal, the dam of Andrew Jackson, with about the same amount of truth. Daniel Jeffreys owned them both, and was a brickmaker, but he was an active participator in most of the trotting events of that day about Philadelphia."

Cyrus Lukins, a genuine Monkbarns in horse matters in Philadelphia and that vicinity, made a number of inquiries from people who knew all of the parties connected with this horse, and in order to put the string team story to sleep for all time, published on

April 14, 1903, in the "American Horse Breeder," a letter from which the following notes are taken:

"Dutchman was bred by David Denny, a ship carpenter, living on Brick House Farm, two miles from Salem, N. J. He was a poor man with only one brood mare, which he called old Mambrino. Captain Tuft, of Salem, N. J., owned Tippoo Saib, Jr., son of thoroughbred Tippoo Saib, by Messenger. He was a large, plain, dark bay or brown stallion, and stood at the low price of $5. This was the sire of the trotting horse Dutchman, whose three miles in 7:32½ always aroused Hiram Woodruff's admiration, and which remained unbeaten for so many years.

"Denny called the colt Tippoo. In 1834 he sold the colt to Ben Tindall, of Philadelphia, Pa., who brought him up and took him to John Bosler's livery stable, northeast corner of Sixth and Brown streets. The brickmakers and contractors were prominent as the local horsemen of those days. They met frequently day and evening at John Bosler's livery stable, among their number being Ben Tindall, Thomas H. Irvin, Daniel Jeffreys and others. Tindall kept Dutchman at this stable. One afternoon Ben Crossin and George Gorgas went out for a ride. The former was on Dutchman and the latter on his own mare, that was known to be able to beat three minutes. Sixth street was then a grand driving road, opening out for four miles to Nicetown Lane, near to old Huntington Park trotting course. Tominey's hotel, where Black Douglass was kept, when in training, was out on this Sixth street country roadway. When Crossin and Gorgas returned from their ride, the former assured everyone that he had beaten Gor-

gas' mare with Dutchman. Daniel Jeffreys heard of this, and after driving the horse a few times, he bought him from Tindall for about $225.

"He had a sympathetic ailment of the eyes, resulting from the dental period, just as many another young horse has had, and Jeffries turned him out to pasture in a lot he kept for the purpose, as he was a great horse fancier. Hence the brick cart and brickyard story, all of which originated in the fertile imagination of the brain of an old writer for sensational purposes. Neither Dutchman nor the dam of Andrew Jackson, that had been owned by Jeffries eight or ten years prior to his owning Dutchman, were ever worked to a brick cart.

"The majority of these facts I had from Thomas H. Irvin, himself a brickmaker, in 1867-8-9, while he was living in a brick house, one of a row built on the grounds of the old Haymarket lot at Fifth and Green streets, within a few squares of where all of these interesting circumstances happened in his younger days. The pasture lot into which Dutchman was turned for grass and liberty was the spot where Hiram Woodruff first saw the horse."

This is all that can be learned of the early history of Dutchman, the horse that prompted Alden Goldsmith to turn from agriculture and cattle to the trotter, and whose stoutness caused him later in life, when master of Walnut Grove Farm, to select as the members of his stud, horses showing quality and finish, and at the same time carrying a dash of thoroughbred blood which had shown a disposition to go on a trot. In the latter part of the fifties he purchased one mare by Abdallah, seven by American Star, four by im-

ported Consternation and one Clay mare, while his first stallion was a son of Consternation, his dam being by a son or grandson of Messenger. Of American Star Alden Goldsmith said:

"He was a natural born trotter, and one whose gait would bear the most extreme forcing, and when twenty-six years of age, harnessed to a wagon, on the fair grounds at Goshen, he won the annual trophy offered for the best stallion, speed considered, from the six-year-old son of Hambletonian—Alexander's Abdallah—to sulky in a contest of heats. He also, in a long and desperate contest on the same grounds vanquished Harry Clay."

At Chester, a few miles away, Hambletonian's star was beginning to appear above the horizon, and when Robert Fillingham, subsequently known as George Wilkes, and the "Alley colt," named Dexter, when started showed that Rysdyk's horse was going to sire speed, Alden Goldsmith made an effort to find a son of Hambletonian that filled his eye as an individual and a trotter. He finally selected an eight-year-old bay horse owned by Richard Underhill, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and then known as Hambletonian, Jr. Edwin Thorne joined with him in the purchase, and when William M. Rysdyk, the owner of Hambletonian, objected to the name, hinting at the time that by retaining it they showed a disposition to borrow some of the thunder of the 'Hero of Chester,' prompted by the spirit of the times, it being on the eve of the Civil War, they changed it to Volunteer. Reserve and Woburn, both sons of Hambletonian, were also added to his stud.

VOLUNTEER.

Clang, clang, went the bell for the race
A Goldsmith answered "Here!"
Made weight and scored down in his place,
And won with a Volunteer.

Volunteer was bred by Joseph Hetzel, of Florida, N. Y. He was foaled May 1, 1854, the day his dam, Lady Patriot was four years old, his sire being four and his dam three when they were mated. Richard Underhill purchased the colt in the fall of 1858. He took him to Long Island, and subsequently placed him in William Wheelan's stable for training. Wheelan found that he was a fast horse, but the severe preparation of that period soon put him on the complaining list and he was sent home. For the next two years he was driven on the road by his owner's brother and finally, in the spring of 1861, he sent Lady Patriot's colt to Timothy T. Jackson, with orders to keep him in good road condition and sell him if possible. Jackson gave him very little fast work, as he showed stiff in the shoulders; but with what he did get, Volunteer pulled a heavy single-seated wagon a mile and repeat over the Union Course in 2:33, 2:31¼. Alden Goldsmith heard of the horse and bought him on June 26, 1862. While in the possession of Joseph Hetzel, Volunteer was bred to a few mares, and from their foals Alden Goldsmith purchased the colt Idler, who showed fast, but met with an accident that caused his death, Hamlet and Matchless, both of whom trotted in 2:30 in public and proved noted prize winners.

As a four-year-old, while in the hands of his breeder, Volunteer won first premium for stallions in Orange County. His next appearance, at Goshen, was on August 21, 1862, when Alden Goldsmith started him against Winfield, Grey Confidence, and several others, in what would now be termed trials of speed. The track at Goshen was that season changed from a third to a half-mile, and was little better than a country road. Under the conditions of the event, each horse was timed separately, Volunteer driven by his owner, to wagon, winning in 2:39, beating his fastest competitor nine seconds. This showing, together with the promise of the colts purchased by Goldsmith, roused the resentment of Hambletonian's admirers to such a pitch that for the next ten years Volunteer was almost excluded from public service. As Hambletonian was becoming famous as a sire, Volunteer could not be assailed on that side of his pedigree, the attack being made on his dam, Lady Patriot. She was bred by John Cape, of Orange County, and before reaching Thorndale Farm, where she spent her last days, passed through the hands of John Hetzel, David Seely, Strong Y. Satterlee and William M. Rysdyk. Satterlee gave $125 for her and sold her for $200 to Rysdyk for a brood mare, after one of her shoulders had been injured, and Edwin Thorne had a friend purchase her for him from Rysdyk, when she was carrying the colt afterwards known as Sentinel. When her three sons, Volunteer, Hetzel's Hambletonian and Green's Hambletonian, were attracting notice, W. M. Rysdyk made the following contribution to the war upon Volunteer, by

way of note, to the gentleman who bought her for Mr. Thorne:

"You are surprised to hear me pronounce the dam of Volunteer a dunghill. I bought her for a dunghill, and I know she is a dunghill; and that is not all—she is the most worthless piece of horseflesh that I ever owned."

This was not much of a recommendation for Volunteer, as a competitor of the greatest trotting stallion in the country.

Nothing was ever known of the breeding of the dam of Lady Patriot. She was a bay mare, brought by Lewis Hulse from Rockland County, adjoining Orange, was both a running and trotting mare, and as such was held out under a challenge to run or trot against anything that could be led into the county. "I have seen the statement," wrote H. T. Helm in 1876, "that she was held as a standing challenge to run against any horse, and then to trot against the same one." This scrap of history, though brief, casts much light on the character and qualities of the Lewis Hulse mare, and from this and the locality whence she came some inference may be drawn concerning her probable blood. It was the region where the blood of the two families of Messenger and Diomed, through Duroc, Henry, and Eclipse, was the chief element in running and trotting circles. This mare was bred by John Cape to a horse called Young Patriot, which was brought into Orange County by parties who stated that he came from Oneida County, and that he was by Patriot, he by Blucher from a mare by Messenger Duroc, son of old Eclipse.

From 1862 to 1871 Volunteer was ignored by the public. He was overshadowed by Hambletonian, while as the few colts that he did sire did not come to their speed early, no one could point to a trotter by Volunteer after Hamlet was retired. In addition to this the majority of his get were spoiled in breaking, the trainers of that period not understanding their dispositions and it was not until his owner, encouraged by his success with Goldsmith Maid, one of the wildest hawks ever put in harness, decided to develop his own stock, that the smiles of fortune turned towards the premier of Walnut Grove Farm.

GOLDSMITH MAID.

It's admitted that Lou Dillon,
Alix, Maud S., and Nancy Hanks,
With Goldsmith Maid's two fourteen
Played many kinds of pranks.
Sunol and scores of others,
Make you think her star will fade,
But for all their speed they missed the fame,
That came to Goldsmith Maid;
As turf lovers all remember
That from January to December
The mare that won the money was the Maid.

Goldsmith Maid was the foundation of Alden Goldsmith's reputation as a practical turfman. She was foaled on the farm of John B. Decker, of Wantage Township, Sussex County, New Jersey, in the spring of 1857. Her sire was Edsall's Hambletonian, after-

Alden Partridge

wards known as Alexander's Abdallah, and her dam what was called an Abdallah mare. She was in her day a fine animal and, according to a correspondent of the "Spirit of the Times," writing from Deckertown, N. J., in 1871, could trot in about 2:40, and proved to be a fine brood mare. She had six foals, all of which gave greater promise when colts than Goldsmith Maid. One of them, when coming four years old, repeatedly trotted on a country road, a full mile, barefooted, without a skip or break. They were all high-spirited animals, and no fence was capable of confining them to a certain field. If the spirit moved them, they would spring over the stone walls like a deer, skim along the neighboring fields, trampling down wheat and corn, much to the consternation and despair of the farmers, who, in turn, revenged, as well as amused themselves, by setting their dogs on them and chasing them like foxes all over the county. When they got tired, they would return to their home very much in the manner they had left it. This colt, referred to above, in one of these almost daily tramps, ran against a scythe suspended from an apple-tree, and cut its head almost off. Another, equally as promising, was kicked in the knee joint, and died from its effects; a third was gored by a bull, and a fourth met some equally tragic fate, that disposed of it in as summary a manner. A fifth was taken by General Kilpatrick to Chili, and there sold to a gentleman for four thousand in gold. This mare could dust anything in Sussex County.

Goldsmith Maid was the smallest of old Ab's foals. What she lost in size, however, she made up in viciousness. She wouldn't go in a plow or harrow, nor stay

in any field in which she was placed. The only thing she seemed to be cut out for was to run races at night, which she was indulged in for years, much to the pecuniary discomfiture of the hapless youth who was indiscreet enough to bet against her. The manner of arranging for the nightly races certainly didn't come within the rules since adopted by the Turf Association, but was equally as effective. There was no pool-selling in those days. The "lookers-on in Venice" were interested owners, generally, of the competing horses. The purse, or rather the arrangement, was made in a grocery store on Mr. Decker's farm, in the early part of the evening, and the race to come off after Mr. Decker had gone to bed. Then the mare would be quietly slipped out of her stable, or spirited out of the field and taken down on the flat and duly entered. The knowing ones knew on which horse to bet their extra cash, for there was no hippodroming then, and it was only when a green outsider was roped in that the local pocketbooks assumed phlethoric proportions.

She had a strange freak that she indulged herself in about once a month. It consisted in her making a circuit of the neighboring country, jumping over fences, running through fields, regardless of what they contained, up and down hills, across dale and streams, and finally winding up in the field from which she started. This circuit was about six miles in extent and occupied about forty minutes.

John B. Decker sold the Maid to his nephew, John H. Decker, for $350. He in turn sold her to William Tompkins, known as "Jersey Bill," for $650. The next day he sold her to Alden Goldsmith for $1,000 and an old buggy, worth about $60. He placed her in the

hands of William Bodine, who was then considered the best horseman in Orange County. It took four men to harness her, and she came near killing Bodine several times before she was fairly broken, during which time Goldsmith was more than once very sick of his bargain.

After such an amount of patience and skill as has rarely been lavished on any trotter, she became sufficiently steady so that she could be driven in races. She made her first start as the Goldsmith Mare in a race for $100 against Uncle Sam and Mountain Boy at Goshen, N. Y., September 7, 1865, and won in 2:36, 2:37. In 1866 she won her engagements at Middletown and Poughkeepsie, cutting her record to 2:30 in the deciding heat of her second race, and was second to General Butler in 2:23¼, 2:25½, 2:27 at Copake, N. Y., November 2. The time made in this race attracted considerable attention and in 1867, when her name was changed to Goldsmith Maid. Alden Goldsmith, after winning three races with her and reducing her record to 2:24¼, placed her in Budd Doble's hands. He made his first start with Goldsmith Maid at Narragansett Park, Providence, R. I., and afterwards in partnership with Mr. Jackman, purchased her for $15,000. They raced her successfully and later on sold her for $32,000 to H. N. Smith. She died his property at Fashion Farm, Trenton, N. J., September 13, 1885.

While being conditioned in 1866 and 1867, Goldsmith Maid and Volunteer were frequently brushed together on the road, and W. W. Shuit told me that the stallion could invariably step away from the future queen of the turf. The year Alden Goldsmith sold

the Maid he also appeared at Hartford, Conn., with Volunteer and started him for a premium at the Seventh exhibition of the Hartford Horse Association, which was held on the old half-mile track, on Albany Avenue. He was entered in Class No. 6: Stallions for general use six years old and over. The other entries were William B. Smith's Mambrino Patchen and F. W. Russell's Clarion. A single mile was trotted to show speed, which was considered in making the award. The heat was closely contested by Volunteer and Mambrino Patchen, the former being hitched to a wagon and winning in 2:37. This was the record with which Volunteer was retired to the stud.

DEVELOPING THE VOLUNTEERS.

He saith among the trumpets, ha! ha! and he smelleth the battle afar off.—*Job.*

Encouraged by his success with Goldsmith Maid, and spurred on by the reproaches cast upon the horses bred at Walnut Grove Farm, Alden Goldsmith began to develop the get of Volunteer. It was up hill work from the start, as he had only a few to work on and the trotting step had to be drilled into them after they were broken, which was, in itself, a very difficult task. In addition to the Volunteer colts, he had a few by other sires, and raced them when they were good enough. The records show that in addition to Goldsmith Maid he started the bay mare Lady Tompkins, by Alexander's Abdallah, at Goshen and Newburg in

1866, giving her a record of 2:31, while he also won at Newburg and Middletown with the Magnolia gelding, Hunter, and placed another first to his credit at Goshen the following year before he turned him over to William Bodine, who gave him a mark of 2:37 at Troy, N. Y., where he defeated Major Edsall and Honesty. In 1868 the American Star mare, Lady Whitman, won three races for Alden Goldsmith at Seneca Falls, N. Y., and trotted fourth to Myron Perry at Catskill.

The Volunteer trotters were introduced to the public in 1869, when Ristori won a race at Goshen, after which she was placed on the retired list until 1874, and Matchless, one of the oldest of his get, won at Newburg, after which he was sold to H. C. Goodrich, of Chicago. He drove him to a record of 2:35¾. Ristori and Matchless were not, however, the first of Volunteer's get to take the word in public, as in 1866 Edwin Thorne started Hamlet in five races and gave him a record of 2:37 at Newburg. In 1870 Volunteer was represented at the Goshen Fair by Bodine and Huntress, the former winning a five-year-old race in 2:45½, while Huntress trotted second in two races to Lady Whitman, the fastest heat in either event being finished in 2:39½. Alden Goldsmith also won a first and a second at this meeting with the Hambletonian gelding Norwood, which Dan Mace had raced under the name of Drift on the New England tracks in 1869. Norwood was also started at Middletown, where he finished fourth to Lady Salspaugh.

HUNTRESS AND BODINE.

He has half the deed done, who has made a beginning.
—*Horace.*

In 1871 Huntress made her first start in the three-minute class at Buffalo, where she saved her entrance in a race won by Joseph Cairn Simpson with Clara G.; Barney and Young Thorne being between her and the winner. Her next appearance was at Hampden Park, Springfield, Mass., where on August 22, she trotted third to Lady Ross in a five-heat race, and on the following day finished second to the same mare in another event, winning a heat in 2:29½, which was the first mile below what was in 1876 fixed as the standard limit credited to one of Volunteer's get. Later in the season Huntress trotted second to Mary at Doylestown, Pa., second to Dot at Wilmington, Del., and won her engagements at Pittsburg and Holly Springs, Va., her record being reduced to 2:26½ in her last race that year.

Bodine made his first start in 1871 at Fleetwood Park, New York, where he won, cutting his record to 2:30¼. He also won at Middletown, N. Y., trotted second to Dot at Doylestown, was second to Sorrel Dan at Pittsburg on October 26, and on the following day defeated that gelding and five others in a six-heat contest. His last appearance that year was at Holly Springs, Va., where he won a four-heat race in slow time. From the beginning of his career Bodine was looked upon with suspicion on account of his dam being by Harry Clay. It was at the time considered a soft cross, one authority going so far as to state that he would as soon have a streak of sawdust in a pedigree

as a strain of Clay blood. In time this idea, like many another founded on prejudice, melted into thin air. As for Bodine, he was sold to H. C. Goodrich, of Chicago, early in 1872, was raced successfully until 1877 and made a record of 2:19¼ at Saginaw in 1875 in the first heat of a $2,000 purse race, in which he defeated Judge Fullerton, American Girl and Bella. The same year St. Julien, a gelding bred in the same line as Bodine, appeared on the turf, won six races in three weeks and trotted to a record of 2:22. In 1880 he placed the world's record at 2:11¼. He was the last of the Orange County champions, but not the last of its products to prove the value of the Clay cross, as Electioneer, by Hambletonian, out of a mare by Harry Clay, founded a family of trotters that changed all of the world's records at a mile.

While Bodine and Huntress were racing in 1871 William H. Allen, another Volunteer in the hands of Peter Manee, was making a very favorable impression, but the tide of popular favor did not begin to flow towards their sire until the following season, when John Trout began to move up in front on the mile tracks with Huntress, Abdallah, and the big gelding, Whirlwind, whose name was changed to Gloster before he took the word at Buffalo.

THREE MILE RECORD.

Who trained the flighty Huntress
To go the three-mile route?
One of the old guard, I'll warrant;
Yes, "Happy Johnny" Trout.

The Walnut Grove Farm stable made its first start in 1872, at Fleetwood Park, New York, the third week in May. Abdallah won two races during the meeting and Huntress trotted third to Judge Fullerton, second money going to William H. Allen. At Prospect Park, Brooklyn, the following week, Abdallah was behind the money and Huntress again third, first money on this occasion going to William H. Allen after a seven-heat struggle, in which Huntress trotted a dead heat in 2:25 with the winner and came back again in 2:26¾. The next starts were made at Boston, at the Mystic and Beacon Park meetings, where Abdallah was second in three races won by Czar, a brown gelding driven by Dan Mace, and was unplaced in one event to Mary A. Whitney, a sister to William H. Allen, who, after being retired to the brood mare ranks, produced Brava, 2:14½; Nomad, 2:19; First Love, 2:22½, a Clay stake winner; Blue Blood, 2:22¾, and Bon Mot, 2:25¼. One first and three seconds was Huntress' score at Boston, and after winning a special from William H. Allen at Saratoga, she swung into line at Buffalo, where she was awarded third money in the race in which Jay Gould made his record of 2:21½. As has been stated, Gloster started at this meeting, the summaries showing that he was fourth in the race won by Sensation. At Utica the following week he was unplaced to Camors. After a lay-up of

a month Gloster and Huntress were started at Prospect Park, Brooklyn, where the former won the 2:50 and 2:38 classes and made a record of 2:30, while Huntress set all the tongues of the turf world wagging by clipping eleven and a quarter seconds off Dutchman's three-mile record, which had stood at the top of the column for thirty-three years. The event in which she started was a $1,250 purse for a dash of three miles, with $1,000 added if Dutchman's time was beaten. Six entries were received, and of that number Fanny Fern, Huntress, Wallace and Constitution started, the absentees being H. B. and George Gillett. Huntress drew the pole and made a runaway race of the event from the word. She trotted the first mile in 2:28½, the second with two breaks in it in 2:26, the middle half being made in 1:09½, and the third, after a mistake near the half, in 2:26¾, winning by over two hundred yards, there being two lengths between Wallace and Constitution as they passed the stand. Fanny Fern was pulled up in the first quarter of the third mile. The 7:21¼ made by Huntress in 1872 remained unbeaten until 1893, when Bishop's Hero won a race at three miles in 7:19¼, while Hamlin's Nightingale the same season trotted the distance against time in 6:55½. After the Brooklyn meeting Gloster won a first and second at Fleetwood in October, and a first at Kingston, where he defeated St. James, Joker and Fred.

JAMES GOLDSMITH'S FIRST RACE.

Ah me! I doubt if one of you
Has ever heard the name "Old Blue,"
Whose fame through all this region rung
In those old days when I was young.—*Holmes.*

From an early age James H., the older son of Alden Goldsmith, took an active interest in the horses which were being developed at Walnut Grove Farm, and he also had ample opportunity to study the peculiarities and gaits of the family that was destined to make him one of the leading reinsmen of his day. All of his driving, however, was done on the road or the farm track until nine days after he was twenty-one years of age, when he made his first start at Montgomery, N. Y., in a race for Orange County horses, and won. The following is a summary of the race:

Montgomery, N. Y., June 24, 1870. Premium $35, for horses owned in Orange County. Owners to drive; mile heats, three in five.

J. H. Goldsmith's b. m. Fanny.....	3	1	3	1	1
J. L. Eager's ch. m. Cochecton Maid...	1	3	2	2	2
J. H. Bertholf's gr. g. Delmonico.....	2	2	1	3	3

Time—3:00, 3:00, 3:01½, 3:04, 3:01, 2:59.

His next appearance as a driver was in 1873, when, during his father's absence with Gloster, Huntress and the other horses which he was racing on the mile tracks, he started the grey gelding, Rescue, by Volunteer, in two races at a meeting held Fourth of July at Warwick, N. Y., being unplaced to Fleetwood on his first appearance and second to William Bodine's mare, Lady Snyder,

the following day. James H. Goldsmith also drove Rescue in a race at Newburg, N. Y., August 20, 1873, where he finished second to Harry Bassett. I am also of the impression that he had the mounts behind Goshen Maid, Lady Morrison, Reserve, and Henry in their races later in the season.

GLOSTER.

Gazelle and Camors were distanced,
Sensation and Red Cloud tried,
But they both went down with St. James
When Gloster struck his stride.

While the minor events referred to in the preceding chapter, were being prepared for, Trout shipped Gloster, Huntress, Abdallah and Volunteer Belle to Albany to condition them for a trip down the line. While there he opened the campaign of 1873 by winning a match for a bottle of wine with Volunteer Belle, and it was the only win this mare ever made for the Goldsmith family, a second to Fanny Raymond, and a third to Lida Picton at Sandy Hill, N. Y., and a third to Gold Leaf, at Amenia, being the only times she was in the money that year. Abdallah also proved a disappointment. He made but four starts, his first trip being at Albany, May 28, where he was third to James Dougrey's Lida Picton. At Prospect Park, Brooklyn, the following week he was fourth to Jack Draper in the 2:34 class, and on June 25 he again met

Lida Picton, this time at Fleetwood Park, New York. Abdallah made his record of 2:30 in the first heat of this race, but was second to Lida Picton when the premiums were awarded. After trotting unplaced to Prince Allen at Amenia, July 4, Goldsmith's Abdallah disappeared from the turf. He was subsequently shipped to Kentucky and killed at Paris in 1875.

Huntress and Gloster trotted their first races in 1873 over Washington Park, Sandy Hill, N. Y., the mare defeating Nonesuch and William H. Allen in the 2:21 class, and Gloster disposing of Joker, Hall Terrill and St. Elmo in the 2:27 class. Nonesuch defeated Gloster in the 2:21 class at Albany the following week, after which the big gelding was given a let up until the meeting at Amenia the first week in July. In the interval Huntress was distanced by John W. Conley at the May meeting at Fleetwood Park, New York, won the 2:21 class at Prospect Park over William H. Allen, and John W. Conley, and trotted third to Judge Fullerton at Fleetwood on June 26.

For its summer meeting in 1873 the Eastern Duchess Association of Amenia, N. Y., selected July 3, 4 and 5, and presented a programme showing six races, with purses amounting to $8,000. Alden Goldsmith made four entries and started all of them, Huntress winning the free-for-all from Ed White and William B. Whiteman; Gloster the 2:26 class, in which J. H. Phillips again finished second with Ed White; Volunteer Belle third premium in the three-minute class; while Abdallah was drawn after trotting three heats in the 2:32 class. The gross winnings for the week amounted to $2,500. Gloster's next start was in a $2,000 purse for the 2:27 class at Catskill, July 23.

He won it in straight heats, and was then shipped to Buffalo, where, on August 6, after saving his entrance in the $20,000 purse won by Sensation, he was started two days later in a $10,000 purse for the 2:24 class, and won in 2:24½, 2:23½, 2:24¼, after losing a heat to Susie. This success was followed by two straight heat victories at Utica in $5,000 purses the next week, the fastest of the six heats being finished in 2:23¼.

Gloster's next appearance was at Point Breeze, Philadelphia, where he trotted second to Goldsmith Maid in 2:22, 2:25½, 2:24, Sensation and Camors finishing behind him. During October he was also second to Goldsmith Maid in two races at Dexter Park, Chicago, in one of which she trotted a heat in 2:18 and in one at Pittsburg. As soon as Gloster was on easy street, Huntress was taken up again and started in two races at Plainville, Conn., where she defeated St. James and Longfellow in a class race, and two days later trotted second to Judge Fullerton in the free-for-all. Her returns for the balance of the season show a third to Camors at Prospect Park, a second to Judge Fullerton in the free-for-all at Sandy Hill, a first at Norwich, Conn., where she defeated Susie, and a first at Richmond, Va., where, on October 31, she won over Goshen Maid in 2:30, 2:25, 2:33.

In 1874, Gloster was a member of Budd Doble's stables and made his first start at Chicago, on July 25, in the 2:20 class, trotting second to Red Cloud. At Cleveland, the following week, Gloster and Red Cloud went at each other hammer and tongs, while Nettie jogged along leisurely in the rear. When the two geldings were deader than proverbial smelts, Turner made his move and won, Gloster being awarded second

money and Red Cloud third. The next start was at Buffalo, where Camors, who was distanced in the first heat of the race at Cleveland, stepped out in front for two heats, the first one being won by a neck from Red Cloud in 2:20½, while heads only separated him from Gloster and Nettie in the second in 2:19¾, his record. Prior to the third heat the Judges requested John Wade to turn Red Cloud over to Charles Green. This smashed the slate, which, according to Dan Mace, was made for Gloster to win, and, as a dying chance, Hickok tried to pull the race off with Camors. He carried Red Cloud to the half in 1:07½, but the Indiana gelding had speed to spare, as he marched on to the three-quarters in 1:42¾ and won in 2:18, the record with which he retired from the turf. In the next two heats Gloster tried to reach him, but as he was unsteady, Red Cloud won in 2:18½, 2:21. This race created a great deal of excitement, which was materially increased when Goldsmith Maid closed the meeting by reducing the world's record for trotters from 2:16 to 2:15½.

Gloster made his record of 2:17 and also trotted the best race of his life at the inaugural meeting of the Rochester Driving Park the following week. He took the word with St. James, Sensation, Camors, Red Cloud and Gazelle. Red Cloud was the favorite, Gloster, on account of his behavior at Buffalo, being third choice. At the finish of the first heat the judges were unable to separate this pair at the wire and announced it a dead heat in 2:18. As it was supposed the Volunteer gelding could not come back in any such time, Red Cloud brought two to one over the field before the word was given for the second mile. In this heat Doble

took Gloster out in front and won by two lengths in 2:17¾. On the next trip he stepped the mile in 2:17, each half being timed in 1:08½, and won by three lengths. W. McLaughlin was driving Red Cloud, and in the hope of saving the day, Hickok, who had been distanced in the first heat with Camors, was asked to take the mount. The change did not improve matters, as Gloster won as he pleased in 2:19. This success was followed by victories in the 2:20 class at Hampden Park, Springfield, at Charter Oak Park, Hartford during the inaugural meeting of the Connecticut Stock Breeders' Association, and at Mystic Park, Boston, and a defeat at Beacon Park, where he trotted second to Nettie, who made her record of 2:18 in this race, while Gloster won a heat in 2:19¾.

The last race won by Gloster was trotted over Fleetwood Park, New York, September 21, 1874. It was a free-for-all, Goldsmith Maid barred, for $10,000, the other starters being American Girl, driven by Dougrey; Camors, with Trout up, and Judge Fullerton, with Hickok behind him. American Girl started favorite. In the first heat Trout rushed off in front and stepped Camors to the half in 1:07. The black gelding remained in front to the "point of rock," where Gloster sailed by and won in 2:20½. On the next trip American Girl carried Gloster to a break after passing the quarter and won the heat in 2:22¾. The third and fourth heats were gathered in by Gloster in 2:21, 2:21. After the race, Doble, Hickok and W. M. Humphreys started for California with Goldsmith Maid, Gloster and Judge Fullerton, stopping on the way at Dayton and Chicago, where they trotted a few exhibition races. On his arrival in California, Gloster

was suffering from pulmonary complaint, and after a brief sickness died.

Gloster's death was a severe blow for Alden Goldsmith, as in addition to being a money winner from the first season that he appeared on the turf, he had a chance with another season's work and a careful preparation in Budd Doble's hands to equal or reduce the world's record. His race record of 2:17 in a third heat was, when made, but two and a quarter seconds from the 2:14¾ which Goldsmith Maid placed on the Rochester stand two days before in the second heat of her race with American Girl and Judge Fullerton, and while the little mare clipped the fraction off a few weeks later at Mystic Park, it was not asking too much of a young horse like Gloster, who was but eight years old when he died, to improve three seconds on his form of 1874. In addition to this, his success was a constant advertisement for Volunteer, whose service fee was advanced to $250, and subsequently to $500. When rigged for the races Gloster wore nothing but a plain shoe and a few boots for protection when he jumped out of his stride, something that all of the trotters of that day were guilty of. He stood sixteen and three-quarter hands full, and was the best big horse ever seen on the turf up to the date that Azote passed into the hands of Salisbury and McDowell.

1874.

Years following years, steal something every day
At last they steal us from ourselves away.—*Pope.*

The other members of the Walnut Grove Farm stable opened the season of 1874 the third week in June, at Jackson, Mich., where Lady Morrison won the 2:45 class and Ristori, after failing to save her entrance in the 2:30 class, won the 2:34 class and made a record of 2:30¾. Lottie, another member of the stable, started in the 2:40 class and was unplaced to Kitty Wells, while Huntress was behind the money in the free-for-all, which was won by Red Cloud, and Rescue distanced by Norma. At Saginaw, the following week, Ristori won the 2:50 class without reducing her record, and was beaten in the 2:50 class by Charles Myers' gelding, Fox. Lottie saved her entrance in the 2:40 class, in which the big end of the purse went to General Grant, and Rescue was unplaced to Mambrino Star. The next start was at Columbus, Ohio, where Ristori broke down in a third heat and was distanced by Granville. At Indianapolis, the next stopping place, Lady Morrison was the only starter. She won the 2:35 class, which was sandwiched with the event in which Goldsmith Maid defeated Red Cloud and Judge Fullerton in 2:26, 2:25½, 2:23. This was the race from which Red Cloud had been drawn, and the spectators refused to let it go on without the Indiana bred gelding. A few bold spirits procured a rope, and stretching it across the track, made themselves hoarse shouting "No Red Cloud, No Race." When Red Cloud appeared, pandemonium broke loose, and while the Maid was not very good

that day, she managed to pull it off, much to the chagrin of ninety per cent. of the spectators.

After the Indianapolis meeting the stable was shipped to Chicago, where Lady Morrison was distanced by Albert. It then started east, but its members did not figure prominently in any of the events at the meetings given by the Quadrilateral Trotting Combination. At Buffalo, Rescue was unplaced in the race won by Nashville Girl (May Queen), while he managed to save his entrance at Rochester, as the distance was waived on account of Unknown being protested, while Huntress saved her entrance in the race won by Nettie at Utica the same week.

JAMES H. GOLDSMITH'S FIRST CAMPAIGN.

Every tub must stand on its own bottom.
—*Bunyan.*

James H. Goldsmith's career as a trainer and driver dates from 1874. He began at Goshen (while his father was in the west) with a horse called Pelham. After two races, in one of which he was distanced and in the other unplaced, Pelham was discarded and all of his attention given to a bay gelding by Doty's Black Harry Clay, out of Nell by Hambletonian, called Bateman. He made his debut in the three-minute class at Goshen the first week in July, and finished third to the Volunteer gelding, Frank Wood, driven by W. E. Weeks. At Deerfoot Park, on Long Island, the following week, Bateman took the word in

two races, both of which were won by Asa Whitson with Uncle Bill. Bateman managed to get a second and a third, as well as a record of 2:41, while his natty young driver was taken out by the judges, but the change did not improve matters. The next starts were at Catskill, where he was beaten by Molly Carew and Uncle Bill. Branded as a counterfeit on account of the breeding of his sire, Bateman was driven home in disgrace, but he lived to prove that he was a high-class half-mile track race horse, and trained on to a record of 2:22¼.

The next starter from James H. Goldsmith's stable was the chestnut gelding, John A. He made his bow in August at Warwick, where, after being unplaced to a horse named Trout on the first day of the meeting, he was awarded second money in the three-minute race, which was won by William H. Beede in 2:40. After another start at Goshen, John A. drifted back to the farm, and nothing more was heard of him until a couple of seasons later, when John Alden Goldsmith one day, after he had been raking hay, matched the old horse against a gelding called Edson for $100 a side. The race was trotted at Warwick, and James, who was of the opinion that John had been a trifle rash in making the match, drove John A. and won.

When the horses that were shipped west in June returned to Walnut Grove Farm, after the close of the Rochester and Utica meetings, James took them up and started them on the half-mile tracks. At Warwick, the last week in August, he took the word in three races with Rescue and finished third in one event. At Goshen the following week he was also unplaced to May Bird, and Lottie was distanced by

Nellie Walton. At Kingston, Lottie was unplaced to Mountaineer, while she won in 2:40½ at Chatham. Both Lottie and Huntress were started at the September and October meetings at Prospect Park, Brooklyn, the former being behind the money in a race Dan Mace won with Arthur, and distanced by Lady White, and the latter distanced by Fleety Golddust, second to Bruno and third to Sensation. Huntress also won a free-for-all at Walcottville, Conn., where she defeated Barney Kelly, Spotted Colt and Kittie D., and was third to Hopeful in the 2:21 class at the Goshen October meeting. At this meeting Rescue was also awarded third premium in the race, A. J. Feek won with George F. Smith, a bay gelding by Niagara Chief and Lottie, after trotting a dead heat with Lady Annie in 2:33¼, finished third to Feek's horse, Bonner. He also defeated her the following week at Poughkeepsie.

1875.

He trained her and raced her to lower the mark.

All of the racing material in the Walnut Grove Farm stable was in charge of James H. Goldsmith when the bell rang in 1875, and from that date until the stock passed under the hammer of Peter C. Kellogg & Co., at the American Horse Exchange, New York, March 1 and 2, 1887, he drove all of his father's horses with the exception of a few races in the fall of 1879 and the horses that started in 1880, of which mention will be made at the proper time. The returns for

the first campaign show that the season opened at Deerfoot Park, on Long Island, May 13, where Lottie won a five-heat race, reducing her record to 2:33½ in the deciding heat, and closed November 12 at Baltimore, where Bateman trotted second to Annie Collins. In addition to the two horses named, James Goldsmith started Lady Morrison, Effie Deans, Alley, Huntress, Sister and Prince in sixty-one races, of which he won fifteen, was second in thirteen, third in seven, fourth in seven and unplaced in nineteen.

Effie Deans made her first start at the New York May meeting, where she was unplaced to Toronto Maid and Mat Tanner. At Goshen, the following week, she showed a decided improvement, as after trotting second to Lucca in a six-heat race on the opening day of the meeting, she two days later defeated the same mare in straight heats in the 2:50 class. Of the other starters at this meeting Bateman won the 2:39 class, Lady Morrison trotted second to Zephyr, driven by W. C. Trimble, and Lottie was unplaced to Adelaide. The next starts were made at Prospect Park, Brooklyn, where Effie Deans was awarded the third premiums in the races won by Nettie Burlew and J. G. Blaine. She was also fourth to Snowball at Ambler Park, Philadelphia, where Lady Morrison won the 2:35 class and Bateman saved his entrance in a race won by Andrew, to whom he was second at Norristown the following week, where Lady Morrison was again a winner. At Paterson, the third week in June, Effie Deans won two firsts, Bateman a first and Lottie a second, while at Amenia, two weeks later, Bateman won the 2:35 class, Effie Deans was fourth to Frank F. and Alley made his debut, the record showing that he was

drawn after trotting two heats in a race won by Judge Robertson in 2:39. After trotting second to Lady White with Effie Deans at White Plains, the stable shipped to Poughkeepsie to take part in the first Central Trotting Circuit meeting held over the mile track. During the week Huntress started in three events, her first appearance being on the opening day in the 2:18 class, in which she finished third to Hopeful. Two days later she trotted second to Sensation, and on the following day was third to Goldsmith Maid in an open event, her winnings for the week amounting to $2,650. Of the other starters at Poughkeepsie, Sister was unplaced to St. Julien, Bateman trotted second to Nelly Walton, and Effie Deans saved her entrance in a race won by Jack Draper.

Those who have read the sketch of the Grand Circuit in "Fasig's Tales of the Turf" will remember that the Poughkeepsie meeting clashed with Buffalo and was the first at which the entrance fee was fixed at five per cent. On the following week the horses which were at the conflicting meetings met at Rochester. The Goldsmiths were there and started Effie Deans and Bateman, both of which were behind the money in the races won by Adelaide and Lady Turpin, respectively. At Springfield, the following week, Sister, Lady Morrison, Effie Deans, Bateman and Huntress started, all of them being unplaced, while at Hartford, Sister, after losing her entrance in the first race, won by St. Julien, was second to him on his next appearance in 2:23¾, while Bateman saved his entrance in the big betting race won by Lady Snell.

After the meeting at Charter Oak Park the Goldsmith stable shipped to Syracuse, where Lady Morri-

son and Sister were unplaced and Bateman won the 2:31 class. He also won again at Kingston, Lady Morrison trotting third to Frank Munson, Alley second to Judge Robertson and Effie Deans unplaced the same week. Elmira was the next stand, the returns for the meeting showing a first for Bateman and Huntress second to Carrie in the free-for-all, while at Owego the latter won the open event and Bateman was second to Planter, a chestnut gelding by Red Bird.

After this meeting Bateman, Lottie and Alley were taken to Point Breeze Park, Philadelphia, where Bateman was third to Frank Palmer, Alley fourth to Flora Windsor and Lottie unplaced to Billy Ray. Their next starts were at Woodbury, N. J., where Bateman and Alley won and Lottie was again unplaced. Bateman also won a first and Alley a third at Pottstown. This meeting was held the last week in October, after which Bateman was started at Washington and Baltimore before going into winter quarters. The following table presents a synopsis of what the Walnut Grove Farm stable did in 1875:

Starters.	Record.	Sire.	Starts.	First.	Second.	Third.	Fourth.	Unplaced	Amount Won.
Bateman	2:27	Black's Harry Clay	18	8	4	1	2	3	$5,500 00
Huntress		Volunteer	6	1	2	2	....	1	3,400 00
Effie Deans	2:35	Hambletonian	15	3	2	2	4	4	2,155 00
Sister	2:30¼	Volunteer	5	....	2	....	....	3	1,750 00
Alley	2:35	Volunteer	6	1	1	1	1	2	825 00
Lady Morrison	2:33¼	Volunteer	6	2	1	1	....	2	600 00
Lottie	2:33½	Hambletonian	4	....	1	....	....	3	250 00
Prince			1	....	...	....	....	1	.....
Total			61	15	13	7	7	19	$14.480 00

1876—BATEMAN.

I could hear the pikers laugh
And call him a giraffe,
When he stepped behind the field to the turn;
But they modified the smile,
At the end of the mile,
As they saw he had speed to burn.
When I brushed him to his limit,
And found they were not in it,
I took him back and won it by a head;
Then they said he was a Clay
And was sure to die away,
But Bate' was full of race—when they were dead.

There were nine horses in James H. Goldsmith's stable when he shipped to Washington the first week in May, the new material being known as Trio, a sister to Huntress, Oscar and Driver. Oscar led off on the opening day at Ivy City by winning a $1,000 purse for three-minute trotters, and followed it up by trotting third and second on consecutive days at the same meeting to the Legal Tender gelding, Faugh-a-Ballagh, that M. J. Doyle had brought on from Savannah, Ga. Effie Deans, Huntress and Lady Morrison also won their engagements and Bateman trotted second to Joe Brown. At Brightwood, the following week, the Clay gelding was third to the same horse, and when Oscar, Effie Deans and Lady Morrison finished their races each of them had a third money due them. In the free-for-all Huntress won over W. H. Crawford with Annie Collins and John H. From Washington the stable moved on to Philadelphia for

four weeks, its members having engagements at the Suffolk Park, Point Breeze, Belmont Park and Ambler Park meetings. During the series Bateman was awarded a second, a third and two fourths, being defeated in two races by the George Wilkes mare, May Bird, in one by Joe Brown and one by the Magna Charta mare, Hannah D. Trio made her first start at Suffolk Park, where she finished second to Lady Daniels. She won her engagements at Ambler and Belmont, making a record of 2:29½ over the latter. Lady Morrison won the 2:30 class at Ambler, after being unplaced to General Tweed at Belmont, while Alley was third to Clifton Boy at Suffolk and second to the Happy Medium horse, Fleetwood, at Belmont. During the four weeks Effie Deans started in three races, her slip showing a fourth to General Howard at Suffolk Park, a second to Slow Go at Point Breeze and unplaced to the same horse at Belmont. Huntress was started twice, being third to Adelaide at Ambler and fourth to John H. at Belmont, where Lottie was unplaced to Dora.

After a trip to Pottstown, where Alley was defeated by George A. Ayers and Little May and Lottie won a race in slow time, the stable shipped to Elmira, N. Y., where, on June 15, Driver, the most successful campaigner of the harness turf, took the word in his first race and won in 2:36, defeating A. J. Feek with Lysander Boy. Huntress and Alley also won their engagements that week, while Lottie, after winning the 2:30 class, was unplaced to Butcher Boy, and Bateman saved his entrance in a race won by Jack Draper. The next stop was at Poughkeepsie, where

Alley won the 2:34 and 2:31 classes, making a record of 2:30, while Driver, after being unplaced to Lady Mills on the opening day, pulled off the 2:45 trot, reducing his record to 2:33, and Lottie was behind the money in the race that W. E. Weeks won with the Ethan Allen gelding, Judge. Driver cut his record to 2:30½ at the Hartford June meeting, where he trotted second to Wesley P. Balch's mare, Grateful, and saved his entrance in a race won by Dick Moore. Alley also won a second and a fourth that week, the races in which he started being awarded Hazor and Charley Mack, while Susie defeated both Huntress and Bateman. This pair were also defeated in their engagements at Hampden Park, Springfield, July 4, Bateman trotting third to Mace, with Royal George, and Huntress second to Susie in the free-for-all.

Effie Deans, Lottie and Lady Morrison were sent back to the farm before the stable was shipped west to Cincinnati, Ohio, where Driver won the Burnett House Purse and trotted fourth to Lady K. Of the other starters at Chester Park, Huntress was second to Susie, while Alley, Bateman and Oscar were unplaced in the events won by Hylas, Frank Reeves and the Blue Bull gelding, Russell, respectively. After stopping at Columbus, where Bateman was second to Elsie Good, Huntress fourth to Joe Brown and Trio and Oscar unplaced, the Goldsmiths shipped to Cleveland and dropped into what is now known as the Grand Circuit. Bateman and Trio were their only starters that season, the record of the trip showing that Bateman was unplaced to Lewinski at Cleveland, second to Elsie Good at Buffalo, unplaced to Great

Eastern at Rochester and Utica, fourth to Great Eastern at Poughkeepsie, fourth to Hannah D. at Hartford and second to the same mare at Springfield. Trio was in the same class as General Grant at Cleveland, Buffalo and Rochester, where the Iowa horse went amiss after winning his race. She won second money at Cleveland, third at Buffalo, where she trotted to her record, 2:23¼, and third at Rochester. When General Grant dropped out, Planter was in the way, Trio finishing fourth to him at Utica, second at Hartford and unplaced at Springfield, while the Hambletonian mare, Mattie, defeated both her and Planter at Poughkeepsie after each of them had won two heats. During the balance of the season Bateman trotted second to Tanner Boy at Kingston, where Driver saved his entrance in a race won by the Maine bred trotter, Bay, by Gideon, was again second to Tanner Boy at New York, where W. H. Beede defeated Oscar, was second to Belle Brasfield at Doylestown and second to W. H. Doble with Rip Rap at Woodbury. The campaign of Centennial Year closed at Jersey City, N. J., November 2, where Result defeated Driver after a six-heat contest, in which Tommy Ryan and Moscow won heats.

During the season James H. Goldsmith started in eighty-four races, of which he won sixteen, while, as is shown by the following table, Bateman, his largest money winner, was second in ten of the twenty-two races in which he took the word and the summaries of the events also show that he did not win a heat:

Starters.	Record.	Sire.	Starts.	First.	Second.	Third.	Fourth.	Unplaced	Amount Won.
Bateman	.....	Black's Harry Clay...	22	....	10	3	5	4	$3,980 00
Trio	2:23¼	Volunteer	11	2	4	2	1	2	3,550 90
Huntress	2:20¾	Volunteer	11	3	3	1	4	....	3,500 00
Alley	2:23¾	Volunteer	10	3	3	2	1	1	1,905 00
Driver	2:30½	Volunteer	9	3	1	....	3	2	1,450 00
Effie Deans	2:25½	Hambletonian	6	1	2	1	1	1	1,100 00
Lady Morrison	2:27½	Volunteer	3	1	....	1	....	1	975 00
Oscar	2.39	Reserve.....	7	1	1	2	....	3	960 00
Lottie	.....	Hambletonian	5	2	....	....	....	3	367 50
Total			84	16	24	12	15	17	$17,787 50

1877—POWERS.

Powers flashed like a comet in front of the field,
Winning the first moneys everywhere;
Mace watched him with wonder, but victory wheeled
When he started at Boston and scored with Voltaire.

The Volunteer geldings, Powers, Alley and Driver, were the main stays of James H. Goldsmith's stable in 1877. Alley and Driver were foaled in 1868, the former making his first start as a seven-year-old and the latter the season he was eight. Powers was also an eight-year-old when he made his debut at Rhinebeck, N. Y., May 16, 1877, and that he was worth waiting for was shown by the fact that during the first thirteen days of his turf career he won five races in fifteen heats and made a mark of 2:29¾. His

record shows two firsts at Rhinebeck, two firsts at Poughkeepsie, where Alley won the 2:27 class, Lottie a fourth to Lady Mills and Huntress a second to May Bird, after winning two heats and a dead heat, and one at New York, where Bateman finished second to Big Fellow and Lottie third to Young Sentinel the same week. During the Boston meetings at Mystic and Beacon Parks, Powers won two more races and was twice second to Voltaire, winning heats in each of the races he lost and reduced his record to 2:24. At these meetings Bateman picked up two seconds and a third, Driver a second and a fourth and Lottie a second to Clara J. While these horses were trotting at Mystic Park another section of the Walnut Grove Farm stable appeared at Hudson, N. Y., where Alley won the 2:28 class, Pelham a second, while Compromise had only a fourth to show after three starts. After starting at Albany, where Alley won a race and Pelham was third to W. H. Arnold, and a trip to Dover, N. H., where Lottie won a four-heat race and made her record of 2:28½, Powers the 2:38 class and Driver a third to Martha Washington, the stable returned to Poughkeepsie, where Powers and Alley were again returned as winners, Lottie awarded second in the race won by Young Sentinel, and the gray mare, Nielson, a fourth to Jack Barry.

Both Alley and Driver won the events in which they were entered at Springfield the second week in July, the former reducing his record to 2:24 and the latter cutting his mark to 2:25. Powers also started at the same meeting and was unplaced to Lady Snell. They were then shipped to Cleveland, while the other members of the stable moved over to Boston, where

Bateman won two races, Huntress trotted second to Lady Mac and Pelham second to Belle Oakley.

At the first three Grand Circuit meetings there was too much speed abroad for the Volunteer geldings. The summaries show that Powers was second to Mazo-Manie at Cleveland, unplaced to White Stockings at Buffalo and fourth to the same horse at Rochester. At Cleveland, Driver was unplaced to Jennie Holton, second to Versailles Girl at Buffalo and fourth to Lady Pritchard at Rochester, while Alley was fourth to Little Gypsy at Cleveland, second to Richard at Buffalo, after winning two heats, and fourth to Lew Scott at Rochester, where Bateman joined the stable and was unplaced in the race won by King Philip. The unexpected happened at Utica the following week, when, after a two days' contest, Powers won a six-heat race, reduced his record to 2:21¼ in a fifth heat and trimmed White Stockings after the Missouri gelding had won two heats, his record of 2:21 being made in one of them. It was Powers' last race for the season. Of the other starters at Utica, both Alley and Bateman were unplaced and Driver third to Jennie Holton. At Poughkeepsie, Bateman trotted second to James Golden with Dick Swiveller, and Driver was second to Richard, while the following week at Hartford, Alley won third money in the race Peter McIntyre placed to the credit of Voltaire. The same pair met at Mystic Park the following week, when Alley was second, the returns for the other members of the stable that week being Bateman second to Lysander Boy, Huntress third to John H., Neilson third to Schuyler and Pelham unplaced to Wild Lily. At Beacon, Bateman trotted

fourth to Hazor, Alley fourth to Dick Swiveller, Huntress second to John H. and Neilson fourth to Schuyler.

After a trip to Providence, where Bateman was third to Trampoline, Huntress third to Prospero, Driver fourth to Dick Swiveller, and Neilson unplaced to Schuyler, the Goldsmith stable visited Elmira and Syracuse. At these two meetings Neilson was started in five races and was awarded four firsts and a second. Bateman and Driver won their engagements at Elmira, where Huntress trotted second to Joseph A., who went on and won after Albemarle, the winner of the first two heats was distanced in the third by throwing a toe weight. While these meetings were in progress Alley was started at Goshen and Newburg and trotted second to George B. Daniels at each town, while the Hambletonian gelding, Aleck, with John Alden Goldsmith in the sulky, won at Newburg and Middletown.

From Syracuse the other section of the stable returned to New England, the first starts being at Beacon Park, where Neilson won the 2:37 and 2:34 classes and was unplaced to Forest King in her third race during the week. Driver also won at Beacon, while Bateman was unplaced to Joe Ripley. After starting Neilson at Dover, where she was again unplaced to Forest King, and winning a third at Fleetwood Park, New York, with Driver, the campaign of 1877 closed the first week in November at Narragansett Park, Providence, where both Bateman and Neilson were behind the money, while Driver kept his end up by finishing second to Wild Lily. As is shown by the following table, the Walnut Grove

Farm stable in 1877 won thirty-one firsts out of ninety-seven races and marked seven of the nine horses that took the word:

Starters.	Record.	Sire.	Starts.	First.	Second.	Third.	Fourth.	Unplaced	Amount Won.
Powers	2:21¼	Volunteer	16	10	2	1	1	2	$5,010 00
Alley	2:24	Volunteer	14	5	4	1	3	1	4,100 00
Driver	2:25	Volunteer	14	3	4	3	3	1	3,195 00
Bateman		Black Harry Clay	15	4	2	4	1	4	1,995 00
Huntress		Volunteer	7	1	4	2	....	....	1,475 00
Neilson	2:31½		16	6	2	1	2	5	1,280 00
Lottie	2 28½	Hambletonian	6	1	3	1	1	....	1,095 00
Pelham	2 38	Volunteer	5	....	3	1	....	1	270 00
Aleck	2:39	Hambletonian	1	1	....	....	....	....	100 00
Compromise			3	....	....	....	1	2	15 00
Total			97	31	24	14	12	16	$18,585 00

1878—DRIVER.

He had naught to commend him but courage,
His ribs were as rough as a shelf,
But when Driver was out for the money,
He was in a class by himself.

Both James and John Goldsmith were actively identified with the training of the horses in the Walnut Grove Farm stable in 1878, the latter making his first appearance at a prominent meeting on June 13 at Fleetwood Park, New York, where he won a four-heat race with Driver over Modesty, Nelly Irwin,

Vivandiere, Result, Young Sentinel and Charley Green. Prior to that meeting the horses had started at Prospect Park, Brooklyn, where Alley was second to Vulcan, Oscar third to Happy Jack, Sister fourth to Modesty and the Brother to Alley unplaced to J. M. Oakley, at Philadelphia, during the Suffolk, Point Breeze and Ambler Park meetings, where Alley won two races, Bateman a first and two seconds, Huntress a second, the Brother to Alley a fourth, while Sister, Wildfire and Oscar were unplaced, and at Plainville, Conn., where Powers was second to Richard and Sweetness, who is now remembered as the dam of Sidney, second to Margurite, by Hambletonian, in the only race placed to her credit. The other starters at the Fleetwood Park meetings, where John Alden Goldsmith made his metropolitan debut as a reinsman, were Lottie and Huntress, the former finishing second to Steve Maxwell and the latter fourth to Nettie.

While the New York meeting was in progress, James was at Providence, where he won with Alley and Sweetness, the latter making a record of 2:30, trotted second to Dio with Oscar and was unplaced to Sooner with Bateman. He then moved on to the Boston meetings at Beacon and Mystic Parks, and the meeting at Granite State Park, Dover, N. H., winning two firsts and a second with Powers, two seconds with Bateman, a second and a third with Oscar, a third with Alley, and a fourth with Sweetness at the three, while on the same dates John won a first with Huntress at Prospect Park, Brooklyn, a first at Norwich, Conn., where she defeated Nelly Irwin, Kansas Chief and Parkis' Abdallah, and a first at Brooklyn

with Lottie. He then shipped the two mares and Driver to Bradford, Pa., where the latter won over the Blue Mare, Clifton Boy, Hannah D. and Versailles Girl. James was at Hartford the same week and won with Bateman and Powers, Oscar finishing second to John Hall, and Alley second to Geo. B. Daniels. The next stop was at Plainville, where Bateman, Alley and Powers were winners and Oscar fourth to Æmulus. After finishing second to Myrtle with Oscar, and second to Geo. B. Daniels with Alley at Providence the following week, James H. Goldsmith shipped to Buffalo, where the two stables were united, John returning to the farm with Lottie and Huntress. Of the three starters at Buffalo, Driver was the only one in the money, Bateman being unplaced to Nancy Hackett, and Powers in the same predicament in the race won by Protiene. At Rochester, Driver and Bateman were unplaced, while Powers won the 2:20 class, after John H. had won the first heat in 2:24¾, Banquo the second in 2:22½, May Queen the third in 2:23¾, and Adelaide the fourth in 2:22, the time for his fifth, sixth and seventh heats being 2:22, 2:22, 2:24¼. He also won a six-heat race at Utica the next week, it being the last one placed to his credit. When the word was given, Richard stepped out and won the first heat in 2:21. The second heat went to Adelaide in the same notch, and Powers gathered in the third in 2:21, his record. He also won the fourth in 2:21¼ and the race in 2:22½, after Adelaide had added the fifth heat in 2:23½ to her score. Bateman, through Nancy Hackett, being distanced, received second premium at Utica in the race won by Jersey Boy, while Driver was fourth in

the memorable race won by Edward, and which caused those who were connected with it no end of trouble.

From Utica the stable shipped to Hartford, where Bateman was started in the 2:26 class with Wolford Z., Steve Maxwell, Result, Jersey Boy, Lady Voorhees and Goldfinder, and won, making his record of 2:22¼ in a fifth heat. During the stop at Charter Oak, Driver trotted third to Edward, Dick Moore being between him and Frank Work's old favorite, and Powers was unplaced to Albemarle. The next move was to Plainville, where Driver won the 2:25 class, Alley a third to Dick Moore and Powers a second to Feek with Lysander Boy. After stopping at Providence, where Alley was unplaced to Dick Moore and Powers third in the last race won by Edward; his future pole mate, Dick Swiveller, being one of the competitors, as well as winning two heats; the Goldsmiths shipped to Elmira, where Driver won the free-for-all and the 2:22 class, Judgment saved his entrance in two races and May Day, a recent purchase, that had been campaigned by Hiram G. Smith, was unplaced to Champion Girl. This was the only race in which the Goldsmiths started May Day. They subsequently sold her, together with Sweetness and Kate, sister to Powers, to Monroe Salisbury. He took them to California and bred them, May Day producing Margaret S., 2:12½, Sweetness the well-known sire, Sidney, 2:19¾, and Kate the trotter, Homestake, 2:14¼.

After winning a first with Driver and a second with Judgment at Batavia, James H. Goldsmith shipped to Newark, where Alley won the 2:23 class.

The next starts were at Dover, Del., where Driver won a class race and Judgment finished second in two events to Sherman Morgan. Bateman was also started the same week at Lewistown, Pa., in the free-for-all and won it. These meetings were followed by two weeks' racing at Belmont and Point Breeze Parks, Philadelphia, at which James H. Goldsmith started five horses in ten races, his returns for the fortnight being one first with Driver, three seconds with Bateman, a second and a third with Powers, a fourth with Bateman, while Alley was distanced by Trampoline and Bateman unplaced in the race that Hambletonian Mambrino won at Belmont.

The next starts were at Prospect Park, Brooklyn, where Driver won the 2:24 class and Powers saved his entrance in a race won by Lysander Boy. Driver also won a race at Providence the following week, while Powers trotted second to Kansas Chief and Judgment was defeated by Richmond and Noontide, the daughter of Harold, whose dam, Midnight, was again represented at Narragansett Park in 1884, when Jay Eye See, her foal by Dictator, cut the world's record for trotters to 2:10. During the balance of the season Driver trotted second to Darby at Fleetwood Park, New York, and Bateman, after finishing second to Hambletonian Rattler at Richmond, Va., won at Norfolk, Va., on November 14, just six months from the date that he began his campaign at Suffolk Park, Philadelphia. Huntress was also taken up again in September and started by John Alden Goldsmith at Ogdensburg and Malone, N. Y., where she was second to Clifton Boy, and in two races at Montreal, where she was again beaten by Clifton Boy and Ben

Morrell. During the season the Goldsmiths started fourteen horses in one hundred and eleven races, of which they won thirty, as shown by the following table:

Starters.	Record.	Sire.	Starts.	First.	Second.	Third.	Fourth.	Unplaced	Amount Won.
Powers	2:21	Volunteer	16	6	2	5	1	2	$3,960 00
Driver	2:24	Volunteer	13	8	....	2	1	2	3,790 00
Bateman	2:22¼	Black Harry Clay	19	6	8	....	1	4	2,765 00
Huntress	.....	Volunteer	7	2	3	1	1	....	1,907 50
Alley	.....	Volunteer	14	6	3	2	....	3	1,780 00
Oscar	2:30	Reserve	11	....	3	3	1	4	627 50
Judgement	.....	Black Milo	13	....	7	1	2	3	605 00
Sweetness	2:30	Volunteer	4	1	1	....	1	1	435 00
Lottie	2:28	Hambletonian	4	1	....	1	2	....	265 00
Edgar	.....	Col. Winfield	1	....	....	1	....	....	22 50
Wildfire	.....	.....	2	....	....	....	1	1	20 00
Sister	.....	Volunteer	2	....	....	....	1	1	20 00
Brother to Alley	.....	Volunteer	4	....	....	....	1	3	15 00
May Day	.....	Ballard's C. M. Clay, Jr	1	....	....	....	....	1	.....
Total			111	30	27	16	13	25	$16,212 50

1879—ALLEY.

Step your trotters while you can,
Crack your whips and make them rally,
Hustle, Murphy! Go it, Dan!
Goldsmith's out to win with Alley.

Driver and Alley were all that the Goldsmiths had to depend on for the campaign of 1879. Eight others were tried and discarded before the Grand Circuit opened at Cleveland. In May, at Washington, where

Driver won the 2:22 class, Aleck was started and distanced, while during the Philadelphia and Baltimore meetings Judgment was started in five races and Edgar in four without coming up to expectations. At the Ambler Park meeting, where Driver was awarded first money in the 2:20 class, James H. Goldsmith also had a mount behind Change, his first pacer, and finished third to Little Mac. Shipping west from Baltimore, the Walnut Grove Farm stable stopped at Lyons and Geneva, where Alley defeated the old campaigner, Tom Keeler, in the 2:24 class, and Judgment was unplaced to Larkin, one of the horses that defeated him at Pimlico. The next stop was at Cincinnati, where Driver won the 2:24 class over Post Boy, Deck Wright, Dick Taylor and Dictator, while Alley was third to Lucille, Huntress fourth to Hannis, and Edgar unplaced to Will Cody. At Columbus the following week Powers made his only start in 1879. He took the word with Belle Brasfield, Lucille, Elsie Good and Deck Wright. Seven heats were trotted before the winner was found. Powers won the first in 2:23, Belle Brasfield the second in 2:22, Elsie Good the third in 2:22½, Powers the fourth in 2:24¾, and Lucille the fifth in 2:26. The next two heats and race went to Belle Brasfield in 2:22, 2:23½, Elsie Good being distanced in the sixth. At this meeting Alley was second to Lewinski, Judgment fourth to Ed Geers, with McCurdy's Hambletonian and Edgar fourth to Red Line.

On the trip from Chicago to Boston, Driver and Alley were the stable's only starters. Driver was third to Bonesetter at Chicago and Rochester; fourth to Darby at Buffalo and won the 2:20 class events at

Cleveland, where he lost a heat to Voltaire, at Hartford, where he lost a heat and trotted a dead heat with Bonesetter, and at Beacon Park, Boston, where he went to the front after Bonesetter had had two heats placed to his credit. On the last day of the Beacon Park meeting Driver also started against Hannis and Dick Swiveller in what proved one of the most peculiar races on record. At the finish of the sixth heat, when it went over on account of darkness, the three horses stood equal in the summary, and as the track was in poor condition when they were called on the following day for the deciding mile, the money was divided. The following is the summary, which is a curiosity:

Boston, Mass., Beacon Park, Sept. 6, 1879. Purse $3,000—2:18 class trotting.

A. Goldsmith's b. g. Driver, by Volunteer	2	2	3	3	1	1
J. E. Turner's ch. s. Hannis, by Mambrino Pilot	3	3	1	1	2	2
J. Golden's b. g. Dick Swiveller, by Walkill Chief	1	1	2	2	3	3

Time—2:20½, 2:20½, 2:20, 2:22, 2:23½, 2:23½.

JAMES GOLDSMITH EXPELLED.

We gentlemen whose chariots roll only upon the four aces are apt to have a wheel out of order.—*Cibber.*

After winning the 2:24 class at Chicago and making his record of 2:19, Alley was unplaced to Lida Bassett at Cleveland and Rochester. He won again at Hartford from Emma B., Steve Maxwell, Star and

Gray Chief, and was losing at Boston when the judges took the matter in hand. The starters in the Boston race were Captain Emmons, Sheridan, Mary Russell, Alley and Jersey Boy. Murphy won the first heat with Sheridan, Weeks the second with Captain Emmons and Alley the third, after which the race went over on account of darkness, and was then continued another day by unfavorable weather. When the horses finally appeared Alley won the fourth heat and Captain Emmons the fifth. When the three heat winners were given the word for the sixth heat Weeks moved off in front and led to the finish. Alley was very unsteady, but remained in second place until near the head of the stretch, where Sheridan passed him. The judges promptly marked the performance "no heat" and followed it by making one of the most unique changes on record, when they asked John Murphy, the driver of a competing horse, to get up behind Alley and turn Sheridan over to Golden. After the change Alley went on and won in a jog in 2:24, which was within a second of the fastest heat in the race. In due time the judges, notwithstanding the earnest pleading of Alden Goldsmith, bidding them to "take my son, but spare my horse," expelled James H. Goldsmith and the bay gelding, Alley. Later on, at the request of the officials who presided at the meeting, Alley was reinstated by the Board of Appeals of The National Trotting Association, which also reinstated the driver, when a similar recommendation had been filed after he had been off the turf during the season of 1880. The following table shows the races that James H. Goldsmith drove in 1879:

Starters.	Record.	Sire.	Starts.	First.	Second.	Third.	Fourth.	Unplaced	Amount Won.
Driver	2:20¼	Volunteer	14	7	3	1	3	....	$7,075 00
Alley	2:19	Volunteer	9	5	1	1	....	2	4,400 00
Edgar	2:30	Col. Winfield	10	1	3	1	3	2	680 00
Huntress	.....	Volunteer	3	..	1	1	1	....	325 00
Judgment	.....	Black Milo	9	....	2	2	2	3	315 00
Powers	.....	Volunteer	1	....	1	....	..	....	150 00
Change (p)	.....	.....	1	....	....	1	....	....	45 00
Alice Medium	.....	Happy Medium	1	....	....	....	1	....	20 00
Neilson	.....	.....	1	....	....	....	....	1	.....
Aleck	2:42	Hambletonian	1	....	....	....	....	1	.....
Total			50	13	11	7	10	9	$12,960 00

JOHN A. GOLDSMITH IN THE SULKY.

Then John Alden spake and related the wondrous adventure.
—*Longfellow.*

While James and his father were off in the big circuit with Driver and Alley, John Alden took up Oscar and Clara Morris and started them at Cornwall, where the former trotted second to Vivandiere, and the latter was also second to the Thorndale mare, Nelly Bly. He was not so fortunate in his next starts, at Middletown, as Clara Morris was twice unplaced to the George Wilkes mare, Prospect Maid, driven by Charles Green, and the chestnut gelding, Sam, by Perkins' Morrill, put Mountaineer behind the money. John started Edgar at Amenia and finished

fourth to Major Lord the week that his brother and Alley were expelled at Boston, and as Driver was entered at Chicago, he was sent on to drive him. The skill shown by this young man in the sulky was a revelation to those who saw Driver win his race in straight heats over Charley Ford, Scott's Thomas, Mazo-Manie, Post Boy, Rose of Washington, Belle Brasfield, Kate Middleton and John H. He also trotted second to Darby the same week in the free-for-all and added two firsts to the old horse's score the following week at Kansas City. The next start was at St. Louis, where he was third to Bonesetter, and also where John A. Goldsmith, for the first and only time in his career, had a mount behind a shady horse. At the Chicago meeting a man who represented himself as J. Brackett started a roan gelding called Windsor in the 2:40 class and finished third to William H. and Black Cloud. The horse also appeared at Kansas City, where he was third to Hambletonian Downing. When the party reached St. Louis, Windsor appeared in the 2:50 class. John Goldsmith was asked to drive him. He took the mount and won over Don Quixote, France's Alexander, Robert McGregor, Josephus, Duck, Fred Douglass, Forrest Golddust, Baby and W. H. Holly in 2:24¼, 2:25, 2:27½. Later on, much to John Goldsmith's disgust, it was shown that the true name of the horse was Despatch, that had won earlier in the season at Boston and Providence and made a record of 2:28. The horse and the man who had him were detected and expelled by The National Trotting Association. After leaving St. Louis, Charley Ford defeated Driver in two races at Lexington. He also outfooted him in

a race at Washington, D. C., the first week in November, where the Volunteer gelding also trotted third in a race won by Hopeful. Edgar joined the stable at Washington, where he trotted second to Lyman and made a record of 2:30. The following table presents a summary of the races driven by John Alden Goldsmith in 1879:

Starters.	Record.	Sire.	Starts.	First.	Second.	Third.	Fourth.	Unplaced	Amount Won.
Driver	2:20½	Volunteer	11	3	2	6	....	...	$3,180 00
Windsor	2:24¼	Lewiston Boy	1	1	....	....	....	....	500 00
Clara Morris	.....	.....	3	....	1	....	....	2	25 00
Edgar	.....	Col. Winfield	1	....	....	....	1	....	20 00
Mountaineer	.....	.....	1	....	....	....	....	1	.....
Total			17	4	3	6	1	3	$3,675 00

1880—UNOLALA.

One crowded hour of glorious life,
Is worth an age without a name.—*Scott.*

Driver, Unolala, sister to St. Julien and St. Remo, Alice Medium, Una and the pacer, Change, were the only horses in John A. Goldsmith's stable when he shipped to Philadelphia in May. Starting in at Suffolk Park he defeated Billy Scott and Clinker with Change, trotted second to Hannis with Driver, was third to Bay Chieftain and fourth to Phil Dwyer with

Unolala and unplaced with Alice Medium to Bay Chieftain in his second race that week. At the Point Breeze and Belmont Park May meetings Driver won the 2:20 classes after close contests with Hannis and Ettie Jones; Unolala also won two races at Point Breeze, making a record of 2:27½ in one of them, while at Belmont Park, after being unplaced to her brother, St. Remo, on the first day of the meeting, she took the word in the 2:38 class and won after dropping a heat to Birdie C. Change was awarded two seconds, while Alice Medium, after being unplaced to Deceit at Point Breeze, was dropped from the stable at the close of the Washington meeting, where she finished second to Brown Tom. Driver and Unolala were numbered among the winners at Washington, from which point the stable shipped to Detroit, where Driver defeated Voltaire and Lucy; Unolala won the 2:26 class over Hambletonian Bashaw; Change was awarded second in the races won by Sleepy Tom and Bay Billy, and Una was third to Lady Brownell.

On the trip through the Michigan Circuit, Driver won at Ionia and Grand Rapids; Unolala won at Pontiac and was third to Black Cloud at Ionia. Change was distanced at Pontiac through a mishap to his sulky and third to Sorrel Dan at Grand Rapids, where Una trotted fourth to Russ Ellis. After winning a free-for-all, Fourth of July week at Bloomington, Ill., with Driver, the stable shipped to Cleveland, where it remained until the bell rang for the Grand Circuit meeting, at which Driver was second to Maud S.; Change distanced by Bay Billy, after winning two heats in 2:21½, 2:19½, and Unolala won the race at two-mile heats for the 2:25 class in 5:02, 4:58. At

Buffalo, the following week, she won again in 4:50, 4:55, but was beaten at Rochester, Utica and Hartford by Steve Maxwell. On the trip down the line, Driver, after being fourth to Maud S. at Buffalo, trimmed Charley Ford, Hannis and Ettie Jones at Rochester in one of the best races of the season, Charley Ford winning the first two heats in 2:21, 2:19¾, Driver the third in 2:20, Hannis the next two in 2:18¾, 2:20¾, and Driver the balance in 2:20, 2:21; was third to Hannis and Charley Ford at Utica and Hartford; second to Wedgewood and fourth to Darby at Mystic Park, and won the 2:20 class at Beacon Park after a six-heat contest with Wedgewood, Sheridan and Lady Maud. Change's slip shows that he was defeated by Bay Billy at Buffalo and Rochester, and second to Ben Hamilton at Springfield and Hartford the week that St. Julien placed the world's record at 2:11¼.

After the Boston meetings the Goldsmith stable shipped to Albany, where Driver was second to Trinket and Charley Ford; Unolala unplaced to the Daniel Lambert mare, Nancy; and Una behind the money in the race won by Hambrino Belle. On September 25, Driver was again at Beacon Park, where he met and defeated Daisydale, Wedgewood and Sheridan, after the Thorndale mare had won two heats. The following week he disposed of Wedgewood and Daisydale in straight heats at Dover, Del., after which he was shipped to Philadelphia, where he trotted third to Trinket over Belmont Park. His last start in 1880 was at Prospect Park, Brooklyn, N. Y., on October 15, against Patchen and Wedgewood. The race was won by the latter, Driver making his

record of 2:19½ in the third heat, which was declared dead between him and the winner. The following table presents a summary of the season's work:

Starters.	Record.	Sire.	Starts.	First.	Second.	Third.	Fourth.	Unplaced	Amount Won.
Driver	2:19½	Volunteer	24	11	6	5	2	....	$8,470 00
Unolala	2:27½	Volunteer	17	8	3	2	1	3	3,685 00
Change (p)	2:19½	.....	13	2	6	1	1	3	1,450 00
Una	2:29¼	Almont	6	....	1	2	1	2	680 00
Alice Medium	.....	Happy Medium	3	....	1	....	....	2	100 00
Total			63	21	17	10	5	10	$14,385 00

1881—TWO-MILE HEATS.

The stamp of a race horse has always been found,
In one that can march o'er a distance of ground.

James H. Goldsmith made his first appearance, after being reinstated, at the Washington May meeting, where he started Driver, Unolala, Alice Medium, Fenner, Una, Change and Powers. Unolala and Alice Medium were returned as winners that week, while Una, Powers and Change were unplaced, the latter being distanced by Little Brown Jug, Fenner trotting third to Kentuckian and Driver second to Trinket. This mare defeated Driver in seven races during the season. After trotting second to her at Washington he was fourth in the races she won

at Point Breeze and Belmont Park, and third at Suffolk Park. On the trip through the Grand Circuit he was fourth to her at Cleveland, Rochester and Utica. The returns for the season also show that Driver lost five races to Midnight and five to William H., the former defeating him at Columbus, Youngstown and Pittsburg, Elmira and Toledo, and the latter at Bradford, Cincinnati, Cleveland and Buffalo. In addition to the above, Driver trotted second to the Canadian trotter, Moose, at Bradford, and second to Wedgewood at Chicago, his only victory of the year being gained at Elmira in September, when he disposed of Argonaut, Tom Keeler and Humboldt in a five heat race.

Unolala scored four firsts out of thirteen starts, her successes being recorded at Cincinnati, Washington and Buffalo, where she defeated Hamlin's Almont, Jr., in the race in which he made his record of 2:26. On the trip down the line Unolala was third to Kate McCall at Pittsburg, second to Dan Donaldson at Chicago, fourth in the race Dustin won at Cleveland with Troubadour, fourth to John S. Clark at Rochester, second to Josephus at Utica, third to Argonaut at Elmira and third to William H. in one race at Bradford and two at Pittsburg. Change was dropped from the stable after the close of the Philadelphia meetings, while Powers did not pay expenses, a second to Argonaut at Elmira in June and third to Robert McGregor at Toledo the following week, being the only occasions on which he won anything over his entrance, which he managed to save at Columbus and Pittsburg, where he was fourth to Lucy and Silverton respectively. Una made her first start

after Washington in a two-mile heat race at Cleveland, where she was distanced by Post Boy. At Rochester she was second to Amber and won a heat in 4:54¼. She also saved her entrance in the race Post Boy won at Utica the following week. Of the other members of the stable, Fritz made a record of 2:27½ at Philadelphia in May and was unplaced to Dan Donaldson at Elmira, Executor at Columbus and Kinsman Boy at Youngstown, while Alice Medium, after finishing third to Marion M. at Toledo, second to Executor at Cincinnati and third to King Almont at Elmira, won a special at two-mile heats at Pittsburg in 5:06, 5:13. In addition to the above, James H. Goldsmith drove Chester F. in the two-mile heat races in which he started at the Grand Circuit meetings. He won with him at Rochester and Hartford, was second to Stranger at Utica, third to Hattie Fisher at Buffalo and fourth to Stranger at Cleveland. He also won a race with him at Bradford. The following is the stable's summary for the season:

Starters.	Record.	Sire.	Starts.	First.	Second.	Third.	Fourth.	Unplaced	Amount Won.
Driver	.....	Volunteer	22	1	11	4	6	....	$4,565 00
Unolala	2:25¾	Volunteer	13	4	3	4	2	....	3,840 00
Chester F	2:30	Mercury	6	3	1	1	1	....	1,000 00
Alice Medium	2:29¼	Happy Medium	9	2	1	2	2	2	935 00
Powers	.....	Volunteer	5	....	1	1	2	1	505 00
Una	2:27¼	Almont	5	....	1	....	1	3	350 00
Fritz	2:27½	Bay Richmond	7	....	1	2	....	4	235 00
Change (p)	.....	.....	4	....	....	....	1	3	25 00
Total			71	10	19	14	15	13	$11,455 00

VOLUNTEER ABOVE PRICE.

Would he oblige me? Let me only find
He does not think me what he thinks mankind.
—*Pope.*

Volunteer reached the zenith of his fame in 1879 and '80, when St. Julien, after reducing the world's record to 2:12¾ at Oakland, Cal., in the presence of General Grant, who was then returning from his trip around the world, was brought east and made another cut in the mark at Rochester, N. Y., on August 12, when he and Maud S. each trotted in 2:11¾, and finally made his record of 2:11¼ on August 27 over Charter Oak Park, Hartford, Conn. On the date of this performance Volunteer was the sire of the champion trotters at one and three miles, as well as Unolala, a sister of St. Julien, that had raced consistently at two-mile heats, together with Gloster, Driver, Alley and Powers, race horses which had no superiors, as they had trained on from year to year; racing up to their records or a shade under them each season, and on each campaign were asked to meet fresh fields from every section of the country.

William M. Rysdyk lived long enough to be convinced that Volunteer's success as a sire of race horses was assured, and when Hambletonian died, on March 27, 1876, Lady Patriot's first foal was considered his best son. George Wilkes was at that time entering upon his remarkable career as a stock horse in Kentucky, and Electioneer was still in a paddock at Stony Ford.

Abdallah, the sire of Hambletonian, was for a brief period in service in Kentucky, and Alexander's

Abdallah, the sire of Goldsmith Maid, was taken there in 1859. He sired Almont and Belmont and died in 1865. The success of his descendants prompted others to visit Orange County, the fountain head of the Hambletonian family of trotters, J. B. McFerran being one of the first. He visited Stony Ford, where he purchased August Belmont and Cuyler. He also purchased a number of mares by Hambletonian and his sons, and to their produce, as well as the get of Cuyler and his descendants, the success of Glenview Farm can be traced. R. S. Veech, the founder of the Indian Hill Stud, was a neighbor of McFerran's. He also visited Orange County and purchased a number of mares bred in the same lines to cross with Princeps. The records show that the venture was successful.

The Kentucky breeders did not take very kindly to George Wilkes when he appeared among them in 1875, but the cloud of neglect soon faded when his get were tried on the turf. From 1876 to 1882 he had eleven performers in 2:26 or better, and in his announcement for the latter year, Z. E. Simmons said: "Hambletonian never got a better one than So So, 2:17¼. In 1881 St. Julien was the only horse who trotted faster than she did in a contested race, 2:17¼." Volunteer was the sire of St. Julien. He was then eighteen years old, and his service fee $500. Prompted by a desire to own the greatest living sire of trotters, R. S. Veech, while in New York, in February, 1882, wired Alden Goldsmith asking if it would be worth his while to visit Walnut Grove Farm with a view of purchasing Volunteer. He received the following reply:

Washingtonville, Orange Co.. N. Y.,
February 13, 1882.

R. S. Veech, Esq:

Your telegram was duly received, but being absent from my home, it was not placed in my hands until too late to reply last evening.

While there is no person that would be more welcome at the farm than yourself, if the only object of your visit would be the purchase of Volunteer, then your trip would not be a profitable or successful one, as no breeder in Kentucky has money enough to buy him.

Volunteer is a permanent fixture at the Walnut Grove Farm; and if he lays down in the sleep of death before his owner, he will have an honorable burial on the farm, and a suitable monument erected over him to mark his resting place and commemorate his greatness, or his body will be presented to some national institution for scientific purposes.

I have as high a regard for money as the most of men for the uses which it may subserve, but there are certain things which money cannot buy, as the Teacher of old taught Simon the Samaritan. I can recall but one incident in all history so to the point as that related of our great jurist, statesman and orator, Daniel Webster, who, when upon his deathbed and only a few hours before his demise, directed his attendants to have his herd of Short Horns driven up before his window, where, when bolstered up on his couch, he might be permitted once more to look into the broad, honest faces of those animals, that never done him a wrong or deceived him. Was there ever

so eloquent and well merited a tribute paid to the animal kingdom and so cutting a satire upon man?

The shadows and shams of life had then all departed, and the great man, just about to take his leave of this world, desired to hold communion with those honest faces once more and then depart.

My wife joins with me in a cordial invitation for you to spend a day with us at the farm before you return. With high regard, I am yours, etc.,

ALDEN GOLDSMITH.

It is to be regretted that Alden Goldsmith did not look with favor on the advances made by R. S. Veech, as Volunteer never sired a horse of note after the date of this correspondence, while the success of George Wilkes, Dictator, Happy Medium, Harold, Strathmore, Aberdeen, Victor Bismarck and Egbert would have come in all probability to Volunteer in the "blue grass." The allusion to Webster in Alden Goldsmith's letter also recalls an incident in the last hours of J. B. McFerran, who, on the day he died, ordered Nutwood led on the lawn, so that he could once more feast his eyes upon him before passing into the shadow. Not even in Cobham did Pope find an apter illustration of the "ruling passion strong in death," and to which he again refers in his Moral Essays in the familiar lines:

Manners with fortunes, humors turn with climes,
Tenets with books, and principles with times
Search then the ruling passion: there alone
The wild are constant, and the cunning known.

* * * * *

The ruling passion, be it what it will,
The ruling passion conquers reason still.

1882—FLORA BELLE.

She was a pacer, high-headed and gay,
Winning whenever they sent her away
On her stride, and wild for a whirl
With Lucy, Bay Billy, or Buffalo Girl.

James H. Goldsmith began racing in 1882, at Maysville, Ky., with Driver, Alley, who had been on the retired list for two seasons, Unolala, Una, Belle of Kings, Walnut and the Chester Chief horse, Barrett. On the opening day Driver was fourth to Geers with Annie W., Walnut finishing second to Florence M. and Alley fourth to J. B. Thomas. The returns for the next day show that Unolala won the 2:25 class over Leontine, Big John and Middlesex, that Una was third to Rosa Wilkes and Belle of Kings unplaced to Red Cross. After being distanced by the same horse at Columbus the following week, Belle of Kings was dropped and Una disappeared, after being unplaced to Phyllis at Bradford in June. Driver, in his fifteenth year, kept pegging away all season, the returns for 1882 showing that he won his engagements at Bradford, Erie, Albany, Mount Holly and Mystic Park, Boston, the latter being a seven-heat contest, in which J. P. Morris, Kentucky Wilkes, Forest Patchen, Clemmie G. and Humboldt started; that he was second to Annie W. at Detroit, where he won two heats in 2:24, 2:21½, and third to her at Columbus, third to Clingstone at Chicago the week before "the demon trotter" and Edwin Thorne met in their memorable race at Cleveland, second to Early Rose at Pittsburg, third to Von Arnim at Rochester, second to Fancy Witherspoon at Poughkeepsie, fourth to

[illegible] J. P. Morris at [illegible] Albany in September [illegible] the following [illegible] Rosa Wilkes at [illegible] and to J. P. [illegible]

[illegible] seven out of six- [illegible] Maysville, [illegible] and Utica, [illegible] defeated R. P. [illegible] M. and Gloster [illegible] to Buzz [illegible] Wilkes at Co- [illegible] Early Rose [illegible] defeated [illegible] R. and [illegible] Jerome [illegible] and [illegible]

[illegible] where he [illegible] him [illegible] in [illegible] The [illegible] three- [illegible] shot [illegible] N. Y., [illegible] Captain [illegible] him at Buf- [illegible] a first [illegible] at [illegible] to [illegible] Springfield, where

he made a record of 2:25, and second to the same mare at Mystic Park, Boston. His last starts were made at Fleetwood Park, New York, where he won a race in slow time over Lotta and Jupiter Norwood, and had two walkovers in stakes at the meeting of the National Association of Trotting Horse Breeders. His stable companion, Walnut, also had two walkovers that week, but before reaching Fleetwood the Florida horse had what might be termed an expensive campaign, as after trotting second to Florence M. at Maysville, he was distanced by Highland Stranger at Columbus, second to Florence M. at Toledo, third to Maud T. at Detroit, after winning two heats, second to Young Fullerton in the Clay Stakes at Albany, as has been stated, distanced by Clara Cleveland at Chicago, where he won two heats in 2:23¼, 2:24¼, second to Cornelia at Buffalo, after winning two heats and a dead heat in 2:22¼, 2:23, 2:24½, and unplaced to Captain Lewis at Albany. Alley won three of the six races in which he started, his last appearance as a member of the Walnut Grove Farm stables being at Island Park, Albany, September 29, when he defeated Humboldt in 2:30, 2:29, 2:30. He also won at Columbus and Olean, was second to Edwin Thorne at Toledo and third to Clingstone at Detroit.

The black mare, Flora Belle, was a member of James H. Goldsmith's stable on the trip from Buffalo to Hartford. He won the free-for-all pace with her at Buffalo, Utica and Poughkeepsie, defeating Lucy, Gem, Buffalo Girl and Mattie Hunter. At Rochester he was second to Lucy in the last race placed to her credit, while at Hartford he could only save his entrance in the race won by Buffalo Girl, with Gem

second and Lucy third. The summary of this season's work shows twenty-five firsts and sixteen seconds out of eighty-five starts.

Starters.	Record.	Sire.	Starts.	First.	Second.	Third.	Fourth.	Unplaced	Amount Won.
Unolala	2:22¼	Volunteer	16	7	1	5	2	1	$7,320 00
Driver	.....	Volunteer	21	5	5	5	2	4	4,495 00
Walnut	2:22¼	Florida	11	2	5	1	....	3	3,290 00
Barrett	2:25	Chester Chief	18	5	3	3	3	4	2,788 33
Flora Belle (p)	2:15¼	White Cloud	5	3	1	....	1	....	2,775 00
Alley	.....	Volunteer	6	3	1	1	1	....	1,480 00
Una	.....	Almont	3		....	1	....	2	120 00
Belle of Kings	.....	Jupiter Abdallah	2	....	....	....	....	2	.....
Total			82	25	16	16	9	16	$22,268 33

1883.

What though success will not attend on all,
Who bravely dares must sometimes risk a fall.

—*Smollet.*

Driver, Walnut and Fenner were the only horses in James H. Goldsmith's stable when he arrived at Mystic Park, Boston, the first week in June, 1883. He started Driver and Fenner at that meeting, finishing fourth to Kentucky Wilkes, with the former and second to the Aristos gelding, H. B. Winship, with the latter. After stopping at Providence, where Driver was fourth to Josephus, Fenner third to H.B. Winship

JAMES H. GOLDSMITH.

and Walnut third to Kentucky Wilkes, the stable moved on to Charter Oak Park, Hartford, where the brothers met in two races, John defeating Walnut with Director, after the Florida horse had won a heat in 2:21½, while both Romero and Driver, the Goldsmith pupils, were beaten by Forest Patchen the following day. After a trip to Albany, where Driver was fourth to Director and Fenner unplaced to Magic, and Chicago, where the old Volunteer gelding was unplaced by the star attraction in Monroe Salisbury's stable, James Goldsmith started east, stopping at Youngstown, where Walnut won a free-for-all, and Pittsburg, where he also picked up third money in a race won by Gladiator. After winning second money in a race at Great Bend, Pa., Walnut was gelded, his only other start in 1883 being at Goshen, N. Y., October 11, where he trotted third to Stephen G.

When the fair season opened, James H. Goldsmith started for a campaign at the "pumpkin shows" with Fenner, Driver and the Deucalion mare, Nino. Driver won the free-for-all at Johnstown, Cobleskill, Pawling, Southington and New Haven, and was second to Mambrino Dudley at Danbury. Nino picked up two first moneys at Pawling, was second to Theresa Sprague at Johnstown and second to Captain Jake at Albany, where she made a record of 2:30. At this meeting Fenner was unplaced to Pilot Knox, and after being second to Prince and unplaced to Breeze at Danbury, he closed the season at Mystic Park on October 30 by saving his entrance in a race won by Charlie Knox. The following is a summary of the season's work:

Starters.	Record.	Sire.	Starts.	First.	Second.	Third.	Fourth	Unplaced	Amount Won.
Driver	.....	Volunteer	9	4	2	....	2	1	$1,235 00
Walnut	.....	Florida	8	1	1	4	1	1	975 00
Fenner	2:32	.....	7	....	2	1	1	3	300 00
Nino	2:30	Deucalion	4	2	1	1	....	....	259 50
Total			28	7	6	6	4	5	$2,769 50

DRIVER'S CAREER.

Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage.
—*Johnson.*

Driver trotted his last race for the Goldsmiths at New Haven, Conn., October 18, 1883, when he defeated Troublesome, Jimmy Stewart and Louis. In 1882, when the bell rang, the old Volunteer gelding was a member of Charles Taylor's stable in Vermont. He raced him a little for three seasons, starting him in sixteen races, of which he won nine, was second in four and third in three. Driver made his last start at Montreal, Que., October 20, 1886, in a free-for all for a $200 purse, with Chestnut Hill, Little Gift and Avenue Girl. Chestnut Hill won the first heat in 2:26, with Driver fourth, and Driver the second in 2:28, with Little Gift second and Chestnut Hill third. The race was never finished, and after it, this tried and true race horse dropped out of sight until his death was

recorded, in 1891. As a campaigner, he takes rank with Lady Suffolk, Flora Temple, Goldsmith Maid, Joe Ripley and Tom Keeler, and while he did not possess the record-breaking speed of the mares in the above group, I am of the opinion that with the single exception of Rarus, he raced nearer the limit of his speed, season after season, than any harness performer that ever took the word. The following table presents a synopsis of Driver's races during the eleven years that he was campaigned. It shows that he started in one hundred and fifty-five races, of which he won sixty-two, and as he was unplaced in but seven, those who had him never found it necessary to send home for a few dollars to bridge them over what Turner termed a "severe week":

Year.	Starts.	First.	Second.	Third.	Fourth.	Unplaced.	Heats Trotted	Heats Won.	Amount Won.
1876	9	3	1	....	3	2	34	10	$ 1,450.00
1877	14	3	4	3	3	1	64	12	3,195.00
1878	13	8	....	2	1	2	66	40	3,790.00
1879	25	10	5	9	3	....	138	42	10,205.00
1880	24	11	6	5	2	....	97	40	8,470.00
1881	22	1	11	4	6	....	72	7	4,565.00
1882	21	5	5	5	2	4	67	23	4,495.00
1883	9	4	2	....	2	1	33	15	1,235.00
1884	6	3	1	2	....	....	19	9	477.50
1885	4	3	1	....	....	....	12	9	300.00
1886	6	3	2	1	....	....	16	10	587.50
Totals.	153	54	38	31	22	10	613	217	$38,770.00

1884—WALNUT.

And yet they say he once could trot.—*Holmes.*

Walnut was all that James H. Goldsmith had to depend upon for expense money when he shipped to Philadelphia in May. The money winning Volunteers that had sustained the reputation of the Walnut Grove Farm stables for so many years had gone the way of the world, and those that succeeded them, with the exception of Domestic, proved very weak timber. After winning at Suffolk and Belmont Parks, Walnut was shipped to Ivy City Park, Washington, where he won the 2:23 class. This success was followed by a walk-over at Bradford, Pa., and firsts in the free-for-alls at Olean, N. Y., Dunkirk, N. Y., and St. Marys, Pa., while Nino, who had been picked up on the way west, was dropped after being unplaced in the Pennsylvania Circuit at Bradford, Erie and St. Marys. After being unplaced to Harry Wilkes at Homewood Park, and second to the same gelding at Exposition Park, Pittsburg, Walnut swung into the Grand Circuit, at Cleveland, where he was again defeated by Harry Wilkes, A. V. Pantland finishing second and Walnut third, King Wilkes, Mambrino Sparkle, Index and five others being below him in the summary. On the trip down the line Walnut was third to Index at Buffalo, second to Felix at Rochester, where he won a heat, third to Felix at Utica, fourth to King Wilkes at Hartford, and second to Onward at Springfield, where he won two heats in 2:20½, 2:21. After the Rochester meeting Belle F. was added to Goldsmith's stable. He was second to Onward with her at Utica,

and won at Hartford and Springfield, where he gave her a record of 2:20¼ in a third heat. The following week at Mystic Park, Boston, she was second to Butterfly after winning two heats, but won again at Albany, where she disposed of Onward, St. Cloud, Billy Button and Zoe B. The records also show that Goldsmith had a mount behind St. Albans in the race Maxie Cobb won at Providence in September.

After a let-up of a month, Walnut dropped into line again at Mount Holly, N. J., where he was fourth to Adele Gould, Billy Button and Captain Emmons being between him and the winner. His next starts were on the Philadelphia tracks, where, after trotting third to Captain Emmons at Belmont Park, he defeated the Continental gelding in the 2:20 class at Suffolk in time so slow that it could scarcely be considered a contest. The following is a summary of the season's work:

Starters.	Record.	Sire.	Starts.	First.	Second.	Third.	Fourth.	Unplaced	Amount Won.
Walnut	2:20½	Florida	17	7	2	5	2	1	$3,127 50
Belle F	2:20¼	Masterlode	5	3	2	....	....	....	2,125 00
St. Albans	.....	Monmouth Patchen ..	1	....	....	....	....	1	.....
Nino	.....	Deucalion	3	....	....	....	....	3	.....
Total			26	10	4	5	2	5	$5,252 50

1885.

The horses paw and prance and neigh,
Fillies and colts like kittens play,
And dance and toss their rippled manes,
Shining and soft as silken skeins.—*Holmes.*

After a skip of two years, Unolala was shipped with Walnut, Domestic and Tracy to South Bend, Ind., where the Walnut Grove Farm stable opened the campaign of 1885, the second week in June. Walnut was the only starter at the meeting. He finished second to Phyllis. The following week, at Chicago, Walnut won the 2:19 class over Deck Wright, Felix and Belle F. in 2:20¼, 2:21¾, 2:21; after being second the preceding day in 2:17½ to Jerome Turner. Zoe B. defeated Jerome Turner and Walnut at Saginaw. The next trial was at Detroit, where Onward, Secret and Adelaide were also in the field. Jerome Turner won the first heat in 2:21¼ and Walnut the second in the same time. In the third mile Turner scored in 2:19¾, while the fourth heat went to Walnut in 2:21½, the fifth to Zoe B. in 2:22, and the sixth and deciding heat to Jerome Turner in 2:25½. The other members of the stable were also tried at Detroit, Domestic finishing third to Judge Lindsey, Tracy fourth to Bessie G., and Unolala, who was third to Mambrino Sparkle at Chicago, was on this occasion unplaced to Urbana Belle. This was also her last start.

Walnut moved on to Pittsburg, where, after trotting fourth to Albert France over Exposition Park, he made his record of 2:19¼ at Homewood Park in the first heat of a race which was won by Zoe B. and in which she also made her record of 2:17¼, Splan forc-

ing her out with Onward. The next start was at Cleveland, where Walnut was distanced by Joe Davis. He was then returned to the farm, where he remained until September, when he was taken up and won at Freehold, Hoboken, and Kingston, was second to Col. Wood and third to Judge Davis at Goshen. The Volunteer gelding, Carver, was also started in five races, of which he won three and made a record of 2:33¼. Domestic won a five-year-old stake at the meeting of the National Association of Trotting Horse Breeders held at Island Park, Albany. The four-year-old filly, Theo, by Heptagon, also started at this meeting. She was distanced by Issaquena, but later in the season won a stake at Goshen, defeating Philosee in 2:33¼. During the breeders' meeting James H. Goldsmith also won the Everett House and Juvenile stakes with the Meander filly, Stephanie, and the Matron stake for three-year-olds with Edith Almont. The following table presents the returns for the season:

Starters.	Record.	Sire.	Starts.	First.	Second.	Third.	Fourth.	Unplaced	Amount Won.
Walnut	2:19¼	Florida	13	4	5	2	1	1	$2,700 00
Stephanie	2:41½	Meander	2	2	....	....	....	....	1,382 50
Edith Almont	2:38¾	King Almont	1	1	....	....	....	....	850 00
Domestic	2:38	Volunteer	3	1	1	1	....	....	627 50
Carver	2:33¾	Volunteer	6	3	1	....	2	....	470 00
Theo	2:33¾	Heptagon	2	1	....	....	....	1	200 00
Unolala	.....	Volunteer	2	....	....	1	....	1	150 00
Tracy	.....	Volunteer	2	....	....	....	1	1	.....
Total			31	12	7	4	4	4	$6.330 00

DEATH OF ALDEN GOLDSMITH.

One by one we go over to the majority.
—*Wallace.*

In 1886, Alden Goldsmith, with Edwin Thorne as partner, leased the Hudson River Driving Park, at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and made an effort to hold race meetings without betting, the former having during the last few years of his life taken aggressive grounds against speculation of every character. The meetings proved a loss financially, and the worry connected with the management of them weakened Alden Goldsmith's nervous system. He went home from Poughkeepsie a sick man and gradually grew worse, until he died, December 20, aged sixty-six. As he passed, Hamilton Busbey wrote:

"Alden Goldsmith was a man of resolute type, and he made an impression upon the age in which he lived. He was a breeder of ripe experience, and he knew from practical observation how to develop the speed of the trotting horse. For years his stable was very formidable in circuit battles. He was a competitor for prizes on nearly all of the tracks of the country. He brought out Goldsmith Maid, Gloster, Huntress, Powers, Alley, Driver, and many others, and he learned to be modest in victory and philosophical in defeat. He assisted at the birth of The National Trotting Association, and season after season his voice was heard in the halls of the Turf Congress. He was also prominent in the meetings of the National Association of Trotting Horse Breeders. Words came easily to his lips, and he was ever ready to debate a point. He was a good after-dinner

speaker, and we have heard him round periods over the social board in scores of the prominent cities of the Union. Mr. Goldsmith took an interest in politics and filled several positions of honor and trust. He was also fond of books and pictures, and these are displayed in liberal quantities in the old-fashioned house at Walnut Grove Farm. He has left a widow and three children, two of which are sons, James H. and John Alden, both of whom are widely known in connection with the trotting horse. There is one name which history will always associate with the development of the American trotting horse, and that name is Alden Goldsmith."

John H. Wallace also wrote of him as follows, in the Monthly which bore his name: "Mr. Goldsmith was, perhaps, more widely known than any other horseman in the country. He had been so many years engaged in breeding and developing his own stock, visiting literally all parts of the country with his trotters, that everybody who knew anything about trotting-horses knew Alden Goldsmith. He was a ready speaker without being a careful student, and this trait of his character was manifested in his breeding operations. He had faith in results, but he never seemed to comprehend the reasons for the steps that led to results. Much of Mr. Goldsmith's fame is due to the fact that he was the owner of Volunteer, and nearly all of Volunteer's fame is due to the fact that he had a master who was competent and willing to develop the speed of his off-spring. Without being what might be designated as 'natural trotters,' the Volunteers have surpassed all other tribes in their unconquerable will as race horses. Thus, one by one,

we go over to the majority, leaving nothing behind by which to be remembered, except what we have accomplished in life."

Since the above was written, John H. Wallace has gone over to the silent majority, and no better epitaph could be found for his tomb than the last sentence in Alden Goldsmith's obituary. What he accomplished will keep his memory green in the harness racing world for ages. Hampered by poverty and contention, much of which was of his own making, the "old master" gathered the rocks upon which the foundation rests and remained at the helm of the Trotting Register until the light harness horse was recognized as a type which could be reproduced by breeding in certain lines.

Joseph Cairn Simpson also, at a later date, referred to Alden Goldsmith in the following terms: "Alden Goldsmith was a plain country farmer who bred a high class of horses in an era when the trotting horse had but a meager commercial value. Gifted with no superficial education, there was something beyond the common run of yeomen about him. He was polite without being servile, and dignified without being arrogant or severe. In a word, he was a natural gentleman, and his secret of success in life lay in the fact that his word had never been called in question. His wife was the fitting helpmate of such a man and brought her children up to the belief that good behavior was bound to win in the long run."

1886—DOMESTIC.

The last of that bright band.—*Hemans.*

During the season of 1886, Alden Goldsmith's racing stable confined its operations to the Eastern tracks. Domestic and Walnut were its most consistant performers. The former won ten out of nineteen races, while Walnut's slip shows five firsts, two seconds and two thirds for nine starts. The Volunteer geldings, Carver and Tracy, also made a few starts, the former taking a record of 2:27½, and the latter a mark of 2:30½. Edwin Thorne was represented in the stable by Misty Morning, by Marksman. She acquired a record of 2:29¼, and in twelve starts was first in two, second in three, third in five and fourth in two. On October 21 and 22, during the meeting at Suffolk Park, Philadelphia, she defeated a field of fourteen in a seven-heat contest. The following table presents the returns for the year:

Starters.	Record.	Sire.	Starts.	First.	Second.	Third.	Fourth.	Unplaced	Amount Won.
Domestic	2:24¼	Volunteer	19	10	5	2	1	1	$2,445 00
Walnut	.....	Florida	9	5	2	2	....	....	1,540 00
Misty Morning	2:29¼	Marksman	12	2	3	5	2	....	805 00
Carver	2:27¼	Volunteer	12	2	4	3	....	3	782 50
Tracy	2 30½	Volunteer	4	....	1	1	1	1	170 00
Theo	.....	Heptagon	1	....	....	1	....	....	45 00
Total			57	19	15	14	4	5	$5,787 50

1887—WALNUT GROVE FARM SALE.

You take him like your best girl—for better or for worse.
—Bain

In order to settle Alden Goldsmith's estate, the Walnut Grove Farm horses were sold by Peter C. Kellogg & Co. at the American Horse Exchange, New York, March 1 and 2, ninety-two head realizing $55,360, an average over $600. Domestic proved the highest priced of the lot, Renssaeler Weston bidding him off for James H. Goldsmith at $6,450. Heptagon, a brother to Hermes, sold for $4,700; Walnut, whose racing days were over, for $2,325, and Godiva, the dam of Domestic, for $2,000. Volunteer remained at the farm and died there December 12, 1888.

When the racing season opened Misty Morning and Domestic were the only pupils in James H. Goldsmith's stable. After winning the 2:29 class at Goshen on Decoration Day with the first named, he shipped to Elmira, where she was unplaced to Lucille's Baby, and Domestic won the 2:25 class. The next stop was at Albany, where Domestic trimmed Gean Smith, Lotta, Lady Whitefoot, Lady Alert and Winona without getting out of his class. From Island Park the stable shipped to Columbus, O., where Domestic added two firsts to his score and Misty Morning was third to Belle Ogle. These mares met again at Exposition Park, Pittsburg, the following week, and on this occasion Misty Morning was second. Domestic won another race at this meeting and was then shipped to Detroit, where he made his last start.

On July 25, at Hamtramck Park, Domestic took the word in the 2:25 class with Garnet, Mambrinette, Marvel, White Stockings, Edwin C., Gean Smith and Lowland Girl, in what proved one of the worst snarled races ever seen on a mile track. Lowland Girl, the favorite, won the first heat in 2:20¼, with Marvel second and Gean Smith distanced. On the next trip the favorite made a break going away and was laid up. Marvel went on and won in 2:22, with Garnet second and Domestic third. As S. Caton jogged around behind Lowland Girl he overlooked the fact that the distance flag had been moved from the one hundred and fifty-yard stand to the one hundred on account of the field being reduced to seven, and when the winner of the heat passed under the wire he was inside the long distance, but the flag fell in his mare's face before she reached the one hundred-yard mark. Lowland Girl was sent to the stable and the race went on without her, Domestic winning the third and fourth heats in 2:20½, 2:23, and Marvel the fifth in 2:21¾. With the non-heat winners out of the way, Domestic and Marvel were the only starters in the sixth heat. The latter made a break going away and Domestic won in 2:24¼. The judges called it "no heat" and put up B. Stanford behind Marvel. He could not make him strike a trot and Domestic won again in 2:30½. When the announcement of the premiums was made the bets were declared off. Domestic never recovered from this race. After a long spell of sickness at the Detroit track he was shipped to Walnut Grove Farm, where he died the following winter.

Misty Morning made her first bow in Grand Circuit company at Cleveland, where she won, after Globe had picked up two heats and Class Leader one. She was also returned as a winner at Rochester, where she made her record of 2:21, and at Utica. After trotting third to Favonia at Poughkeepsie she was sold to European parties.

During the Utica meeting A. J. Welch purchased the black horse, Atlantic, from R. W. Davis, of West Williamsfield, O., and placed him in Goldsmith's stable. He started him at Albany the following week in a field of eight, White Socks, with J. J. Bowen up, being the favorite, and won after a five-heat contest, in which Ben Starr and the favorite each won a heat. After winning another race at Poughkeepsie, Atlantic was shipped to Cleveland, where he trotted second to Patron in one of the stakes at the meeting of the Ohio Association of Trotting Horse Breeders. His next start was at Detroit, where he made his record, 2:21, and won over Ben Starr, Sarah B., Globe, Victor, Marvel and Chanter.

On October 7, Atlantic and Williams met at St. Louis. The Combat horse was considered invincible. In the preceding three months he had eleven first monies to show for twelve starts, while Atlantic—well, he had never been heard of in Missouri. As Goldsmith was not in a hurry to get in the thick of the fight, Edwin C. stepped out and won the first heat in 2:21¼, and Williams the second in 2:23¾. Goldsmith made his bid in the third heat and landed in 2:22¼, and came back in 2:21½, 2:24. The last start for the year was made the next week at Kansas City, where Atlantic was named to start against Thornless,

who had not lost a race during the season, A. V. Pantland, White Stockings, Elmwood Chief and Strathlan. As neither Atlantic or Thornless were out for the first heat, A. V. Pantland won in 2:24¾, with White Stockings second. On the next trip Atlantic and Thornless were out in front at the finish, the decision being in favor of the stallion in 2:23¼. The positions were reversed at the finish of the third mile, Thornless winning in the same time. This was followed by another lay up by the pair of contending horses and A. V. Pantland slipped in another heat in 2:24¾. The fifth heat went to Thornless in 2:24, Goldsmith driving him out with Atlantic and White Stockings third. When the non-heat winners were ruled out, Atlantic won all that was in sight with two miles in 2:24¾, 2:26½, Thornless finishing second in each of the heats. As A. J. Welch backed Atlantic freely in both of these races the western trip with the black horse proved a very profitable one. A summary of the season's work appears in the following table:

Starters.	Record.	Sire.	Starts.	First.	Second.	Third.	Fourth.	Unplaced	Amount Won.
Misty Morning ...	2:21	Marksman	9	4	2	2	....	1	$3,325 00
Atlantic.....	2:21	Almont.....	6	5	1	....	....	....	3,127 00
Domestic..	2 20½	Volunteer	7	5	1	....	....	1	2,469 00
Total.....			22	14	4	2	....	2	$8,921 00

VOLUNTEER TRIBE.

All tracks looked alike to them.

Domestic was the last of Volunteer's get that took the word on the big tracks. He was cut down in the middle of his career, and while his sire survived the founder of the trotting stud at Walnut Grove Farm until December 12, 1888, no horse of note was added to his list of performers after 1887. The glory of Volunteer as a sire of race horses departed when Driver, Alley, Powers and Unolala, the old guard of the Goldsmith stable, were retired by age and the ills incident to campaigning. Their sire began his stud career under the shadow of Hambletonian's greatness and was neglected by the public until his merit as a stock horse was fixed by the turf test. The family he founded has not bred on like those tracing to a number of the sons of Hambletonian, and at this writing (1903) has been almost absorbed by the more prolific members of the same tribe.

The following list presents the performers by Volunteer, his sons that have sired and his daughters which have produced standard speed under the years, when known, that they were foaled to the close of 1902, as published in "Wallace's Year Book." It shows that Gloster, 2:17, and Louis Napoleon, the most successful stock horse by Volunteer, were foaled in 1866; Carrie, 2:24½; Mary A. Whitney, 2:28, and Volunteer Maid, 2:27, three fair trotters and his greatest speed producers, were foaled in 1867. Alley, 2:19, and Driver, 2:19½, a pair that were very busy

in their day, were foaled in 1868, while the Harry Clay mare, Flora, produced St. Julien, 2:11¼; St. Remo, 2:28½, and Unolala, 2:22¼, in consecutive years.

1859.

Glen's Hambletonian (1 t.)
Hamlet 2:36 (5 t., 1 p.)

1863.

Abdallah 2:30 (4 t.)

1864.

Fanny Osborne, dam of
  Langtrey 2:26½.
  Hambletonian Prince (3 t.)
  Huntress 2:20¾.
  Kearsarge (1 t.)

1865.

Amy 2:20¼, dam of
  Clay King 2:27¾.
  Autocrat (1 t.)
Bess, dam of
  Camille 2:20¼.
  Bodine 2:19¼.
Hyacinthe, dam of
  Mecca (p.) 2:19¼.
  Sterling (3 t.)
Sunbeam, dam of
  Stephen G. 2:20½.
  William H. Allen 2:23¼ (5 t.)

1866.

Advance (1 t.)
Frank Wood 2:24.
Gloster 2:17.
John Goldsmith 2:28½ (3 t.)
Lady Huggins, dam of
  Lilly Irwin 2:30.
Lorena, dam of
  Loami 2:24¼.
  Valiant 2:28¼.
Louise Napoleon (23 t., 8 p.)
Romper, dam of
  Golden Bow 2:27¾.
  Golden Eagle 2:28¾.
Standard Bearer (2 t., 1 p.)
Vivandiere, dam of
  Monocacy 2:15¾.
Voluntary, dam of
  Blackwood Prince 2:23¼.

1867.

Admiral (4 t.)
Carrie 2:24¼, dam of
  Farandole 2:27.
  Samovar 2:28¾.
Enchantress, dam of
  Jubilee 2:30.
Lady Morrison 2:27½.
Mary A. Whitney 2:28, dam of
  Blue Blood 2:22¾.
  Bon Mot 2:25¼.
  Brava 2:14½.
  First Love 2:22½.
  Nomad 2:19.
Volunteer Maid 2:27, dam of
  Audacity 2:26.
  Broadway 2:29½.
  Dick (p.) 2:12½.
Volunteer Maid, dam of
  Emmaetta 2:29.

1868.

Alley 2:19.
Driver 2:19½.
Florence, dam of
  Hebron 2:30.
  Juror 2:24¼.
John Bright (3 t.)
Lydia, dam of
  Will Hamilton 2:26¼.
Oneta, dam of
  Ensign 2:28½.

Onoto, dam of
Ripple 2:17½.
Princess Ethel, dam of
Lady Ethel 2:24¾.
Phantom 2:29¼.
Trio 2:23¼, dam of
Guitar 2:29¾.
Volney 2:23.
Wildfire (1 t.)
Young Volunteer (6 t.)

1869.

Lady Goldsmith, dam of
Ezra T. 2:30.
Ruby Mac (p.) 2:21½.
Powers 2:21.
Priceless, dam of
Ernest Maltravers 2:22½.
St. Julien 2:11¼.
Venture, dam of
Master Medium 2:29½.

1870.

St. Remo 2:28½.
Volunteer Boy (4 t.)

1871.

Brocade, dam of
Grasshopper 2:29½.
Bromide, dam of
J. W. O. 2:28.
Chicago Volunteer (6 t., 1 p.)
Heppenheimer, dam of
Albrina 2:27.
Kate, dam of
Homestake 2:14¼.
Sweetness 2:21¼, dam of
Sidney (p.) 2:19¾.
Royal Guy 2:25½.
Unolala 2:22¼.
Volunteer, Jr., (1 t.)

1872.

Diamond Volunteer (2 t.)
High Private (1 t.)

1873.

Ernest (3 t., 5 p.)
Landmark (23 t., 2 p.)
Louise 2:29¼.
Prince Arthur 2:29.
Violet, dam of
Extralight 2:27¼.
Morelight 2:28.
Volunteer Star (4 t.)

1874.

Alden Goldsmith (7 t., 1 p.)
Brittania, dam of
Pliancy (t.) 2:29¼ (p.) 2:15¼.
Eastlake, dam of
Volbrino H., 2:26¼.
Gambetta (11 t.)
Harry Blandy (1 t.)
Kentucky Volunteer
(4 t., 2 p).
Lady Clare, dam of
Fashion 2:29.
Trotwood 2:22½.
Volute (1 t.)

1876.

Annie Goldsmith, dam of
Brilliant 2:17½.
Delle, dam of
Mount Airy (t.) 2:24¼ (p.) 2:21½.
Neville 2:29½ t., 2:16 p.
Mischief, dam of
Kioto 2:20¾.
Red Eagle (1 t.)
Romney, dam of
Matteson 2:27.

1877.

Virginia, dam of
Delwood (p.) 2:19¼.

1878.

Daisy Volunteer, dam of
Earles Laddy 2:24¼.
Frank Hampton (1 t., 1 p.)
Velvet, dam of
Miner 2:20.
Remsen 2:24¼.
Volney (2 t.)
Volunteer Chief 2:29½.

1879.

Autumn Queen 2:29.
Carver 2:27¼.
Lonely, dam of
Honey Dew 2:29½.
Legacy 2:30.
St. Leon (1 t.)

1880.

Domestic 2:20½.
Ingraham (5 t., 1 p.)

1881.

Alice Packard, dam of
Otis Baron (p.) 2:17¼.
Augustus (1 p.)
Changelet, dam of
Gov. Rusk 2:27¾.
Nettie, dam of
Nettie Field (p.) 2:23.
Nevins (1 p.)
Volume 2:29½ (1 t.)

1882.

Goldsmith Frank (1 t.)

1883.

Brooklet, dam of
Strongwood (p.) 2:12¾.
McKean 2:24½ (1 t.)

1884.

Hillcrest 2:29.
St. Patrick (p.) 2:14½ (1 t.)
Susie Collins 2:26¼.
Voucher (3 p.)

1885.

Happy Volunteer 2:27¾.
Susie I., dam of
Highwood Spider (p) 2:12½.

The years the following were foaled is not known by the writer:

Collette, dam of
Beckey Sharp (p.) 2:23¼.
Collette (p.) 2:21¼.
Dam of Amelia C. 2:19¼.
Dam of Freddy C. 2:26½.
Dexter 2:27.
Fanny, dam of
Lady Thistle 2:28.
Hannah, dam of
Dennis P. 2:29¼.
Kitty Flynn, dam of
Harold Flynn (p.) 2:24¼.
Nelly Haynes, dam of
Ellen Cooper 2:29¼.
Young Sontag, dam of
Themis 2:25.

Early in life James H. Goldsmith learned that kindness was the key to the confidence of the Volunteers and that while they would resent a blow they would follow a caress. This was the ladder on which he rose to fame and made him during the last four years of his life, when he trained a public stable, one of the greatest if not the greatest driver of trotting horses. John Alden Goldsmith was also a graduate of the same school. He raced the Volunteers one season and after casting about in

California among breeds of all kinds he ultimately rode into the port of success behind the descendents of Guy Wilkes whose sire was foaled at Newburg, N. Y., and of which an early day sketch will be presented when that family is reached in John Goldsmith's career.

1888—COMPANY.

Gritty, uncertain and wild,
Company was all that and more,
With a gait like a buzz saw and eyes like a child,
He won twice and was heard of no more.

During his first season as a public trainer, James H. Goldsmith started sixteen horses in eighty-seven races, of which he won twenty eight, was second in twenty-nine and unplaced in eleven. His first start was made at Goshen, N. Y., May 29, where he was second to Mount Morris with Beauty Bright, and second to Gautier with May Gould. Of the other starters, William was awarded a second, Echo and Lever each a third and Silvertail first premium in the 2:18 class. The Royal Fearnaught gelding won again at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., the following week, when May Gould was second to Del Monte and made her record of 2:25. The next stop was at Elmira, where Atlantic distanced Rare Ripe, his only competitor in the 2:20 class, in 2:21¼. Lever, after finishing second to Alley W., won the three-minute class in 2:32¼, William was second to St. Jacob, Beauty

Bright and Echo unplaced and Silverthread second to Little Ida. Lever won again at Binghamton without reducing his record, and also trotted second to Octavious, while Atlantic and William finished second in the races in which they were started, Beauty Bright third to Alley W., and Echo again unplaced to Lucille's Baby. At Derby, Conn., which was the next stand, Beauty Bright, William and Atlantic were winners, Silverthread finishing second to Sally C., and Echo behind the money in the race won by Westchester Girl.

After a start at Goshen, N. Y., July 4, where Silverthread was defeated by Joe L., James H. Goldsmith, dropped Lever and Echo and shipped to Pittsburg to fill his engagements at the two tracks in the "Smoky City." The returns for the meetings show that he won two races with Beauty Bright, giving her a mark of 2:28¼, a first and a fourth with William, cutting his record to 2:23¾, a second and a fourth with Gean Smith, while Atlantic trotted second to Spofford and Silverthread was unplaced to Duplex. While the Pittsburg meeting was in progress, A. J. Welch sold Atlantic for export, the black son of Almont being taken to Italy.

After stopping a week at Detroit, where Gean Smith trotted second to White Stockings and Company was unplaced to Kit Curry, the Goldsmith stable followed the line of the circuit to Cleveland, where the Association's books show that it started three horses, Gean Smith finishing third to T. T. S., Beauty Bright fourth to J. B. Richardson, and William being unplaced to Lady Whitefoot in the race in which Feek marked him in 2:18¼. Skipping Buffalo, Goldsmith made

his next start at Rochester, where William and Company were again unplaced, Beauty Bright, after winning a heat in 2:23¼, third to Frank Buford, Gean Smith again third to T. T. S., and the Heptagon gelding Cleon third to Elda B.

In 1888, Utica, as a member of the Grand Circuit, and Poughkeepsie, held their meetings on the same dates. As the majority of those who were winning on the trip from Detroit were engaged at Utica, Goldsmith shipped to the city on the Hudson River and won with Cleon, Gean Smith, Company (marking him in 2:19¾) and Silverthread (giving him his record 2:15¼)while Beauty Bright, after winning a heat,was beaten by the Blue Bull mare Bertha. These successes were followed by a series of reverses at Island Park, where Company and Beauty Bright were behind the money and Gean Smith managed to save his entrance in the race won by T. T. S. During the week William started in a $3,000 stake at Hornellsville, N. Y., where he trotted second to Mount Morris.

Hartford was the next member of the Grand Circuit. While its meeting was in progress James H. Goldsmith marked Cleon 2:22, Beauty Bright 2:21¼, William 2:18¾, and reduced Gean Smith's record to 2:18¼. His returns for the week were a first with Cleon, second to Geneva S. with William, second to Protection with Gean Smith, second to Golden Rod with Beauty Bright, second to Captain with Company, and fourth to Ed. Annan with Silverthread. In the race in which he started Company, James H. Goldsmith exhibited a sample of his patience with a bad horse. He was in against Captain, William Kearney,

Frank Buford, Charley Gibson and Jeremiah. The Kentucky Prince gelding had won at Poughkeepsie, defeating Graylight, who afterwards became a free-for-all candidate under Goldsmith's pilotage, Superior, and a number of others, taking a record of 2:19¾. He was known to be uncertain, unsteady and a tremendous puller; in fact, so bad that John Murphy, who gave him his first lessons, stopped him in a race at Cleveland and sent him to the stable.

Company was the kind of a horse that Goldsmith cottoned to, possibly on account of nearly every other driver being disposed to give him the cold shoulder. At all events, he got him, won the race at Poughkeepsie, and then popped up at Charter Oak. The race was one of the kind that makes men dizzy. Feek won the first two heats with William Kearney. In the third heat Company out-finished him, and then Captain won two heats, Goldsmith fighting Golden at every point. When Company won the sixth heat Goldsmith felt he could win. It was then the fun commenced. The bee in Company's bonnet began buzzing—it made him dizzy, rank, cantankerous, mean. Guy, in his sulkiest mood, was not a marker to him. For over three-quarters of an hour he chassed, waltzed, danced and hobbled down the stretch with William Kearney and Captain. The public was disgusted, but Goldsmith was unruffled. He had a whip and an arm that could use it as unmercifully as any man in the business when the position warranted it, but he sat there and waited patiently for Company to get over his tantrum. The starter and judges were also determined to send him away on a trot, and when

they did finally catch him on his gait it was only for a short distance, and Captain won. When the agony was over, Goldsmith did not lose his temper with Company, but patted him as good naturedly after the exhibition which had cost him, in all probability, first premium and all that went with it. This was one of the secrets of Goldsmith's success, and the records show that Company won for him at Springfield the following week, where Gean Smith was second to Spofford, Cleon second to Elda B., Billy Stewart fourth to Roy Wilkes, and Lena Wilkes unplaced to Golden Rod.

New York followed Springfield in the Grand Circuit, and while at Fleetwood Park, James H. Goldsmith won with Gean Smith and Horton, and trotted second to Guy with Cleon. He also shipped Beauty Bright over to Huntington, where she trotted second to Joe S. The next stop was at Point Breeze Park, Philadelphia, where Cleon won the 2:40 and 2:33 classes in straight heats, Gean Smith defeated Kitefoot, Spofford, Kit Curry and T.T.S. in the 2:18 class; Billy Stewart gathered in the 2:20 class, making a record of 2:19¼; Onie D. paced second to Bessemer and Lena Wilkes saved her entrance in the race won by Royal. During the balance of the season Gean Smith won two races and was second to Beulah at Trenton, N. J.; Billy Stewart won at Mount Holly, N. J., but was beaten at Trenton and Goshen by Balsora Wilkes; Cleon won at Trenton and Beauty Bright was unplaced in the free-for-all at the Danbury fair. A synopsis of the campaign appears in the following table:

Starters.	Record.	Sire.	Starts.	First.	Second.	Third.	Fourth.	Unplaced	Amount Won.
Gean Smith	2:18¼	Dauntless	15	6	4	3	2	....	$5,370 00
Cleon	2:22	Heptagon	8	5	2	1	....	....	4,475 00
William	2:18¾	Wilder	11	2	5	....	2	2	3,468 75
Beauty Bright	2:21¼	John Bright	12	3	4	2	1	2	2,335 00
Company	2:19¾	Kentucky Prince	6	2	1	....	1	2	2,075 00
Silverthread (p)	2:15½	Royal Fearnaught	8	3	3	1	....	1	1,365 00
Billy Stewart (p)	2:19¼	American Boy	6	2	2	1	1	....	1,195 00
Atlantic	.....	Almont	4	2	2	....	....	....	825 00
Lever	2:32¼	Col. Scattergood	5	2	2	1	....	....	525 00
Horton	2:25¾	Polonius	1	1	....	....	....	....	500 00
May Gould	2:24¼	Jay Gould	2	....	2	....	....	....	250 00
J. B. Richardson	.....	George Wilkes	1	....	1	....	....	....	250 00
Onie D. (p)	.....	Warwick Boy	1	....	1	....	....	....	250 00
Echo	.....	Regulus	4	....	....	2	....	2	135 00
Lena Wilkes	.....	Barney Wilkes	2	....	....	....	1	1	100 00
Amy Belle	.....	.....	1	....	....	....	....	1	.....
Total			87	28	29	11	8	11	$23,113 75

1889—STAR LILY.

She was thin but sweet-gaited,
With the snap to her stride
That stamped her a trotter
If such points are a guide.
There was a spark in her eye,
And a scar on her shin,
And while they told a whole lot,
She'd the speed and could win.

James H. Goldsmith's campaign in 1889 covered eighteen weeks, the start being made at Island Park, Albany, the third week in June, when Gillig won the Clay Stake, and the last race trotted over Point Breeze

Park, Philadelphia, where on October 29 and 30, t[illegible] four-year-old colt, Famlico, won a seven-heat ra[illegible] from a field of seventeen in 2:[illegible], 2:[illegible], 2:28½. During the interval covered by the above date Goldsmith started nineteen horses in eighty-eigh[illegible] races, of which he won twenty-six, was second i[illegible] twenty-two, third in ten and fourth in thirteen.

After preparing his horses over the Fashion Farm track at Trenton, N. J., James H. Goldsmith shipped to Albany, where he won with Gillig and Gean Smith, was twice second to Walkill Boy with the Meander filly, Stephanie, which he afterwards drove to a record of 2:25½ at Hartford, where she lost to May Be, but eventually won in slower time at Poughkeepsie, where Billy Stewart was second to Marendes, after cutting his record to 2:18½. Barney Lee third to the Parkville Farm mare, Edith R., and Cleon saved his entrance in the race won by Yorktown Belle.

Goldsmith's stable had an inning at the Hartford June meeting, the report showing that he won at Charter Oak Park with Gean Smith, Gillig, Cleon and Billy Stewart, while Stephanie was awarded a second and Barney Lee was unplaced to Aubine. The next stop was at Poughkeepsie, where Gillig, Stephanie and Gean Smith were awarded first premiums, Cleon and Billy Stewart each a second, Tot and Barney Lee a third each and John Ferguson a fourth.

After a let-up of two weeks the Goldsmith stable made its bow at Detroit during the opening meeting of the Grand Circuit. On the trip down the line Gean Smith proved its most industrious member, as he won at Detroit, Cleveland, where he made his record of 2:15½ in a third heat, Buffalo, Poughkeepsie, Hart-

ford and Springfield, and was beaten by Harry Wilkes at Rochester, Boston and New York. The race that Gean Smith lost to Harry Wilkes at Rochester was a trifle off color, the deciding mile being won in 2:26, while the Dauntless gelding trotted it in about 2:30. The following week at Poughkeepsie he won in 2:18¾, 2:15¾, 2:18, over the same horse and Mambrino Sparkle.

Graylight was tried at Detroit and Cleveland, the big gray saving his entrance in the events won by Kit Curry and Jack. When Buffalo was reached he was on his good behavior and won in 2:16½. At Rochester he was second to Jack, and third to Mocking Bird in the 2:20 class at Poughkeepsie. His last start for the season was made in the Charter Oak Stake at Hartford, where he was distanced in the second heat by Alcryon. Cleon and Arbutus were dropped from the stable after being unplaced at Detroit, and Billy Stewart met with the same fate after being beaten by Lillian at Cleveland and Ed Annan at Buffalo.

After the chestnut mare, Star Lily, trotted second to Veritas at Detroit, she was purchased by A. J. Welch and placed in Goldsmith's stable. He started her at Cleveland, where she finished second to Reference. The next start was at Buffalo, where she won over Reference and Marksman Maid, after trotting six heats. Star Lily's next engagement was the $10,000 Flower City Stake, at Rochester. It was considered a gift for Veritas, driven by Budd Doble, who won the event in 1888 with the Pilot Medium gelding, Jack. The other starters were Sprague Golddust, Tariff, Ketch, Gold Ring, Reference, Camille, Tippie and Maud Muller. Veritas won the first heat in

2:20¼, after a sharp brush with Sprague Golddust. On the next trip Ketch was first under the wire, but as he had forced Sprague Golddust out of his position in the stretch he was placed last and the heat given to Green's horse in 2:20, with Tariff second and Maud Muller third. Sprague Golddust also won the third heat in 2:22¼, with Veritas second, while Reference met with an accident which caused him to be drawn. On the next trip Tariff carried Sprague Golddust to a break at the head of the stretch and looked to have the heat won, when he made a mistake and Ketch nipped him at the wire in 2:22½. Star Lily made a break on the first turn, and in taking her back Goldsmith pulled her in front of Veritas. The latter sprang into the air when Doble took hold of him, and landed on Goldsmith's sulky, almost crushing it. Goldsmith pulled up, while Veritas jogged over the course. In the fifth heat Ketch, Tariff and Veritas trotted in a bunch to the head of the stretch, where Goldsmith appeared on the outside with Star Lily. From that point it was nip and tuck between Ketch and the mare, the latter winning by a head in 2:23¼. Star Lily also won the sixth heat in 2:22¼, after which the race went over until the following day, when she pulled it off with a mile in 2:21¾, there being but a neck between her and Sprague Golddust at the finish. After winning the 2:30 class at Poughkeepsie and being defeated by Sprague Golddust in the 2:30 class at that town and at Hartford, where she reduced her record to 2:20, Star Lily was placed on the retired list.

Of the other horses that Goldsmith brought down the line of the Grand Circuit, Gillig was unplaced to Colvina Sprague at Cleveland, third to McEwen at

Buffalo, fourth to Prince Regent in a four-year-old stake at Hartford, and second to Greenlander at Springfield. Silverthread was picked up at Rochester, where he saved his entrance in the free-for-all, won by Gossip, Jr., but was distanced by Roy Wilkes the following week at Poughkeepsie. The Canadian bred gelding, John Ferguson, was tried at Buffalo, Rochester, Hartford and Springfield, but failed to get inside the money, while the Almonarch mare, Frederica, was third to Maud Muller at Hartford, second to Whalebone at Springfield, where she won two heats in 2:23, 2:22, fourth to Morelight at New York, and won over the half-mile track at Trenton, N. J., in October. Frank T. was also tried in Grand Circuit company at Poughkeepsie, where he trotted fourth to Marksman Maid, and at Hartford, where he was third in the race won by George Singerley's roan mare, Katharine S. Longford, another member of the stable, was second to Geneva at Hartford, unplaced to Alcryon at Springfield and second to Sensation at New York, where he won a heat in 2:22¼. James H. Goldsmith also drove Chase in the race Hal Pointer won at Hartford, and was behind Company when he was distanced by Geneva S. at New York.

The horse, Markland, by Victor Bismarck, was also a member of Goldsmith's Grand Circuit stable. He was tried at Cleveland in the race in which Hal Pointer made his first bow in fast society. On that occasion the flashy gray gelding, William M. Singerly, sailed out in front and won a heat in 2:17½. On the next trip Geers touched the speed button in Hal Pointer's anatomy and it was all over, but the shouting, the "Pointer hoss" winning after the first heat

as he pleased in 2:15¾, 2:18½, 2:18¾. Markland was unplaced. At Poughkeepsie he was fourth to Minnie P., and at Baltimore third to Dallas. At Elmira, the last week in September, James H. Goldsmith made his first start in a four-year-old stake with Pamlico, the Meander colt, which eventually became so prominent in the harness racing world, finishing second to E. C. Walker with Soto. The next start was at Trenton, N. J., where Frederica won the 2:29 class, Barney Lee was fourth to Charley Gibson, and Longford unplaced in the race won by W. K. The following week, at Paterson, N. J., out of nine starts Goldsmith won a second with Tot and reduced her record to 2:24 in a trip against time, Longford won the 2:18 class, and two days later trotted fourth to Cypress, while Silvertail was second to Jewell in the free-for-all, Barney Lee second to Corona and Pamlico second to Wonder. Shipping to Morristown, Goldsmith won a first and a second with Pamlico, a second with Barney Lee and a second with Tot, after which he closed the season at Point Breeze Park, Philadelphia, as has been stated, by winning a seven-heat race from a field of seventeen starters with Pamlico. The following table presents a record of the season's work:

Starters.	Record.	Sire.	Starts.	First.	Second.	Third.	Fourth.	Unplaced	Amount Won.
Star Lily	2:20	President Garfield	6	3	2	1	....	....	$8,750 00
Gean Smith	2:15½	Dauntless	12	9	2	1	....	....	8,450 00
Gillig	2:23½	Aristos	8	4	1	1	1	1	3,275 00
Greylight	2:16½	Starlight	6	1	1	1	2	1	2,125 00
Longford	2:21¼	Chosroes	6	1	2	....	1	2	1,175 00
Frederica	2:22	Almonarch	4	1	1	1	1	....	1,125 00
Stephanie	2:25¾	Meander	4	1	3	....	....	....	1,050 00
Billy Stewart (p)	2:18¾	American Boy	5	1	2	....	....	2	700 00
Pamlico	2:28½	Meander	6	3	2	1	....	....	650 00
Cleon	.....	Heptagon	4	1	1	....	1	1	600 00
Tot	2:24	Young Columbus, Jr.	5	1	2	1	1	....	582 50
Barney Lee	.....	Dave Hill	6	....	2	1	2	1	495 00
Frank T	.....	Hill's Duroc	2	....	....	1	1	....	375 00
Silverthread (p)	.....	Royal Fearnaught	3	....	1	....	1	1	225 00
Markland (p)	.....	Victor Bismarck	3	....	....	1	1	1	200 00
John Ferguson	.....	Forest Mambrino	5	....	....	....	1	4	80 00
Chase (p)	.....	Billy Green	1	....	....	....	....	1	.....
Arbutus	.....	Electioneer	1	....	....	....	....	1	.....
Company	.....	Kentucky Prince	1	....	....	....	....	1	.....
Total			88	26	22	10	13	17	$29,857 50

1890—PAMLICO.

He had that snappy Dexter gait
Which opened and shut like a knife;
And when he was turned for the word,
You could bet he would race for your life.

Dundee Park, Paterson, N. J., was selected as the training ground for the Goldsmith stable in 1890, and before leaving there a number of its best representatives were started at two meetings. On Decoration Day, in a series of specials, Gretna and Robert M. Taylor were each awarded seconds and Pamlico a third. The following week, when stripped for

the regular meeting, Pamlico, Dawson, Simmocolon and Mambrino Maid were marked as winners, Miss Pauley saved her entrance, while Plush and Robert M. Taylor were unplaced. Dawson picked up another race at Albany the next week, while Plush also won the 2:20 class, after a seven-heat contest with Yorktown Belle, Maud Muller and Golden Rod, in which all of them won heats, and Simmocolon trotted third to Suisun in the Clay Stake, Alicante being between him and the winner.

James H. Goldsmith won five of the nine races programmed for the June meeting at Mystic Park, Boston, in 1890, with Pamlico, Simmocolon, Miss Pauley and Dawson, the last named having two events placed to his credit, while he was also second to Fearnaught with Mambrino Maid, and unplaced with Richmond, Jr., and Robert M. Taylor, both of them being distanced. In her race with Fearnaught, Mambrino Maid reduced her record to 2:22 and showed her ability to beat 2:20, much to the surprise of those who branded her a self-willed hussy that was marked for life when she was sent away from Lexington with a mark of 2:23¾. When Goldsmith sampled her he found that she was one of the kind that must be let go when they want to, but as she stepped off good gaited and had plenty of speed, it did not take him long to mould her into a first-class piece of racing material.

After stopping at Hartford, where Simmocolon and Dawson won, Plush trotted second to Fearnaught, Mambrino Maid fourth to Jean Valjean, and Richmond, Jr., a horse which his brother brought on from California, fourth to Molly J., the Goldsmith stable was shipped to Poughkeepsie, where Pamlico and Mambrino Maid won their engagements, Plush

and Miss Pauley were each awarded third premiums, and Robert M. Taylor behind the money, as usual. The next stop was at Philadelphia, where, during the July meetings at the Philadelphia Driving Park and Belmont, Goldsmith won the Bellevue House Stake with Pamlico from Suisun and Andante, reducing his record to 2:17½, an eight-heat race with Simmocolon, cutting his mark to 2:20¼, a first and a second with Mambrino Maid, a mark of 2:18¼ being placed after her name in one of the events, a second and a fourth with Plush, a second with Gretna, the Mambrino Dudley mare making her mark of 2:27¼ in the race, a third with Stephanie, while Miss Pauley and Robert M. Taylor were outside.

After cutting out the weaker members of his stable, Goldsmith dropped into the Grand Circuit at Pittsburg, where he won with Mambrino Maid, Simmocolon and Mamie Wood, while Pamlico finished second to Rosaline Wilkes in the free-for-all. Dawson was saved for Cleveland, where he was beaten by McDoel. At Buffalo he won again by the narrowest kind of a margin, or, as a local reporter remarked, "by an eyebrow." He trotted his last race at Rochester in the 2:21 class, which was won by McDoel, with Miss Alice second, Tariff third, and the Mansfield gelding fourth.

On the trip down the line Mambrino Maid, Pamlico, Simmocolon and Mamie Wood proved the props of the Goldsmith stable. The Mambrino Startle mare won at Cleveland, where she trotted in 2:17¾, Buffalo, Rochester and Springfield, and was second to Mocking Bird at Poughkeepsie, Hartford and Philadelphia. Pamlico won at Rochester, where he made a record of 2:16¾, and Springfield, was

second to Alfred S. at Cleveland, second to Prince Regent at Buffalo, and third to the same horse in the Charter Oak Stake at Hartford. After winning at Cleveland, where he trotted in 2:17, Simmocolon was second to Walter E. in a nine-heat race at Buffalo, fourth to Keno F. in the Flower City Stake at Rochester, and first at Hartford and Springfield, where he defeated McEwen and Mocking Bird. He also won the Stallion Stake at Lexington with W. J. Andrews in the sulky, James H. Goldsmith having been struck down the day before the race by what appeared to be partial paralysis.

Walter E. defeated Mamie Wood at Cleveland and Rochester. She was also unplaced to Neal Whitbeck at Poughkeepsie, but won at Hartford and Springfield. After the meeting at Hampden Park the little roan mare passed into another stable, and Goldsmith defeated her the following week at Fleetwood Park, New York, with Frank T., marking him in 2:23¼. He also started this gelding at the September meetings at Philadelphia, finishing second to Nightingale at Point Breeze, and winning with him at Belmont, after losing a heat to Dandy. Richmond, Jr., made his first start in the Grand Circuit at Rochester and won in 2:21¼. At Poughkeepsie he was third to Henrietta, and at Hartford third to The Seer. After being unplaced to Stevie at Springfield, he was given a let up until Philadelphia, where he was second to Maud Muller at Point Breeze, and won at Belmont after Autograph landed a heat in 2:18½. His slip for the season also shows that he was second to Horicon at Pittsburg and unplaced to Senator Conkling at Lexington. Robert M. Taylor was also tried again at

Poughkeepsie, in August. He finished third to Soto, and was then shipped to Hartford, where he won in 2:24. At Springfield he was unplaced to Soudan, and after trotting second to Scramble at New York he was dropped.

During the season James H. Goldsmith also drove Onie D. at Buffalo, where she was unplaced to Dallas, Marendes at Hartford, where he was distanced by Dallas, Captain Lyons at Springfield, where he was third to Chelsea D., and the Happy Medium mare, Camille, at Poughkeepsie, where she was unplaced in the ten-heat race won by Stevie, and at New York, where she was fourth to Diamond. In 1890, James H. Goldsmith started sixteen horses in ninety-four races, of which he won forty, was second in twenty, third in ten, fourth in nine and unplaced in fifteen, a synopsis of the season's work being presented in the following table:

Starters.	Record.	Sire.	Starts.	First.	Second.	Third.	Fourth.	Unplaced	Amount Won.
Pamlico	2:16¾	Meander	12	7	3	2	....	....	$8 800 00
Mambrino Maid	2:17¾	Mambrino Startle	14	8	5	....	1	....	7,285 00
Simmocolon	2:19	Simmons	12	9	1	1	1	....	7,085 00
Dawson	2:19¼	Mansfield	8	6	1	....	1	....	3,200 00
Richmond, Jr.	2:21½	A. W. Richmond	11	2	2	2	2	3	2,285 00
Mamie Woods	2:20½	Wood's Hambletonian	6	3	....	....	1	2	2,200 00
Frank T	2:23¼	Hill's Duroc	3	2	1	....	....	....	1,000 00
Robert M. Taylor	2:24	Alcantara	9	1	2	1	....	5	900 00
Plush	2:19¼	Masterlode	7	1	3	1	1	1	590 00
Miss Pawley (p)	2:27¼	Bay Hawk	4	1	....	1	1	1	390 00
Captain Lyons	.....	Sweepstakes	1	....	....	1	....	....	225 00
Gretna	2:27¼	Mambrino Dudley	2	....	2	....	....	....	175 00
Camille	.....	Happy Medium	2	....	....	....	1	1	150 00
Stephanie	.....	Meander	1	....	....	1	....	....	75 00
Marendes (p)	.....	Walker Morrill	1	....	....	....	....	1	.....
Onie D. (p)	.....	Warwick Boy	1	....	....	....	....	1	.....
Total			94	40	20	10	9	15	$34,360 00

1891—MAMBRINO MAID.

She was a self-willed hussy,
A big bay splattered with white;
But when the bell rang for the races,
She was in the thick of the fight.

During the winter months James H. Goldsmith, to all appearances, recovered from the attack that prostrated him at Lexington in October, and when the buds began to open he shipped his stable to Charter Oak Park, Hartford, where, during May and June, he was busy as a bee preparing Mambrino Maid, Gean Smith, Miss Alice, Leicester, Redmont, Robin and a number of others for an active campaign. The first starts were made at Charter Oak, the last week in June, the report of the meeting showing that Miss Alice won the 2:19 class, distancing the field in the fourth heat with a mile in 2:17¼, and that Redmont won the 2:33 class. Mambrino Maid was second to Rosaline Wilkes in the free-for-all, Amender second to Lightning, after winning a heat in 2:25½, while Carrie Walton, Richmond, Jr., Riverside and Sherwood were numbered among those who "also ran." The Goldsmith stable made twelve starts at the Philadelphia Driving Park and Belmont Park July meetings and won two races with the pacer, Robin, by Vatican, while Miss Alice and Leicester had each a first placed to their credit. Of the other members of the stable, Redmont was third to Sappho and unplaced to Fanny Wilcox, Richmond, Jr., second to Maud Muller, Riverside fourth to J. J. Audubon, and Sherwood, Carrie Walton, Patience and Delaware Boy unplaced.

When the bell tapped for the first meeting of the Grand Circuit in 1891 at Homewood Park, Pittsburg, James H. Goldsmith was ready for the word. He won during the week with Leicester and Redmont, giving the latter a record of 2:21, the same notch in which he marked his sire, Atlantic. Of the other starters, Gean Smith was third to McDoel, while Robin and Carrie Walton were unplaced. Leicester won again at Detroit, where Mambrino Maid trotted the best race of her career when she defeated Ripple, Vic H., Walter E., Almont and Reference in the 2:17 class, making her record of 2:15¼ in a fourth heat, and which is, by the way, the fastest mile James H. Goldsmith ever rode in public behind a trotter. Robin won a heat in the 2:24 pace and finished third to Ivorine, while Richmond, Jr., was also third to the Sam Purdy gelding, Charley C., and Gean Smith unplaced in the free-for-all, which Turner won with Rosaline Wilkes.

Leicester and Temple Bar, the Merchant and Manufacturer's Stake winner, met at Cleveland the following week. Up to that meeting Goldsmith had not lost a race with Leicester, while Temple Bar had won seven firsts out of eight starts in the preceding seven weeks. Goldsmith's horse was the favorite, and won the first two heats in 2:18, 2:17¼, After the second heat the judges were convinced that Temple Bar was not being driven to win, and when Aline won the third heat in 2:20¼, after Leicester stopped in the stretch, they turned the black horse over to Gus Wilson, who went on and won as he pleased. Upon the conclusion of the race, Temple Bar, his owner and driver, were expelled, and

others would no doubt have followed had not the grave closed over one of the principal actors in the transaction before it was investigated by the Board of Review of The National Trotting Association. Goldsmith also won the 2:17 class at Cleveland with Mambrino Maid, and was unplaced to Lakewood Prince with Redmont. His stable made its last starts at Buffalo the following week, when Robin, Richmond, Jr., and Crawford were unplaced and Leicester fourth to Sprague Golddust, the deciding heat in the race being the last one driven by James H. Goldsmith. The following table presents the returns for his stable up to the close of the Buffalo meeting:

Starters.	Record.	Sire.	Starts.	First.	Second.	Third.	Fourth.	Unplaced	Amount Won.
Leicester	2:17¼	Deucalion	5	3	1	....	1	....	$2,500 00
Mambrino Maid	2:15¼	Mambrino Startle	3	2	1	....	....	....	2,150 00
Redmont	2:21	Atlantic	4	2	....	....	....	2	875 00
Miss Alice	2:17¼	Alcantara	2	2	....	....	....	....	850 00
Patience	.....	Alcyone	1	....	....	....	....	1	800 00
Robin	2:20¼	Vatican	5	2	....	1	....	2	800 00
Richmond, Jr	2:20¾	A. W. Richmond	4	....	1	1	....	2	450 00
Gean Smith	.....	Dauntless	2	....	....	1	....	1	450 00
Amender	2:25½	Meander	1	....	1	....	....	....	150 00
Carrie Walton	.....	Gov. Sprague	3	....	....	....	....	3	.....
Crawford	.....	Favorite Wilkes	1	....	....	....	....	1	.....
Delaware Boy	.....	.....	1	....	....	....	....	1	.....
Sherwood	.....	Barkis	2	....	....	....	....	2	.....
Total			34	11	4	3	1	15	$9,025 00

DEATH OF JAMES H. GOLDSMITH.

They have laid away the cherry and black,
Its owner is under the sod;
His doings are stretched on memory's rack,
And his spirit flown to his God.

After the Buffalo meeting, James H. Goldsmith was taken back to his Orange County home, where he died on Thursday, August 27. When he left the Iroquois he looked thin, careworn and gray, sickness having made him prematurely old, but few of those who waved him off as the carriage turned the corner thought that the parting was the last on this side of the grave. His physician vetoed any more work in the sulky, after he insisted on driving Leicester in the deciding heat of the race won by Sprague Golddust, and as it proved that occasion was the last on which he donned the cherry and black cap and jacket.

Death found him at the house in which he was born, on June 15, 1849; the most momentous year in the history of the trotting turf; at the home where he spent his childhood among the Volunteer colts which he afterwards helped to make famous. It found him where he grew to man's estate, where he brought home his bride, and saw fortune smile in on him with passing years. Far away from the scenes where he played so prominent a part, a modest stone marks his resting place in the family plot at Washingtonville, N. Y., and as the companions of his youth point out the mound to a stranger, can other than Gray's memorable line come to mind:

"The paths to glory lead but to the grave."

In his particular field Goldsmith had all that fame could give. His skill as a reinsman and a conditioner

placed him early in the front rank, and during the last three years of his life he was recognized as great, if not the greatest, of all trotting horse drivers. Above all things, he was ambitious and proud of his reputation, and it was that vaunting ambition which has rushed others to their doom that carried James H. Goldsmith to his grave at forty-two. Nervous prostration and paralysis did their part, and a determination to go on defying death played the hand on which his life was the stake.

In or out of the sulky, James H. Goldsmith was always a gentleman, his polished manners and agreeable address making a favorable impression wherever he appeared. As a trainer, well Andy Welch summed it all up when he said: "Goldsmith could make them race and win without killing them." His success in the sulky can be attributed to perseverance, patience and firmness, allied with an intuitive knowledge of horses and their peculiarities. His seat was not as graceful as Doble's or Hickok's, as he leaned further forward, an attitude which did not come from using a higher seat, but from the fact that he was a taller man. This stoop brought him nearer his horse and gave him a greater leverage when he was driving a shifty-gaited one or a bad actor. In his finishes he combined the meteoric rallying powers for which Splan was noted in his best days, with Doble's catapult drives. With a yell like a Sioux and a hand as firm as a rock, Splan rustled his nag along panting, flinging, banging and literally lifting him under the wire, while Doble, with an eye to what was going on about him, waited patiently for the last brush and called for it at the point where the money is won.

His horse might not win, but it always managed to carry his clip to the wire. Goldsmith united this reef of the "Field Marshal" with Splan's electrical flourish, seeing, feeling and knowing only one thing until the wire was passed, and that he proved an industrious man is demonstrated by the following table, which shows that during the sixteen years he was before the public as a private and public trainer he started one hundred and fifty-six horses in one thousand and twenty-three races, of which he won three hundred and seven, was second in two hundred and forty-five, third in one hundred and fifty-one, fourth in one hundred and twenty-six and unplaced in one hundred and ninety-four, winning premiums, and that at a time during the era of small purses, amounting to $239,115.08.

Year.	Starters.	Starts.	First.	Second.	Third.	Fourth.	Unplaced	Amount Won.
1875	8	61	15	13	7	17	19	$ 14,480.00
1876	9	84	16	24	12	15	17	17,787.50
1877	10	97	31	24	14	12	16	18,535.00
1878	14	111	30	27	16	13	25	16,212.50
1879	10	50	13	11	7	10	9	12,960.00
1881	8	71	10	19	14	15	13	11,455.00
1882	8	82	25	16	16	9	16	22,268.33
1883	4	28	7	6	6	4	5	2,769.50
1884	4	26	10	4	5	2	5	5,252.50
1885	8	31	12	7	4	4	4	6,330.00
1886	6	57	19	15	14	4	5	5,787.50
1887	3	22	14	4	2	....	2	8,921.00
1888	16	87	28	29	11	8	11	28,113.75
1889	19	88	26	22	10	13	17	29,857.50
1890	16	94	40	20	10	9	15	34,360.00
1891	13	34	11	4	3	1	15	9,025.00
Totals.	156	1023	307	245	151	126	194	$239,115.08

1881—JOHN GOLDSMITH GOES WEST.

Go west, young man! go west.—*Greeley.*

When St. Julien reduced the world's record to 2:12¾ at Oakland, on October 25, 1879, the breeders of the Pacific coast decided that a little Volunteer blood would add materially to the speed and stamina of the stock descended from the horses which were led across the plains by the forty-niners. Prior to this date Admiral was purchased in Orange County and taken to Nevada, while either that year or early in the following one, Monroe Salisbury visited Walnut Grove Farm and purchased the Volunteer mares, Sweetness and Kate, sister to Powers, as well as May Day, 2:30, by Ballard's Cassius M. Clay, Jr. Bateman was also sold and taken to California, where he was raced during the season of 1880, but did not have sufficient speed to lower the colors of Brigadier and Abbottsford.

In 1881, when James H. Goldsmith was reinstated by The National Trotting Association, his younger brother decided to take Horace Greeley's advice and "go west." In September of that year he was at Oakland, Cal., where he won a four-year-old race with Romero over Alexander Button, Honesty and Annie Laurie, giving him a record of 2:22½ in a fourth heat. He also won in the same meeting with Gibralter, while after his races with Bateman he had a third to Brigadier and a fourth to Abbottsford to show for his labor. Brigadier also defeated the Clay gelding at Santa Rosa and Stockton, where Romero won again. Bateman's last start was made at Salt Lake City,

Utah, October 15, 1881, in a match race with Ewing. He won it for Mr. Travis without beating 2:30, but his failure to win in the regular events in California made John Goldsmith's winnings for 1881 rather slim, as will be seen by the following table:

Starters.	Record.	Sire.	Starts.	First.	Second.	Third.	Fourth.	Unplaced	Amount Won.
Bateman		Black Harry Clay	4	1	1	2	....	....	$1,000 00
Romero	2:22½	A. W. Richmond	2	2	....	....	....	....	800 00
Gibralter	2:22½	Echo	1	1	....	....	....	....	875 00
Total			7	4	1	2	....	....	$2,175 00

1882—SWEETNESS.

Whenever you see a race horse
That can go fast and far,
You will find a line to Volunteer,
Or a cross of American Star.

When Monroe Salisbury returned to California with Director and his Walnut Grove Farm purchases he bred Sweetness to Santa Claus and Kate to Nutwood. In 1881 the former produced Sidney and the latter Judge Salisbury, both of which proved sires of speed, Sidney at one time being very much in vogue on account of the record-breaking speed of his colts. Kate's next foal was a bay colt by Brigadier. He was gelded and appears in the records as Homestake, 2:14¼. May Day also, at a later date, produced Margaret S., 2:12½. As Sweetness did not prove in foal in 1882, she was taken up and trained, Monroe Salisbury placing her and Director in John Goldsmith's

stable. He started her over the Bay District track in two races in August, winning one and finishing second to Crown Point in the other. He also started her in two races in September, the first one being at Oakland, where he won two heats in 2:22, 2:24½, but was distanced in a fifth heat by Alfred W. This pair met again the following week at Sacramento, where Sweetness won in 2:24, 2:21¼, 2:22½, her record being made in the second heat. Director made his first start for John Goldsmith at Santa Rosa, where he finished third to Echora, Del Sur being between him and the winner. From that date, however, he had his winning shoes on, as he was awarded first premiums at Oakland, Sacramento, Stockton and San Jose, and closed the season with a record of 2:23¾. While on the trip, John Goldsmith finished second to Albert W. at Santa Rosa with Inca, made Corette step in 2:20, 2:19, 2:21¼, to defeat Gibralter at Oakland, gave Romero his record of 2:19½, when he won over Brigadier and Starr King at Stockton, after trotting second to the Happy Medium horse at the State Fair. The following is a synopsis of the season's work:

Starters.	Record.	Sire.	Starts.	First.	Second.	Third.	Fourth.	Unplaced	Amount Won.
Director	2:23¾	Dictator	5	4	....	1	....	....	$1,935 00
Romero	2:19½	A. W. Richmond	3	1	2	....	....	....	1,050 00
Sweetness	2;21¼	Volunteer	4	2	1	....	....	1	775 00
Gibralter	.....	Echo	1	....	1	....	....	....	200 00
Inca	2:27	Woodford Mambrino.	1	....	1	....	....	....	125 00
Total			14	7	5	1	....	1	$4,085 00

JOHN ALDEN GOLDSMITH.

1883—DIRECTOR.

He was foaled in old Kentucky,
Eat the blue grass of Kentucky,
And any horse was lucky
Which from him won a race.
By Dictator, out of Dolly,
Sired Directum and Direct,
Margaret S. and Lena Holly,
Evangeline, all elect,
And winners on a trot or pace.

The form shown by Director in his five races in the fall of 1882 convinced Monroe Salisbury and John Goldsmith that he was too good a horse to remain idle in California while the trotters were busy on the Eastern tracks. Both of them were satisfied that he had speed enough to win in any company, and in order to put their belief to the test they made arrangements during the winter months to cross the mountains with the two stallions, Director and Romero. The first start was made at Chester Park, Cincinnati, on May 24, when Romero, after winning a heat in 2:25, was beaten by Deck Wright. Director made his bow at Pittsburg on June 1 in a race with Hambletonian Bashaw, Alta, Wilbur F. and Willis Woods. The first two heats went to Hambletonian Bashaw in 2:25, 2:25½, and when it looked that the race was all over but the shouting, Goldsmith loomed up with Director and won an old-fashioned race in 2:26, 2:28, 2:26.

At Hartford, June 13, the Goldsmith brothers met in a race, James being behind Walnut, while John had Director, the other competitors being Dan Smith, Cornelia and Kentucky Wilkes. The first heat went to Dan Smith in 2:22½ and the second to Walnut in

2:22½. Dan Smith scored again in the third heat in 2:21½, but the balance of them went to Director in 2:21¼, 2:22, 2:22½. Director's next engagement was at the June meeting of the Driving Club of New York, which was one of the most enthusiastic ever held at Fleetwood Park, the keynote having been struck the week before by W. H. Vanderbilt, when he drove Maud S. and Aldine to an ordinary road wagon in 2:15½. John Goldsmith was also anxious to win at Fleetwood, as he had made his professional debut on that track, and there was a delegation from Orange County on the grounds to see Director perform in his race with Buzz Medium, J. P. Morris, Joe Bunker and Helen. The first heat went to Joe Bunker in 2:19¾, Director finishing third. Joe Bunker also won the second heat in 2:20, Buzz Medium and Director trotting a dead heat for the place. In the third heat Director cut off Joe Bunker on the turn, causing him to break. Director won the heat in 2:22. It only delayed the decision, however, as the Wilkes gelding carried Director to the half in the fourth heat in 1:08½, forced him to break, and won by half a length in 2:19¼. Romero was started in the 2:19 class at this meeting and finished third to Captain Emmons. There was also plenty of excitement on the last day of the meeting, when Majolica, in the three-minute class, trotted a third heat in 2:17, defeating Phallas and Jay Eye See, won the four-year-old race, in which Phil Thompson and Lucy Gernent fell in the deciding heat.

After defeating Cornelia and Walnut at Albany, Director was shipped to Chicago, where he won two races and reduced his record to 2:19½ in the $3,000 stallion race, in which he defeated Monroe Chief,

Black Cloud, France's Alexander and Santa Claus. Director made his record at Cleveland, on August 1. He started there against Kate McCall, Gladiator, Tony Newell and Wilson and won the first heat in 2:19½, Tony Newell being distanced and Wilson laid up. On the next trip Splan stepped Wilson down to the half in 1:09½ and was still leading at the distance, Director being at his neck as the pair flashed by the flagman. The Wilkes gelding wavered under the strain and broke into a scrambling run. As he did, Goldsmith touched Director with the whip and he left his feet. The pair ran under the wire and the judges called it a dead heat in 2:17. Wilson won the third heat in 2:16¼ by two lengths, and also finished in front in the fourth heat, but as he was on a break, it was counted for Director in 2:17¼. In the fifth heat Splan started to make a runaway race of it, and after sprinting with Gladiator to the half in 1:07¾ won the heat in 2:18. The effort killed Wilson, as when the non-heat winners were ruled out, Director had to be pulled up in 2:28¾ to let him inside the distance.

Director's next engagement was in a race for five-year-olds and under at Buffalo with Jay Eye See and Clemmie G., the Director gelding winning, after Goldsmith had won a heat in 2:22. After defeating Duquesne in straight heats at Utica and trotting third to Wilson at Springfield, Director was shipped to Hartford, where he was started in the first $10,000 Charter Oak Stake with Fanny Witherspoon, Wilson, Clemmie G., Phallas, J. B. Thomas, Adele Gould and Overman. Wilson was the favorite, and Mace won the first heat with him in 2:17½. In the second heat Director carried Wilson away so fast that he made a

double break near the half. The second time he left his feet Mace bore out, giving Splan a chance to slip through at the pole with Fanny Witherspoon, and at the same time carried Director wide on the upper turn. The manoeuver gave Fanny Witherspoon the heat in 2:17, with Clemmie G. second and J. B. Thomas third. In the third heat Director rushed off in front and was never headed during the balance of the race, his three winning heats being finished in 2:20, 2:18, 2:19¼. Both Wilson and Fanny Witherspoon made a number of breaks, while the balance of the field could not trot fast enough to reach Director.

After winning a $5,000 race over Forest Patchen, Phyllis, Clemmie G., Josephus, Wilson and Modoc at Narragansett Park, Providence, on September 12, Director was started in a stallion race for a similar amount at Beacon Park against Phallas and Santa Claus. Two breaks cost him the first heat, Phallas winning it in 2:20. In the second, Bither caught Goldsmith napping at the finish and won by a nose in 2:22½. In the third Phallas had a comfortable lead when he reached the upper turn, where he was seen to stop and almost fall. Director and Santa Claus passed him, the former winning in 2:21½. When Phallas finished it was learned that he had stepped on a boot strap, and by it lost the heat and race, as Director then went on and won in 2:20, 2:20½, distancing Santa Claus.

Director trotted his last race at Island Park, Albany, where he started against Phallas and Fanny Witherspoon, and won the first, third and fourth heats in 2:23, 2:23¾, 2:19¾, the second heat, in 2:22, being placed to the credit of Phallas. During the campaign

John Goldsmith drove Director in fifteen races, of which he won twelve and was second in three, his winnings amounting to $18,975. Romero was not so fortunate, as after leaving New York, where he was third to Captain Emmons, he finished second to Joe Bunker at Albany, third to J. B. Thomas at Washington, third to Clemmie G. at Utica, second to J. B. Thomas at Providence, fourth to Kentucky Wilkes at Boston, and was unplaced to Phyllis at Buffalo. The following is a synopsis of the season's work:

Starters.	Record.	Sire.	Starts.	First.	Second.	Third.	Fourth.	Unplaced	Amount Won.
Director	2:17	Dictator	15	12	3	....	....	....	$18,975 00
Romero	.....	A. W. Richmond	9	....	3	3	1	2	2,055 00
Total			24	12	6	3	1	2	$21,030 00

ELECTIONEER—GUY WILKES.

They were monarchs of all they surveyed,
Their get there were few to oppose;
From the Rockies to the Golden Gate,
They were winners as every one knows.
—*With apologies to Cowper.*

When Leland Stanford visited Stony Ford and purchased Electioneer to cross on the stock at Palo Alto he took the first step towards making California a rival of New York and Kentucky as the home of the light harness horse. It is true that he had had trotters, stallions and brood mares prior to the date on which he made his momentous trip to Orange County

and that others had bred a number of horses which had won honors not only on the Pacific Coast but also on the Eastern tracks, but their greatest achievements look dim when compared with what was done by the Palo Alto trotters and those who strove to check their tide of victory. At the time Leland Stanford purchased Electioneer, William Corbett, a thrifty Canadian who had amassed a fortune in the grocery business in San Francisco, owned the stallions Irvington and Arthurton, own brothers by Hambletonian out of the American Star mare, Imogene, that afterwards produced Leland, and was breeding in a small way at San Mateo.

Electioneer's first crop of foals in California was dropped in 1878, the colt trotter, Fred Crocker, being in the bunch. The Arthurton foals for that year also contained Arab and Joe Arthurton. As for Irvington, he was sold and exported to Australia where he sired the dam of the pacer, Ribbonwood, 2:09, while his owner having seen and heard of the triumphs of the Dictator and George Wilkes trotters, started east to purchase a representative of one of these families that was well bred, had a record or could make one. After making overtures to purchase Phallas he selected Guy Wilkes, a bay horse foaled in 1879 by George Wilkes, dam Lady Bunker by Mambrino Patchen, second dam Lady Dunn, the Seely's American Star mare that also produced Joe Bunker, 2:19¼, the gray gelding which defeated Director at New York and Romero at Albany in 1883. Lady Dunn and Flora Gardiner were, so far as I know, the only mares by Seely's American Star that were bred to Mambrino horses. The last named produced Guy 2:09¾ and Fred Folger 2:20¼, the

only two of her foals broken to harness, and Lady Dunn is now referred to as the dam of Joe Bunker 2:19¼, and Lady Bunker the dam of Guy Wilkes 2:15¼, El Mahdi 2:25½, William L. and Declaration all four sires of speed.

GEORGE WILKES.

He was the greatest Roman of them all.
—*Shakespeare.*

Lady Dunn's fame is linked with that of George Wilkes whose early days in Orange County and on Long Island, as graphically sketched in 1864 by Charles J. Foster, cannot be other than acceptable to the present generation of readers, as at the close of 1902 seven thousand one hundred and fifty trotters or pacers out of eighteen thousand five hundred and forty-seven trotters and nine thousand seven hundred and thirteen pacers carry a strain of his blood: —

"George Wilkes is a brown horse, with one white heel. He stands about fifteen hands, is broad and strong, as well as low and long, and is remarkably high behind. His propelling power is very great, no living horse exceeding him in this grand characteristic. The dam of George Wilkes was a brown mare called Dolly Spanker. It is said that she was by Mambrino. This mare was brown, like her son, and stood about fifteen two. He is the only foal she ever had. She belonged at Rochester, where she was

owned by Joseph Lewis, who sold her to William A. Delevan, a member of the circus establishment of Welsh and Delevan. By this gentleman the brown mare was sold to Henry D. Felter, of New York, whose father, Colonel Felter, of Orange County, no sooner saw her than he declared she would make a very fine brood-mare. It is a little more than ten years since he purchased her of his son for $375, and took her to Orange County to be bred to Hambletonian. That celebrated horse was then almost unknown to fame, being but five years old. Colonel Felter and his son, however, joined in predicting that he would in due time be as renowned as his sire, Abdallah. In the latter part of May, 1855, Dolly Spanker was bred to Hambletonian, and when she returned to Colonel Felter's farm she was pregnant with the greatest and fastest heir to the accumulated fame of the Messengers. The wise and worthy gentleman who had her felt a presentiment, while she was big with foal, that the colt would be a world's wonder, and, in spite of the badinage of his sons and neighbors, stuck to that opinion, even when the colt she dropped was a weak and puny thing. A misfortune, too, now happened to the mother, which would have shaken the faith of almost any other man than Colonel Felter. Before the colt was forty-eight hours old she ruptured herself, and could not suckle her offspring. The Job's-comforters now declared to Colonel Felter that the puny little colt would never be worth raising. The Colonel replied, with some contempt, that he had the stout and hardy blood of the Messengers and Bellfounders to bring him through, and that he would raise him by hand. It

finally appeared, though not until he was well advanced as a yearling, that the colt had a good deal of the robust qualities which distinguished his ancestors. Now, then, in spite of the discouragements which had attended the birth of the colt, Colonel Felter went to raise him by a bottle. From the first he had his peculiarities, and with a judgment that many would have applauded in one so young, he refused milk from the bottle until it was flavored with a little sugar and a good dash of old Jamaica rum. He very soon became the pet of the family, running up to the stoop at the whistle of the Colonel or the call of the ladies, and never failing to kick up a row among the maids if his milk-punch was not prepared in proper season. But he was still no beauty. When Henry Felter went up to see him, he exclaimed, as the colt came to his father's whistle, "Oh, what a head!"

"Never mind his head—he ain't going to trot on his head," said the Colonel. "Look at his hips and haunches and thighs, and those knees and shoulders."

"Henry Felter had to acknowledge that the colt possessed great motive power, and that his traveling machinery, in spite of his queer look, was first-rate. He noticed, too, that coming to Colonel Felter's whistle, and he came very fast, the little fellow trotted square and fine, having apparently no notion of a gallop. But it was the old story of the ugly duck, that was pelted by the fools and boys, and turned out finally to be a swan. When the colt was three, Henry Felter received a message from his father, saying that if he would come up home he would see something.

"See something," quoth Harry: "I shall, if I ain't struck blind!" But next day he started for the home-

stead. The something to be seen was the colt in a road-wagon. The father and son got in, and the way the punch-drinker whirled them along the road was a caution to three-year-olds and nervous gentlemen. Presently he struck a pace, and the Colonel laying on the whip, they almost flew. The colt was in truth a natural pacer as well as a trotter, and when suffered to pace he was nearly as swift as a bird on the wing. He now made his first trot in public. The scene of it was at Washington Hollow. The three-year-old was matched with a noted trotter for a dash once around the course, in harness. Colonel Felter drove him. He had the best of it until they came on to the stretch, where the crowd frightened the colt and caused him to break almost to a standstill. The other horse got a lead of four or five lengths; but now, striking his trot and answering the whip the brown colt made a tremendous burst of speed, collared his opponent, and beat him at the post. The rush with which the colt had darted on to his opponent, when the race seemed virtually over, surprised even Colonel Felter himself, and the majority of the lookers-on did not know what to make of it.

"Next year he was matched with Guy Miller, a good one of Orange County, the seed-plot of the trotting horses. While it was pending, Horace F. Jones drove the brown colt a trial. Assuring Mr. Felter that he could win the match, he said he should like to train him for it, and in this way the colt was first taken to Long Island. When the time for trotting the match was near at hand, Colonel Felter came down and found he could not trot a bit. He was off, and the Colonel paid forfeit. He did not, however,

take the colt away, but sold him to Jones for $3,000 and a gray mare valued at $1,000. Jones afterwards sold him to Z. E. Simmons. This was in the fall of 1860.

"Next spring there was much talk about the fast trotters that were in Jones' stable at the Union Course. There were three of which great things were expected. In regard to two of them such expectations have been answered. The brown stallion was one, the bay gelding, Nutwood, another; and from these two first proceeded that great volume of fame for their sire, Hambletonian, which has since well-nigh filled the land. But the common talk then ran upon the Alley colt (Dexter), who was the third in the stable. It was generally thought that this was the flyer of whom Dame Rumor had it that he could trot in 2 m. 17 s., or thereabout. One bright May morning, at the request of Z. E. Simmons, I met him and H. D. Felter at Jones' stable. The Alley colt was shown as the wonder; but upon modestly intimating an opinion to Simmons and Jones that the brown stallion was worth about a field full of such as the other, they confidentially admitted that he was the real "Simon Pure." He was just then shaping into the fine horse he has since become, and showed quite as much speed in rushes as he has ever done since. In size, make and shape, as well as color, he resembled the illustrious little four-mile horse, Whalebone, who forms, with his sire, Waxy, the great double link between Eclipse and the best race horses of modern times. This struck me the moment I laid eyes on him. There was more stuff in him than in half the big horses, and so it is with (Robert Filling-

ham) George Wilkes. It is the pulp and essence of horseflesh and frame. All the moving parts are as big as those in a horse of sixteen hands, and there are no grossness and waste to be carried.

"Not long after the visit to the Island I fell in with Pelham John, and very soon discovered that there was something on his mind. With some circumlocution John said that there was a fast colt in Jones' stable. Remarking that I had heard something to that effect, I began to dilate upon the Alley colt.

" 'Tain't him,' says John, in a mysterious whisper, and looking around to be sure there were no eavesdroppers. 'It's the stallion—he's a screamer.'

" 'How do you know?' "

" 'I happened over at the Centreville the other morning and saw the stallion to a road-wagon.'

" 'Well, what did he do?' "

" 'He beat Columbia, and went a twenty-gait, just as sure as you're born.'

"In a few days it came to Z. E. Simmons that Pelham John had been saying the colt could beat anything on the Island, and he asked me what was to be done. I prescribed the remedy that had brought the colt out of his troubles, a course of milk-punches; and in a few days John received a present of a fine milch-cow and a demijohn of Jamaica rum from the owner of the stallion.

"His first trot on the Island came off that year. It was with Bellfounder and Abdallah Chief. Not long before the time of trotting Robert Fillingham, the name that he carried until the close of 1864, when it was changed to George Wilkes, was taken with the distemper, but, as it was thought he could beat the

others very handily, it was resolved to start him. He won it with ease, not being called upon to trot much better than 2:33¼. His next race was the $10,000 match with Ethan Allen. I had now begun to call often upon the brown stallion, and used to stand on Cherry Avenue, at the Fashion Course, while William Cunningham led him up and down. He was always an eccentric sort of a horse, and he used to plod on with a lounging walk after Cunningham, much as a young elephant in the East follows his mahout. Like the elephant, too, he would get mad at times and threaten to run amuck. I have said that when a suckling in Orange County he would make a muss among the maids if his milk-punch was not provided at the proper hour; and now that he had attained horse estate, he made nothing of summarily pulling Bill out of bed when the hour for his first feed arrived. He began by pulling the bed-clothes from the cot, as a gentle hint; and if that was not speedily attended to, he took Bill by the shirt and pulled him on to the floor.

"The trot between these stallions, one the acknowledged best representative of the Morgan blood, and the other a promising scion of the great Messenger strain, took place on the Fashion Course, September 10, 1862. It was mile heats, best three in five, in harness, for $10,000. Ethan Allen had been trained by Mace, and looked well. Wilkes had received unremitting attention from Horace Jones, and came on in capital condition. The concourse of people was immense. A vast number of gentlemen had come from the Eastern States, and many from the West were also in attendance. Most of these held to the notion

that Ethan could not lose it. In vain I expostulated and told personal friends that the brown horse would trot right over him in the last half-mile. It was of no use. It was an infatuation, a sort of religion with them, that the beautiful little bay, the pride of New England, could not be beaten by the horse that trudged lazily along behind Bill Cunningham as if he was lame all around. 'Oh, what a walk!' was the cry of the strangers, and I dare say they felt somewhat disappointed, for the truth is that George Wilkes only shows his fine points when going fast. You must see him going at a twenty-gait to appreciate the real beauty of that marvelous machinery. But though the strangers held Ethan in high favor, New York made the brown stallion the leader in the betting at 100 to 40. Two to one was laid that Ethan did not win a heat. It so turned out. Wilkes won it in three heats, with uncommon ease. Ethan went ahead each heat to the half-mile, but when they reached the appletree turn, where Wilkes had been taught to pass the running horse, Rube, who was ridden by the side of him at his work, he just went away from the little bay with his ears pricked. The fastest piece of trotting I ever saw, I think, was in the second heat. There is a little descent by the apple-trees, and here the brown horse sent out his long thighs, haunches, and stifles to some purpose. It was like the rising of a camel—the straightening out of Doctor Weldon's angles. He passed Ethan Allen just as if he had been hobbled. Time in this race was 2:24¾, 2:25¾, 2:31. The winner virtually walked over in the last heat. At that time he was not a quick beginner. For steadiness as a trotter he was the most incomparable

horse that I have ever seen. He never breaks of himself, and the truth is that he can trot faster than he can run, and faster than a great many other horses can run.

"A match was now made between the stallion and the black horse, General Butler, the latter to go under saddle, while the other went in harness. Butler had come very fast in reputation as a trotting horse. At one time nobody but George Hopkins believed in him; but when he defeated Panic and Jilt it began to be thought that 'the contraband' was no counterfeit at least. It was declared by Hopkins that his strong point was under saddle, and a nice little party got up one moonlight night to see him put through a trial, with Socks, the runner, by his side. What question they asked him is not known, but it must have been answered in the affirmative, for Joe Cocheron was soon after heard declaring that he could be backed against the stallion. I had always before that taken 'Uncle Joe' for one of Caesar's favorites—'fat-headed men who sleep o' nights;' but we hear that he was as alert as anybody on this noctural but interesting occasion. Harry Genet, the owner of Butler, said that his horse must win. 'The contraband' was at the very pitch of condition, drawn to bone and sinew, all the weak and washy particles having been eliminated. Mace rode him, and never rode better; Jones drove the stallion, and drove him well. It was two to one on Wilkes at the start, but it speedily appeared that 'the contraband' was a magnificent trotter. He took the lead, and went to the half-mile in 1:10, with a lead of five or six lengths. This he maintained to the head of the stretch. In coming home the stallion made a

gallant rush and shut up three lengths of daylight, but Butler beat him to the post in 2:21½. The stallion won the second heat in 2:24¾.

"The third was one of the fastest and best-contested heats ever seen. To the half-mile there never was daylight between them, although Butler was a little ahead. Going up the hill he stole on until he led by two lengths; but now, around the apple-tree turn, Wilkes closed with him and they came on to the stretch together. At the draw-gate the stallion was a neck in advance, but Mace rallied 'the contraband,' and coming with a rush on the post, won it by half a length; the time, 2:23. The fourth heat was trotted in the dark, Butler winning it.

"The next matches in which George Wilkes was engaged were with Rockingham, the gray gelding owned by John Morrisey, and now in the possession of Commodore Vanderbilt. They were to go three races, the first in double harness with a running mate. Wilkes did not work well in double harness, and they paid forfeit. Mile heats, three in five, in harness, followed. The first heat was won by Rockingham, for the stallion made a break at the beginning of it; the time was 2:28¼, while the stallion trotted the last half-mile of it in 1:11¼. Wilkes won the second and third heats in 2:27½, 2:28¼, and then Rockingham was drawn with a bowed tendon. George Wilkes was now removed to the stable of Hiram Woodruff. The last of the three matches with Rockingham was to go as they pleased. The stallion went in harness, 'Old Blocks' driving. Rockingham was under saddle, that able and elegant young rider, Bud Doble, being on him. The stallion

won it with ease in three straight heats—2:24½, 2:27¾, 2:32½. The gelding had 'a leg,' and Hiram took his own time."

The balance of the races in which George Wilkes started can be found in "Chester's Complete Trotting and Pacing Record." As for the pedigree of George Wilkes, those who consult the colored prints which were issued when he was racing, will find that he was represented as being by Hambletonian, dam by Mambrino. In the seventies, when he was becoming famous as a sire, some one in Northern New York found a clue to the breeding of Dolly Spanker and eventually presented evidence to show that she was by Henry Clay, dam Telegraph, by Baker's Highlander. This pedigree was accepted and appeared in the "Trotting Register" until after that publication was transferred to the "American Trotting Register Association," when a more thorough investigation showed conclusively that Dolly Spanker was not by Henry Clay, and now the breeding of George Wilkes, the founder of the greatest family of trotters, reads "by Hambletonian, dam Dolly Spanker, breeding unknown." The tendency to pace which George Wilkes showed as a colt, and which has appeared in all of his get that have come under my observation, came without a doubt through Dolly Spanker, and if her breeding is ever learned, it will no doubt be found that like Strathmore, the only other pacer that I ever heard of by Hambletonian, she will, like Lady Waltemire, have a pacing cross close up. Possibly her dam may have been brought on from the West by drovers, like Shanghai Mary, and, like her, belonged to the Cadmus family, which gave the turf Smuggler and Pocahontas.

DOLLY SPANKER.

Far above all reward, yet to which all is due;
And this, ye great unknown! is only known to you.
—*Swift*

At the time that Dolly Spanker's pedigree was thrown out, I had a talk with Z. E. Simmons on the subject. He said: "I bought George Wilkes when he was four years old, in 1860, from Colonel Felter. He was then a fast colt, and when the sale was made, I asked the breeding of the dam

"'Oh, I don't know anything about her breeding,' said the Colonel. 'They called her a Mambrino, but you know her anyway, as she was that kicking mare that Harry delivered his groceries with. Don't you remember?' he continued. 'Well, she was the mare that Van Cott cut the tail off. She had a roan stripe over her loins.'

"I trotted Wilkes to 1866 or 1867 and then gave my brother half of him. Afterwards he was sent to Kentucky, and when he became famous, another effort was made to trace his dam. I had looked into it and could learn nothing further than that she was traded for by one of the firm of circus men that afterwards built the theater that occupied the site where the New York Herald Building now stands. A member of this firm told me that he was driving on in front of the show when his horse gave out. Meeting a man on a fresh-looking mare a trade was effected. The mare acted first-class that day, but on the following one she kicked herself free from the wagon and scattered everything. This was too much, so she

was put into one of the teams and remained there until the show came back to New York.

"The balance of the old mare's history is well known. She was hammered around New York, and, after being knocked out, was presented by Harry Felter to his father, who bred her to Hambletonian and got the brown colt that became famous under the name of George Wilkes.

"Years after, some one struck a trail and showed that Dolly Spanker was by Henry Clay, but as far as I am concerned, and so far as I know, her breeding is unknown."

GEORGE WILKES TRIBE.

An acre of performance is worth the whole land of promise.
—Howell.

So much for the founder of the family of which Guy Wilkes, thanks to the skill of John Alden Goldsmith, proved one of the best representatives, and in order to show what a remarkable horse George Wilkes was, I have prepared the following tabulation, which contains the names of his get that acquired standard records or sired or produced performers with standard records up to the close of 1902, under the year, when known, in which they were foaled, as published in "Wallace's Year Book. It will be found by referring to same that George Wilkes sired a few foals before being taken to Kentucky, where he was in service from 1873 to May 28,

1882. The breeders in Kentucky did not take very kindly at the start to what was called Simmons' "little baked pony," and their neglect proved a blessing in disguise, as the bulk of the bookings to him were mares by Mambrino Patchen, which were at that period considered "no account." It proved the golden cross, and, as Hamilton Busbey at a later date aptly remarked, "Speed still springs from the soil where the ashes of George Wilkes rest."

1861.

Olmstead's Young Wilkes (2 t., 1 p.)
Pineapple (1 t.)

1862.

Robert Fillingham, Jr. (1 p.)

1863.

Lady Irwin, dam of
Clifton Boy 2:30.

1868.

Fuller Wilkes (1 t.)
May Bird 2:21.
Lady Simmons, dam of
David Wilkes (p.) 2:22¼.
Tansey, dam of
Billy Sayre (1 t., 1 p.)
Butterfly 2:19¾.
Eagle Bird 2:21
(32 t., 10 p.)
Night Hawk (1 t., 1 p.)
Wilkes Spirit (5 t.)
Young Wilkes 2:28¼
(28 t., 4 p.)

1873.

Busbey 2:29¼.

1874.

Bay Wilkes (1 t.)
Blondine 2:24¾.
Col. Wilkes (2 p.)
Com. Wilkes (2 t.)
Ella G., dam of
Aaron March (1 p.)
Delmarch 2:11½
(25 t., 19 p.)
Elegy 2:29¼.
Lorraine (2 t., 1 p.)
Marea 2:22.
Wilkesbrino 2:22¾
(1 t., 2 p.)
Fanny Wilkes, dam of
Lee J., 2:19¼.
Marcasson (1 t.)
Patron Wilkes 2:25¾.
Tom Stuart (1 t.)
Finesse, dam of
Count Princeps (p.)
2:20¼.
Idol Wilkes (4 t., 4 p.)
Joe Bunker 2:19¼.
Kentucky Wilkes 2:21¼
(20 t., 3 p.)
Lyle Wilkes (6 t., 1 p.)
Mambrino Wilkes (9 t., 6 p.)
Mark Field (4 t., 2 p.)
Molly F., dam of
France 2:26.
Nanny Lyon, dam of
Madison Smith 2:29¼.
Overstreet Wilkes (3 t., 2 p.)
Prospect Maid 2:23¼, dam of
Anheuser 2:18¼.
Red Wilkes (118 t., 43 p.)

Rivulet, dam of
Equity Wilkes (p.) 2:23¼.
Silverlet 2:24¼.
The King 2:29¼ (18 t., 4 p.)
Wilkesonian (10 t., 5 p.)
Young Jim (39 t., 7 p.)
Zachariah (1 t.)

1875.

Ambassador 2:21¼ (50 t., 17 p.)
Annabel, dam of
Dolly Withers 2:29½.
Almont Wilkes (3 t., 2 p.)
Barney Wilkes (11 t., 5 p.)
Bourbon Wilkes (52 t., 44 p.)
Conn's Harry Wilkes (6 t., 4 p.)
Crape Lisse, dam of
Balzarine 2:27.
Braid (t.) 2:18¼ (p.) 2:10¾.
King Rene, Jr., 2:17.
Flora Wilkes (p.) 2:19½, dam of Twinkle 2:25¼.
Forward (3 t., 2 p.)
Kitty Wilkes, dam of
Patrick Martin (p.) 2:23¼.
Rajah 2:29¼ (1 t.)
Lumps 2:21 (18 t., 7 p.)
Mambrino Wilkes 2:28¾ (9 t., 7 p.)
Mike Wilkes (t.) 2:26½ (p.) 2:15¾.
Onward 2:25¼ (132 t., 37 p.)
Sherman 2:23½ (14 t., 4 p.)
Sherman Wilkes (2 t., 1 p.)
So So 2:17¼, dam of
All So 2:20¼ (2 t., 3 p.)
Miss So So 2:24¼.
Oh So 2:25½ (5 t., 6 p.)
Reve So 2:28¼.
Syra (p.) 2:12¾.
Stokesie, dam of
Al B. 2:25¼.
Virgie Wilkes, dam of
Chatsworth 2:24.
Rectitude 2:28.
Satrap (p.) 2:19½ (1 t., 4 p.)
Vivanette (p.) 2:26¾.

1876.

Alcantara 2:23 (104 t., 47 p.)
Anglin 2:27½.
Bonnie Wilkes 2:29½, dam of
Bon Bon 2:26.
Bonnie Bon 2:29¾.
Bonnie June 2:30.
Bonnie Nutwood 2:29¼.
Brown Wilkes 2:21¾ (36 t., 14 p.)
Coronet (3 t., 2 p.)
Fuga, dam of
Aristocrat (1 t.)
Fugue 2:19¼.
Noblesse 2:24 (4 t., 3 p.)
Governor Wilkes (1 t., 1 p.)
Harry Wilkes 2:13½ (1 t.)
Helen Wilkes, dam of
Burlock (p.) 2:20½.
Ira Wilkes (t.) 2:28 (p.) 2:22¾ (8 t., 12 p.)
Jessica, dam of
Fredia 2:25¼
Lord Dufferin 2:27¾.
Queen Wilkes 2:26½.
King Wilkes 2:22¼ (23 t., 3 p.)
Lady Wilkes, dam of
Bellerene 2:26¾.
Tennyson 2:27¼.
Wilkesmont 2:27 (2 t., 3 p.)
Lizzie Wilkes, dam of
Reserve Fund. (6 t., 6 p.)
Wilkes Nutwood (p.) 2:24¾ (6 t., 5 p.)
Lulu Wilkes, dam of
Advertiser 2:15¼ (6 t., 2 p.)
Alla 2:21½.
Welbeck 2:22¼.

Maggie Wilkes, dam of
Chitwood (p.) 2:22¼
(5 t., 3 p.)
Newcomb 2:29¾ (1 t.)
Nutpine (p.) 2:15¼
Wilkeswood 2:23½
(14 t., 6 p.)
Mayflower dam of
Patoche (p.) 2:23¼.
Miss Wilkes 2:29, dam of
Mamie Wilkes 2:24¼.
Nora Wilkes, dam of
Bayonet (1 p.)
Marco Polo 2:21.
Robbie Wilkes (1 t., 2 p.)
Richard Wilkes 2:26¼.
Rosalie Wilkes, dam of
Ferguson Wilkes 2:25.
Rosa Wilkes 2:18¼, dam of
Blake 2:13¼ (2 t., 1 p.)
St. Gothard 2:27 (19 t., 3 p.)
Sally Brass 2:36½, dam of
Dick Hubbard 2:09¾.
Sister Wilkes 2:22¾, dam of
Celaya 2:11¼.
Sophia, dam of
George Gould (p.) 2:25.
Tom Rogers 2:20 (2 t.)
Vesta Wilkes, dam of
Dictator Wilkes (p) 2:23¼.
Wilcox (p.) 2:16
Wilson 2:16¼.
Wilkie Collins (16 t., 5 p.)
Zelinda Wilkes, dam of
Nettle Leaf 2:23¼.
San Malo 2:26¼.

1877.

Abby 2:26, dam of
Abbie X. 2:23½.
Wilkes View 2:23½.
Alcyone, 2:27 (50 t., 9 p.)
Bob's Jug 2:22¾.
Defender 2:26 (3 t.)
Fallacy, dam of
Bethel (p.) 2:18¼.
Grimalkin (2 t.)
Le Clede (p.) 2:18¼.
Rivett 2:25¼.
Fanny Wilkes 2:26¼, dam of
Noble 2:30.
Favorite Wilkes 2:24½
(23 t., 8 p.)
Georgia Wilkes (3 t., 1 p.)
J. B. Richardson 2:16¾.
Jessie Wilkes, dam of
Annie Dickinson (p.)
2:15½.
Pygmalion 2:25½.
Kitty Wilkes 2:30, dam of
Glenville 2:22¼.
Maggie Moser, dam of
Nutwood Wilkes (p)
2:23.
Rowena 2:24½.
Sue Wilkes, dam of
Wilkes McGregor 2:30.
Sionara, dam of
Adora 2:28½.

1878.

Abdallah Wilkes (9 t., 6 p.)
Adrian Wilkes (23 t., 34 p.)
Albert France 2:20¼.
Bella, dam of
Philosopher (p.) 2:21½.
Beverly Wilkes (2 t.)
Count Wilkes (4 t.)
Fayette Wilkes (1 t.)
Gen. Hancock (3 t., 12 p.)
Hattie Allen, dam of
Decorah 2:26¾.
Honesty 2:22 (p.)
Isaac 2:25¼.
Jay Bird (82 t., 6 p.)
Madison Wilkes 2:24¾
(3 t., 2 p.)
Nelly L. 2:23¼, dam of
Actuary (p.) 2:20¼.
Breadwinner 2:29¾.
Marie C. 2:16¼.
Podie, dam of
Banquet 2:24.
Castalia 2:22½.

Remembrance, dam of
El Banecia 2:17¼. (2 t., 2 p.)
Remember (p) 2:21¾ (1 p.)
Tennessee Dictator (1 t., 3 p.)
Virginia Jim 2:12½.
Vandalia Wilkes, dam of
Vandal Wilkes (p.) 2:24.

1879.

Ada Wilkes, dam of
Keeler 2:13¼.
Bartholomew Wilkes (13 t., 4 p.)
Becky Sharp, dam of
King Eagle 2:30 (1 p.)
Double Stroke (1 p.)
Cathedral, dam of
Lady Glenmere 2:27¼
Pastoral 2:13¼.
Pilgrim (t) 2:20¾ (p.) 2:10½.
Villiers 2:21¾.
Emily, dam of
Billy Thornhill 2:24½ (5 t.)
Col. Young 2:23¼ (2 t., 5 p.)
Fortuna 2:22.
Redondo (5 t., 2 p.)
Favorita 2:25½, dam of
Jack Dawson 2:16¼.
Poteen 2:14¼.
Georgie, dam of
Charmer 2:29¼.
Gadabout 2:19¼.
Globard 2:19¼.
Quickly (p.) 2:14½.
Guy Wilkes 2:15¼ (71 t.,8 p.)
Humming Bird, dam of
Jubilant 2:22 (2 t.)
Jeff Wilkes 2:29¼.
Kate Wilkes, dam of
Kate Wilton 2:27.
Kate Wilkes, dam of
Posey Follette (p.) 2:19½.
Madrid (11 t., 6 p.)
Manola, dam of
Questator 2:27.
Mina Wilkes, dam of
Minter 2:28¼.
Mustard (p.) 2:08½.
Obispo (1 p.)
Refina (p.) 2:08½.
Queen Wilkes 2:23¾.
Sally Wilkes, dam of
Chastelard 2:29¾ (2 t., 2 p.)
Dignus (1 p.)
Kildare (3 t.)
Spain (p.) 2:17¼.
Wiseacre 2:19¼.
Simmons 2:28 (88 t., 22 p.)
Star Wilkes (7 t., 5 p.)

1880.

Allie Wilkes (9 t., 11 p.)
Betterton (9 t., 7 p.)
Budd Crooke (p.) 2:15½ (1 t., 13 p.)
Clay Wilkes (2 t., 2 p.)
Cortland Wilkes (2 t.)
Cuba 2:27¾.
Daisy Wilkes 2:30, dam of
Wild Olive 2:27¾.
Doris, dam of
Barclay 2:20¼.
Frank Jones 2:16¼.
Early Dawn 2:21½.
Ellerslie Wilkes 2:22½ (20 t., 7 p.)
Ethan Wilkes (15 t., 11 p.)
Ferguson (4 t., 6 p.)
Georgiana 2:26¼, dam of
George Wood 2:28¼.
M. J. M. 2:15¾.
Hambletonian Wilkes (13 t., 11 p.)
Howard 2:27¼.
Joy, dam of
Waco 2:16¼.
Lizzie Wilkes 2:22¾.
Lexington Wilkes (3 t., 1 p.)
Louise Wilkes, dam of
Axminister 2:21¾.

Macey (p.) 2:29½ (5 t.)
Magna Wilkes 2:23½.
Mona Wilkes, dam of
George Willis 2:23.
June Wilk 2:29¼.
Petoskey (4 t., 20 p.)
Pilot Wilkes (p.) 2:23
(8 t., 6 p.)
Sentinella Wilkes, dam of
Carrie Bals (p.) 2:24¼.
Sir Wilkes (p.) 2:24¾ (1 p.)
Tennessee Wilkes 2:27
(7 t., 15 p.)
Wilkes Boy 2:24½
(55 t., 16 p.)
Wilton 2:19¼ (98 t., 15 p.)

1881.

Alicia 2:30.
Anglia, dam of
Anglina 2:11¾.
Effie Hill 2:21½.
Carrie 2:29¾, dam of
Darwin 2:13.
Manager (p.) 2:06¾
(2 t., 7 p.)
Woodboy 2:19¼ (1 t.)
Carrie Wilkes, dam of
Bay Baron (p.) 2:12¼.
Wilkie Russell 2:15
(2 t., 3 p.)
Dewey Eve, dam of
Galileo Rex (p) 2:12¾
(4 t., 6 p.)
McGregor Wilkes 2:27¼
(2 p.)
Edith dam of
Hummer (15 t., 9 p.)
Idolita 2:09¼.
Gambetta Wilkes 2:19¼
(58 t., 59 p.)
General Wilkes 2:21¾
(7 t., 12 p.)
Jersey Wilkes (25 t., 11 p.)
Kansas Wilkes (p.) 2:22½.
(2 p.)
Montana Maid, dam of
Minnie Simmons (p) 2:12.
Moonstone 2:28½.
Monte Christo (4 t., 2 p.)
Nelly Wilkes, dam of
Wilksie G., 2:22¼.
Pettie, dam of
Gold Edge 2:26¼.
Silver Edge 2:23¾.
Roxana, dam of
George M. (p.) 2:20¼.
Sealskin Wilkes 2:29½
(4 t., 1 p.)
Susie Wilkes, dam of
Daisy N. 2:25½.
Walsingham (15 t., 10 p.)
Wheeling Wilkes (1 p.)
Willie Wilkes 2:28, dam of
Aspirator (p.) 2:24½.
Bowery Belle 2:18¼.
Bowery Boy (p.) 2:15¼.
Deluge 2:24½.
Great Heart 2:12½
(1 t., 4 p.)
Rachel (p.) 2:08¼.
Woodsprite (5 t.)

1882.

Baron Wilkes 2:18
(83 t., 21 p.)
Black Wilkes 2:28½
(4 t., 5 p.)
Boston Wilkes (2 t., 4 p.)
Brignoli Wilkes 2:14½
(4 t., 1 p.)
Dunton Wilkes (3 t., 10 p.)
Empire Wilkes 2:29¼
(6 t., 2 p.)
Erie Wilkes (4 p.)
Florence Elmore 2:26¾, dam
of Night Bell 2:25¼.
Gabrina, dam of
Orania 2:18¼.
Hector Wilkes (4 t.)
Irma Wilkes, dam of
Arrowwood (8 t., 11 p.)
Irmgard 2:24½.
Irish Mag, dam of
Etta Wilkes 2:19½.
Mickey 2:20.
Jimmy Temple (t.) 2:22½
(p.) 2:23¼.

Josie Wilkes, dam of
Kingmoore 2:28¼ (1 t.)
Wardship 2:23¾.
Kaiser 2:28½ (9 t., 6 p.)
Lady Dunton, dam of
Alvina Wilkes (p.) 2:10.
Mamie S. (p.) 2:21¾.
Lady Lyle, dam of
Earlmont (t.) 2:25 (p.) 2:09¾.
Lulu Wilkes, dam of
Direction (p.) 2:08¼ (1 t., 1 p.)
Ignis Fatuus 2:20½ (1 t.)
Jacobin 2:23½.
Marguerite, dam of
Exploit (t.) 2:19¼ (p.) 2:08½.
Melrose, dam of
Frances 2:30.
Glenview Belle 2:20½.
Marie Wilkes, dam of
Vollula (p) 2:15.
Nora Wilkes, dam of
Dubuque (1 t.)
Nowood (p.) 2:12½. (6 t., 2 p.)
Norawood (p.) 2:19¾.
Farwood (1 t.)
Norman Wilkes (1 t., 1 p.)
Patchen Wilkes 2:29½ (20 t., 18 p.)
Prince Charles (1 t.)
Prophet Wilkes (p.) 2:21¼. (4 t., 4 p.)
Ross Wilkes (2 t., 3 p.)
Sentinel Wilkes (9 t., 7 p.)
Wickliffe (9 t., 5 p.)
William L. (6 t., 4 p.)
Woodford Wilkes (27 t., 14 p.)

1883.

Little Marchioness, dam of
Altonette 2:29¾.

The years that the following were foaled is not known by the writer:

Dam of Maggie Nelson 2:26¾.
Easton Wilkes (1 t.)
George Wilkes, Jr. (5 t., 3 p.)
Ida Barker, dam of
York Wilkes (p.) 2:25.

1884—GUY WILKES.

Record maker, record breaker, record getter,
A few as good, some as fast; none better.

When John Goldsmith returned to California, after the Director campaign, a number of prominent breeders offered him their stock to develop, and, in order to comply with their demands, he resigned his position as trainer for Monroe Salisbury, who has been a "King maker" in the matter of drivers, as well as horses, and opened a public stable. He also purchased the Nutwood mare, Manon, and when the

California circuit got under way, he stepped out and won five races with her off the reel, giving her a mark of 2:21 at Sacramento, where she defeated Brigadier, Allan Roy, Vanderlynn and Albert W. William Corbett was represented in John Goldsmith's stable by Joe Arthurton and Guy Wilkes, both of which won all of the races in which they started during the campaign of 1884, the Arthurton gelding closing the season with a record of 2:25¼, and Guy Wilkes with a mark of 2:19¼, made in the deciding heat of a $3,000 match race, in which he defeated Adair. Goldsmith also campaigned the Admiral mare, Sister, for Monroe Salisbury, starting her in twelve races, of which she won six, was second in five, and third in one, and gave her a mark of 2:22½ in a third heat at Oakland, where she defeated B. B., Trump Wilson and Scandinavian. The following table presents a synopsis of the season's work:

Starters.	Record.	Sire.	Starts.	First.	Second.	Third.	Fourth.	Unplaced	Amount Won.
Guy Wilkes	2:19¼	George Wilkes	9	9	....	....	....	....	$6,500 00
Sister	2:21½	Admiral	12	6	5	1	....	....	3,362 50
Manon	2:21	Nutwood	5	5	....	....	....	....	2,175 00
Maude (p)	2:20	Bertrand Black Hawk	7	4	1	1	....	1	1,400 00
Joe Arthurton	2:25½	Arthurton	3	3	....	....	....	....	1,380 00
Regina	2:34½	Electioneer	3	....	3	....	....	....	425 00
Anteeo	2:24	Electioneer	1	1	....	....	....	....	250 00
Cleveland	2:32¼	.....	1	....	1	....	....	....	125 00
Romero	.....	A. W. Richmond	1	....	1	....	....	....	125 00
Blaine	2:34	Oregon Pathfinder	2	1	1	....	....	....	100 00
Sam Lewis (p)	2:26	Echo	1	....	....	1	....	....	75 00
Pope Leo	.....	Romeo	1	....	....	....	....	1	.....
Total			46	29	12	3	....	2	$15,867 50

1885—ANTEEO.

He was Scotch, you could tell by the burr.
With opinions as firm as poles,
That warm blood and tips make the trotter,
As shown by Columbine's foals.

When the bell rang for the California Circuit in 1885, Guy Wilkes was in Orrin A. Hickok's hands, and in the campaign that followed, Nelly R., Arab and the George Wilkes stallion had too much speed for the members of John Goldsmith's stable. He evaded them at Santa Rosa and Petaluma, where he won with Anteeo, and finally gave that horse this record of 2:16½ in a $2,000 match race with Adair at San Francisco on October 30. During the season Anteeo also trotted second to Ruby at Oakland, and second to Arab in two races at the Bay District, Guy Wilkes and Adair being below him in the summary in one of them. Manon won her first two races over Adair and Albert W., these successes being followed by two defeats by Nelly R. and three by Guy Wilkes. Sister took the word in five races, but failed to win, her score being four seconds and a third, the big end of the purse in three of the events going to Arab, and one each to Adair and Albert W.

The four-year-old colt, Dawn, by Nutwood, made a very favorable showing, his best race being trotted at Sacramento, where he defeated Pansy, Anteeo, Voucher and Nona Y. in a five-heat race, and made a record of 2:25¾, while Maude made a clean score for John Goldsmith by winning at Santa Rosa, Oakland, Sacramento and Stockton, and equalled her record of 2:20 in the deciding heat of her last race. While at Santa Rosa, in August, John Goldsmith started the

Santa Claus colt, Sidney, and won two heats, giving him a record of 2:29, but was distanced by Pocahontas. He also had Monroe Chief in training for a short time at Oakland, where he started him in a special with Arab and Nellie R. He showed all of his old-time speed until he met with a mishap which put him on the retired list. The names of the other starters appear in the following table:

Starters.	Record.	Sire.	Starts.	First.	Second.	Third.	Fourth.	Unplaced	Amount Won.
Anteeo	2:16½	Electioneer	7	4	3	....	....	....	$3,287 50
Manon	.....	Nutwood	7	2	1	3	1	....	1,695 00
Dawn (4)	2:25¾	Nutwood	9	3	1	3	1	1	1,567 50
Maude	2:20	Bertrand Black Hawk	4	4	....	....	....	....	1,550 00
May Boy	2:26	Whipple Hambletoni'n	7	1	4	2	....	....	1,012 50
Sister	.....	Admiral	5	....	4	1	....	....	987 50
Blaine	2:28½	Oregon Pathfinder	8	3	3	2	....	....	642 50
Ivy (p)	2:36½	Buccaneer	3	1	1	1	....	....	467 50
Ned	.....	Overland	5	....	....	3	2	....	212 50
Maid of Oaks	2:30	Duke McClellan	1	1	....	....	....	....	150 00
Fred Ackerman (p)	2:23	Washington	2	....	2	....	....	....	125 00
Monroe Chief	.....	Jim Monroe	1	....	....	....	....	1	.....
Sidney	2:29	Santa Claus	1	....	....	....	....	1	.....
Total			60	19	19	15	4	3	$11,647 50

1886—SHAMROCK.

One said, "2:10! That couldn't be—
More like two twenty-two or three." —*Holmes.*

John Goldsmith had a very large stable in 1886, the returns for the season showing that he drove fifteen horses in sixty-two races, of which he won

twenty-nine, was second in nineteen, third in twelve, and unplaced in four. Hickok and Marvin were both absent on the Eastern tracks, the former with Arab, and the latter with Palo Alto, St. Bel and the four-year-old record-breaker, Manzanita, 2:16. Guy Wilkes again proved the star pupil in Goldsmith's stable, as he had in 1884, his first start being at Santa Rosa, in August, when he won and made his record of 2:15¼, in a third heat, the middle half of the mile being trotted in 1:06¼. He also won his engagements at Petaluma, where he trotted a third heat in 2:16¼; Oakland, where he lost two heats to Adair; San Jose and Sacramento, where he trotted a fourth heat in 2:16¼, and at the Bay District, on Christmas Day, where he distanced Charles Hilton and J. Q. He was also started at San Francisco on November 27 against Antevolo, Charles Hilton, Harry Wilkes and Arab, and finished second to Harry Wilkes, after winning a third heat in 2:16¾, the time of the winner being 2:15¼, 2:16½, 2:15.

While in the Circuit, in 1886, Dawn won four out of five races and reduced his record to 2:19½ at Petaluma, where he defeated B. B. and La Grange. Manon was also inside the money in all of her races, and won the free-for-alls at Nevada City and Sacramento, where she defeated Antevolo, Albert W., both of which won heats, and Bay Frank. Sister was also tried again, and after winning from Allan Roy and Albert W. at San Francisco, trotted second to the Patchen Vernon gelding at Oakland, Sacramento and San Jose. Shamrock, his first colt trotter, was also started while on the trip. Soudan defeated him at Sacramento and San Jose, and he was third to Ella at Oakland. In his other starts he had a walkover at Petaluma, defeated Soudan and Edna at Stockton, and won over Twinkle at San Francisco, where he placed the two-year-old race record for colts

at 2:25, and made it in a second heat. Maude also won four out of five starts, her only defeat being at Sacramento, where she was second to Killarney.

The three-year-old Valensin, by Crown Point, was in Goldsmith's stable during the season, and won at Petaluma and Stockton, where he made a record of 2:23 in a fourth heat, defeating Alcazar and Tempest. In his other starts he was second to Alcazar at Santa Rosa, Sacramento and San Jose, and third to the same horse at Oakland. He was also defeated by Lot Slocum at San Francisco and Petaluma. During the meeting at Santa Rosa, Goldsmith also took a mount behind Voucher, when it looked as though Stamboul had the race won. He had the first and third heats to his credit, while the second was called a dead heat between Voucher and Stamboul. John had his money on the field against Stamboul, and from the time he struck the favorite at the head of the stretch in the fourth heat the issue was never in doubt.

Starters.	Record.	Sire.	Starts.	First.	Second.	Third.	Fourth	Unplaced	Amount Won.
Guy Wilkes	2:15¼	George Wilkes	8	7	1	....	....	....	$4,875 00
Dawn	2:19¼	Nutwood	5	4	....	1	....	....	1,515 00
Manon	.....	Nutwood	5	2	2	1	....	....	1,475 00
Maude (p)	.....	Bertrand Black Hawk	5	4	1	....	....	....	1,312 50
Valensin (3)	2:23	Crown Point	8	2	3	2	....	1	1,187 50
Shamrock (2)	2:25	Buccaneer	6	3	2	1	....	....	1,057 50
Hidalgo	2:27½	Sultan	4	1	1	1	....	1	500 00
Mt. Vernon	.....	Nutwood	5	2	....	3	....	....	475 00
Sister	.....	Admiral	4	1	3	....	....	....	450 00
Patchen T. (p)	2:24¼	Shadow	4	....	3	1	....	....	262 50
Ned	.....	Overland	2	1	....	....	....	1	250 00
Voucher	.....	Nephew	1	1	....	....	....	....	250 00
Joe Arthurton	.....	Arthurton	1	....	1	....	....	....	200 00
Sam Lewis (p)	.....	Echo	3	1	1	....	....	1	187 50
Bonner, Jr.	.....	.....	1	....	1	....	....	....	50 00
Total			62	29	19	10	....	4	$14,047 50

1887—SABLE WILKES.

His black horse was reckoned the best on the coast.
—*Gordon.*

The three-year-old colt, Sable Wilkes, was the star in John A. Goldsmith's stable in 1887. He was by Guy Wilkes, out of Sable, by The Moor, and proved a very strong card for his sire, as after defeating Soudan at San Francisco and Sacramento, where he won the Occident Stake and having two walkovers, he was shipped to the Bay District and started to beat 2:19½, the world's record for three-year-olds, held jointly by the Electioneer filly, Hinda Rose, and the Kentucky-bred colt, Patron, by Pancoast. At the first time of asking, Sable Wilkes cut the record to 2:18, and when tried again, three weeks later, trotted in 2:18¼. The mile in 2:18 gave Sable Wilkes and his sire a world-wide reputation, which they retained from that date until John Goldsmith drove his last race. Their glory departed with him. Goldsmith also won four races for the San Mateo Farm with the two-year-old gelding, Grandee, by Le Grand, giving him a mark of 2:31½ at San Francisco, where he defeated Memo. Sister picked up two races at San Francisco, cutting her mark to 2:19¼, when she defeated Black Diamond and Wells Fargo. She did not, however, have speed enough to win on the trip through the circuit, Lot Slocum, Menlo and Jane L. being in the way. The other starters and their positions appear in the following table:

Starters.	Record.	Sire.	Starts.	First.	Second.	Third.	Fourth.	Unplaced	Amount Won
Sister	2:19¼	Admiral	14	2	4	6	2	....	$2,180 00
Ella S. (p)	2:20	Bob Hal	7	6	1	....	....	....	1,697 50
Mt. Vernon	.....	Nutwood	8	3	3	....	1	1	1,450 00
Sable Wilkes (p)	2:18	Guy Wilkes	7	6	1	....	....	....	1,396 25
Grandee (2)	2:31½	Le Grand	4	4	....	....	....	...	717 50
Perihelion	.....	Admiral	6	....	2	2	1	1	560 00
Jane L	2:19¼	Hambletonian Mamb.	1	1	....	...	....	....	250 00
Lilly Stanley	2:20½	Whippleton	1	1	....	....	....	....	250 00
Pocahontas (p)	.....	Little Washington	3	....	2	1	....	....	237 50
Joe Arthurton	2:22½	Arthurton	5	....	1	2	1	1	222 50
Allie Whipple	2:33½	Whipple Hambletoni'n	1	1	....	....	....	....	100 00
Cling	2:29¼	Grey Jim	1	1	....	....	....	....	75 00
Well's Fargo	.....	Geo. M. Patchen, Jr.	2	....	1	....	....	1	
Total			60	25	15	11	5	4	$9,136 25

1888—YOLO MAID.

Like a bird on the wing she flashed off in the lead,
Andy talking her back as she took a hold strong;
At the half Pointer brushed and his marvelous speed
Made her dizzy, when "Papa" Geers sent him along.

When the trotters were taken up for the campaign of 1888, John A. Goldsmith was at San Mateo Farm, in the employ of William Corbitt, and from that season until 1894 he was constantly engaged in developing and racing the get of Guy Wilkes and the three-year-old champion, Sable Wilkes, with a few tracing to other families, until he had enough farm-bred ones

to make a formidable stable. When John Goldsmith went to San Mateo there were very few foals by Guy Wilkes on the farm, the only ones trained in 1888 being the three-year-old filly, Hazel Wilkes, her sister, Una Wilkes, and the two-year-old filly, Lillian Wilkes. They were not started until the next year. After the stud season, Guy Wilkes was taken up and started in the free-for-all stallion race at Oakland, where he defeated Stamboul and Woodnut in five heats, the second and third miles in the event being won by Stamboul. His last start was in the Grand Stallion Stake for $3,500 at the California State Fair against the same horses. On this occasion Woodnut was victorious, after Guy Wilkes had won a heat and trotted a dead heat with him in 2:17½.

In his three-year-old form, Grandee won his races and had two walk-overs. He met Direct in his first race at Petaluma and won in 2:26, 2:23½, while he also defeated the Director colt, as well as Balkan and Moses S. at Sacramento. While in the Circuit, John Goldsmith drove Ben Ali in six races, of which he won five and gave him a record of 2:22 at Napa. He also won four out of five starts with the three-year-old filly, Yolo Maid, marking her in 2:14 at San Francisco, where she defeated Adonis, while Rosie Mac, by Alexander Button, had two firsts, two seconds and a fourth to show for the five races that John Goldsmith drove her. He also won a three-year-old pace at Oakland with Adonis, finished second to Don Tomas with Bay Rose at San Francisco, and won with the Admiral pacer Perihelion at San Jose, as is set forth in the following synopsis of the season's work:

Starters.	Record.	Sire.	Starts.	First.	Second.	Third.	Fourth.	Unplaced	Amount Won.
Yolo Maid (3).....	2:14	Alexander Button.....	5	4	1	....	....	....	$1,650 00
Guy Wilkes.....	.....	George Wilkes.....	2	1	1	....	....	....	1,625 00
Ben Ali.....	2:22	Geo. M. Patchen, Jr....	6	5	1	....	....	....	1,600 00
Rosie Mac.....	2:20¾	Alexander Button.....	5	2	2	....	1	....	1,430 00
Grandee (3)	2:23½	Le Grand.....	4	4	....	....	....	....	1,217 50
Perihelion (p).....	2:25	Admiral.....	1	1	....	....	....	....	300 00
Adonis (3).....	2:20½	Sidney.....	1	1	....	....	....	....	300 00
Bay Rose.....	2:20½	Sultan.....	1	....	1	....	....	....	125 00
Damiana (p).....	.....	Gladiator	1	....	....	....	1	....	60 00
Allie Whipple.....	.....	Whipple's Hamblet'n.	1	....	....	....	1	....	15 00
Total.....			27	18	6	....	3	....	$8,322 50

1889—LILLIAN WILKES.

Her neck was arched double, her nostrils were wide,
And the tips of her tapering ears nearly met.

—Gordon.

In 1889, the Guy Wilkes trotters began to appear, John Goldsmith making his first starts in August, at Napa, where Hazel Wilkes was second to the Palo Alto filly, Lorita, in 2:22¾, and Lillian Wilkes in a walkover in the stake for three-year-olds, trotted in 2:18, equalling the mark made by Sable Wilkes in 1887, but which was no longer the world's record, Axtell having reduced it to 2:14¾ at Cleveland a few weeks before; a figure which he subsequently cut to 2:12 at Terre Haute. Hazel Wilkes won her engagements at Santa Rosa and Petaluma, where Lillian Wilkes made her first start in a race with Sunol and

Margaret S. The first heat was won by Sunol in 2:21½, and the next three by the Guy Wilkes filly in 2:17¾, 2:26, 2:26½. When this trio met again, at Oakland, the positions were reversed, Sunol winning in straight order, with Margaret S. second and Lillian Wilkes third. After the Oakland race Lillian Wilkes disappeared from the turf, Margaret S. trained on to a record of 2:12½, while Sunol, after reducing the three-year-old record to 2:10½, placed the world's record to high wheels at 2:08¼, which remained unbeaten until September 11, 1903, when Lou Dillon trotted the Cleveland track to that hitch in 2:05.

After trotting second to Lorita at Oakland, Hazel Wilkes won again at Sacramento, where the two year-old colt, Regal Wilkes, made his first start and won in 2:28½. He also won again at San Jose, and on November 9, the day Sunol trotted in 2:10½, Regal Wilkes placed the two-year-old record for colts at 2:20¾. On the same day Palo Alto trotted in 2:12½, and Stamboul in 2:13¾. During the balance of the campaign Hazel Wilkes trotted second to Emma Temple at Stockton, where she won two heats and made a record of 2:20; won at San Jose over Mary Lou, Alfred G. and Pink, and was second to Direct in a four-year-old race at San Francisco in 2:19½, 2:19½, 2:19½. Una Wilkes, a sister to Hazel Wilkes, was also started at San Jose, where she saved her entrance in a race won by Richmond, Jr. Of the other horses driven by John Goldsmith while in the Circuit in 1889, Dan De Noyelle's mare, Nina De, by Nutwood, out of Adelaide, by Phil Sheridan, won three out of five starts and made a record of 2:26½; Victor was awarded a first and a third, Alfred G. a first, Belle

Button a first at Napa, where she made a record of 2:20, but was beaten in her other engagements by Creole, Racquet and Longwell, while Bay Rose, after finishing second to Direct at San Jose and third to Thapsin at the Bay District, won the 2:20 class on November 9 over Juno and Thapsin. The other starters appear in the following summary of the season's work:

Starters.	Record.	Sire.	Starts.	First.	Second.	Third.	Fourth.	Unplaced	Amount Won.
Hazel Wilkes	2:20	Guy Wilkes	8	4	4	....	....	....	$2,400 00
Alfred G	2:23	Anteeo	1	1	....	....	....	....	1,000 00
Lillian Wilkes (3)	2:17¾	Guy Wilkes	3	2	1	....	....	....	980 00
Nina D	2:26½	Nutwood	5	3	....	1	....	1	725 00
Victor	2:22	Echo	2	1	....	1	....	....	550 00
Flora Belle	2:25	Alcona	2	1	....	....	1	....	500 00
Lilly Stanley	.....	Whippleton	3	....	2	1	....	....	471 25
Bay Rose	.....	Sultan	2	1	1	....	....	....	402 50
Belle Button (p)	2:20	Alexander Button	4	1	1	1	....	1	325 00
Richmond, Jr	2:24¼	A. W. Richmond	1	1	....	....	....	....	300 00
Creole	2:21½	Prompter	1	1	....	....	....	....	250 00
Regal Wilkes (2)	2:20¾	Guy Wilkes	4	3	1	....	....	....	200 00
Ned Locke	2:23¼	Antelope	1	1	....	....	....	....	200 00
Memo	.....	Sidney	1	....	....	....	1	....	100 00
Una Wilkes	.....	Guy Wilkes	1	....	....	....	1	....	30 00
Total			39	20	10	4	3	2	$8,433 75

VICTOR.

Handsome is that handsome does—*Goldsmith.*

The race that John Goldsmith won with Victor was trotted at Oakland against Direct, Senator, Valentine and Junio. McDowell won the first two heats with Direct in 2:22, 2:21¾, Senator picked up the third in 2:22, and Victor then scored twice in 2:22¼,

2:24¼. The sixth heat was declared dead between Victor and Direct in 2:24¼, after which Goldsmith won in 2:26¼. Before coming to San Francisco Victor was considered a wonder at the up-country fairs, and later on, when the blacksmith who developed him appeared at Sacramento, he created considerable merriment. When describing Victor's race at Sacramento, where he won a heat, but was beaten by Franklin, Joseph Cairn Simpson said: "Victor was driven without a check, the sulky was an old and rattling one and the driver was dressed in a dark navy blue suit, a la military cut, and a cap that resembled those of the British grenadiers of the Revolutionary war. It was fun to see Victor score. When his driver would say "whoa" to him he would stop as though he was hit in the head with a club, and would walk to the score like an old plow-horse. He was always up on a start and the first to turn around when called back. The colors for Victor were orange and blue, but the driver's colors were all blue. When asked where was his orange, he said he had it in his pocket."

1890—FREEDOM.

Old Hiram settled it at last!
"The time was two—too dee-vel-ish fast!"
—*Holmes.*

Six of the nineteen horses that John Goldsmith started in 1890 were by Guy Wilkes and two by Sable Wilkes, the latter being represented by the yearlings Thora and Freedom. This pair of baby

trotters made their only starts at Napa in October, Thora being defeated in a race by the Alcazar colt, Kebir, while Freedom, after failing to beat 2:35 on October 16, was started two days later and reduced Norlaine's world's record of 2:31½ to 2:29¾. Of the Guy Wilkes trotters, Regal Wilkes had three walk-overs and made a three-year-old record of 2:17½ at Fresno in a trip against time, and Hazel Wilkes won at San Jose, Napa, Petaluma and Oakland, without changing her four-year-old record of 2:20, her only defeat during the season being in a race that Homestake won in 2:18, 2:14½, 2:14¼. Una Wilkes was not so fortunate. She won at Oakland, Fresno and Napa, where she made a four-year-old record of 2:25½; was third to Beaury Mc at San Jose, unplaced to Silas Skinner in one of her races at Napa, second to Charles Derby at Petaluma, third to Silas Skinner in her second race at Oakland and beaten by both Vic H. and Frank M. at Sacramento. Of the others, Vida Wilkes trotted to a two-year-old record of 2:22¼, the three-year-old filly Milly Wilkes started five times, but failed to win a heat and the three-year-old colt, Rupee, won five out of seven races and made a pacing record of 2:16½ at Fresno, where he defeated Hummer and Princess Alice. Sister V. made a clean sweep through the circuit, winning eight races in straight order and making a record of 2:18½. On the first day of the Oakland meeting this mare and Hazel Wilkes each won a first and Milly Wilkes a second. On the following day John Goldsmith cleared the card with Una Wilkes and Rupee. Sister V. was by Sidney, out of Nettie Lambert, by John Nelson. She

proved the most consistent performer in the family. During the season John Goldsmith also drove Stamboul in 2:11¼, at Stockton, won two special events at Sacramento with Hummer and Beaury Mc, and started the Nutwood mare, Chantilly, in three races without getting better than second. She is now referred to as the dam of Chanty, 2:13¼. The other starters appear in the following table:

Starters.	Record.	Sire.	Starts.	First.	Second.	Third.	Fourth.	Unplaced	Amount Won.
Hazel Wilkes	.....	Guy Wilkes	6	5	1	....	....	....	$4,075 00
Sister V	2:18½	Sidney	8	8	....	....	....	....	3,850 00
Rupee (p)	2:16½	Guy Wilkes	7	5	1	1	....	....	2,675 00
Una Wilkes	2:25½	Guy Wilkes	9	3	1	3	....	2	1,630 00
Regal Wilkes (3)	2:17½	Guy Wilkes	4	4	....	....	....	....	1,170 00
Vida Wilkes (2)	2:22¼	Guy Wilkes	7	6	1	....	....	....	907 50
Chantilly	.....	Nutwood	3	....	1	2	....	....	600 00
Millie Wilkes	.....	Guy Wilkes	5	....	4	1	....	....	480 00
Beaury Mc	2:19¾	Nephew	1	1	....	....	....	....	400 00
Hummer	2:18½	Sidney	1	1	....	....	....	....	300 00
Maud H	.....	Carr's Mambrino	1	....	1	....	....	....	250 00
St. Joe	2:26	Junio	1	....	1	....	....	....	250 00
Vidette	.....	Dave Hill, Jr	1	....	....	1	....	....	120 00
Antevano (3)	2:33	Antevolo	2	....	1	....	1	....	118 00
Thora (1)	.....	Sable Wilkes	1	....	....	1	....	....	81 75
Mountain Maid	.....	Anteeo	1	....	....	1	....	....	75 00
Anita (4)	2:25½	Le Grand	2	....	1	1	....	....	75 00
Stamboul	2:11½	Sultan	4	3	1	....	....	....	.....
Freedom	2:29¾	Sable Wilkes	2	1	1	....	....	....	.....
Total			66	37	15	11	1	2	$17,057 25

1891—VIDA WILKES.

Coming events cast their shadows before.—*Campbell.*

John Goldsmith drove his last races in California in 1891. He started out in August with five horses by Guy Wilkes and a pair of two-year-olds by Sable Wilkes. Vida Wilkes, by Guy Wilkes, out of Vixen by Nutwood, second dam Sister, dam of Albert W., 2:20, proved the star of the stable, her only defeat being in the Occident Stake at Sacramento, where she trotted second to Myrtle in 2:19½. She won the Stanford Stake at the meeting of the Pacific Coast Trotting Horse Breeder's Association, taking a record of 2:23¼, which was two weeks later cut to 2:18¼ in a trip against time over the kite track at Stockton during the meeting at which Sunol cut the world's record to 2:08¼, Palo Alto placed the stallion record at 2:08¾, Arion moved the two-year-old record to 2:10¾, a mark that has not been changed, notwithstanding the advent of the bike sulky.

Una Wilkes won her engagements at San Jose, Napa, Oakland and Petaluma, where she reduced her record to 2:19¼, while Millie Wilkes had only a third to Shylock at Napa to show for the season's work. After being defeated at San Jose by Princess Alice, Rupee won at Napa, Petaluma, Oakland and San Francisco, where he made a record of 2:14¾ and was third to Turk Franklin at Sacramento, where Allanah won from a field of five and made a record of 2:18. She also won at Stockton and Napa, but was beaten in her other engagements by Dr. Swift, Gold Medal, Charley C. and Hummer. Of the Sable

Wilkes pair McCleay was second to Kebir at Oakland, distanced by Arion at Sacramento, won at San Jose in 2:26½, a mark that was cut to 2:22¼ at Stockton, while Sabina finished second to Starlight at San Francisco, second to Arion at San Jose, where he trotted in 2:25½, won at Napa and Petaluma, and made her record of 2:27½ in the first heat of a stake that was won by Kebir over the Bay District track at San Francisco. The Le Grand horse, Beaumont, was also tried and driven to a record of 2:23½ at Stockton, and Serena, a four-year-old by Sidney which John Goldsmith bred, was also started in seven events, of which she won three and closed the season with a mark of 2:29½. His other starters appear in the following table:

Starters.	Record.	Sire.	Starts.	First.	Second.	Third.	Fourth.	Unplaced	Amount Won.
Una Wilkes	2:19¼	Guy Wilkes	9	5	1	2	1	....	$3,825 00
Vida Wilkes (3)	2:18¼	Guy Wilkes	8	7	1	....	....	....	3,498 75
Serena (4)	2:29½	Sidney	7	4	2	....	1	....	2,350 00
Rupee (p)	2:14¾	Guy Wilkes	6	4	1	1	....	....	2,200 00
Alannah (p)	2:18	Guy Wilkes	7	3	2	2	....	....	1,540 00
Beaumont	2:23½	Le Grand	8	1	3	1	2	1	1,005 00
Sabina (2)	2:27½	Sable Wilkes	5	2	3	....	....	....	923 75
Macleay (2)	2:22¼	Sable Wilkes	4	2	1	....	....	1	610 00
Sunrise	2:25½	Abbottsford	1	1	....	....	....	....	400 00
Wanda	.....	Eros	1	....	1	....	....	....	250 00
Tippo Tib	2:26	Reliance	2	....	1	1	....	....	215 00
May Queen (2)	.....	May Boy	1	....	....	1	....	....	148 75
Millie Wilkes	.....	Guy Wilkes	1	....	....	1	....	....	120 00
Snecklefritz (p)	2:29	Gladiator	2	....	....	....	1	1	60 00
Stonewall	.....	Director	1	....	....	....	1	....	35 00
Alwood K. (1)	.....	Woodnut	1	....	....	....	1	....	16 50
Perfection (2)	.....	Campaign	1	....	....	....	....	1	.....
Total			65	29	16	9	7	4	$17,197 75

1892.—JOHN A. GOLDSMITH COMES EAST.

Happy are thou as if every day thou hads't picked up a horse shoe.—*Longfellow.*

John Goldsmith was advised of his brother's death while attending the Petaluma meeting. He was not feeling very well at the time, not having fully recovered from the effects of the accident in which he broke a leg the year before, and when the season closed, he decided to race in the East, taking with him a racing stable from the San Mateo Farm. Early in 1893 he and Hickok crossed the Mountains, the former having Hulda and Azote and the latter Muta Wilkes, Hazel Wilkes, Una Wilkes, Rupee, Ulee Wilkes, Jean Wilkes and Lesa Wilkes by Guy Wilkes and Oro Wilkes, Sabina and Sabledale by Sable Wilkes. Both stables were given their final preparation at Cleveland. The first start was made at Detroit, where Muta Wilkes won the 2:30 trot, Hulda being drawn on account of sickness, after having placed two heats to her credit. Hazel Wilkes after winning a heat in 2:16¾, finished second to Honest George, and Una Wilkes was unplaced to Martha Wilkes. Hazel Wilkes was again second to Honest George at Cleveland, where Muta Wilkes won in 2:20¼, and Rupee was awarded second premium in the race won by Grant's Abdallah. Goldsmith's next engagements were at Sturgis, Mich., where he won over the kite track with Muta Wilkes, Una Wilkes and Oro Wilkes, the latter also picking up a second in the two-year-old stake that Marvin won with Antella. Of his other starters Rupee was

third to Major Wonder, Ulee Wilkes third to Jack Spratt, Hazel Wilkes unplaced to Paragon and Sabina unplaced to Belleflower in one of the greatest fields of three-year-olds that ever took the word, the score card presenting such names as Jessie McCorkle, Czar, Kentucky Union, Wilkesward, Piletta and Nyanza.

After stopping a week at Grand Rapids, where Sabledale and Muta Wilkes won their engagements, Una Wilkes finishing fourth to Nightingale, Sabina fourth to Belleflower, Jean Wilkes third to Directum and Hazel Wilkes third to Martha Wilkes in 2:12 2:14½, 2:14¼, the San Mateo Farm horses were shipped to Washington Park, Chicago, for the annual meeting of the Northwestern Breeder's Association. On the opening day Oro Wilkes won a two-year-old race from Wilkes Maid and Tuscarora in 2:25½, 2:25½, 2:28¾, his first being the only one placed to the stable's credit that week, the score for the black colt's stable companions reading Jean Wilkes third to Directum, Muta Wilkes third to Geneva, Azote being between her and the winner, Una Wilkes fourth to Hamlin's Nightingale and Rupee third to Flying Jib. The two weeks' meeting at the Independence kite track was the next stand, and when the curtain rang down on this, the greatest of C. W. Williams' ventures, John A. Goldsmith, had $8,400 to his credit. He won there with Muta Wilkes in 2:14¼ 2:15, 2:17¼, and Hazel Wilkes in 2:15¼, 2:14¾, 2:16½ and was second to Silicon in 2:20½ with Oro Wilkes, second to Directum with Lallah Wilkes, fourth to Kentucy Union with Sabina, second to Hulda with Muta Wilkes, third to St. Vin-

cent with Una Wilkes, and distanced with Ulee Wilkes and Lesa Wilkes, the latter having the flag fall in front of her in the two-year-old race, after winning a heat in 2:20¾. During the meeting he also gave Ulee Wilkes a time record of 2:23 and Sabledale a mark of 2:18½.

Jumping from Independence to Cleveland for the fall meeting, Goldsmith, on his second appearance at the Glenville track, won with Jean Wilkes and Sabledale over Princess Royal, Mambrino Swift and Tuscarora, was again second to Hulda with Muta Wilkes, third to Moquette in 2:13¾ with Una Wilkes, fourth to Duchess with Ulee Wilkes and unplaced to Muggins with Sabina, and behind the money with Jean Wilkes in the stake that Midnight Chimes won in 2:18¼, 2:16¼, 2:19¼. The next ship was to St. Joseph, Mo., where Goldsmith won with Muta Wilkes, Ulee Wilkes and Oro Wilkes was second to Kentucky Union with Lallah Wilkes, third to Lobasco with Una Wilkes and second to Blue Sign with Rupee, after winning a heat in 2:12½.

In October John Goldsmith appeared in his blue cap and jacket at Lexington after an absence of thirteen years, his former visit being made in 1879 with Driver. He won a first and a second with Una Wilkes, giving her a mark of 2:15 in the race she lost to Greenleaf, a first with Rupee, cutting his mark to 2:11, a first with Lallah Wilkes, while Sabina finished second to Directum, Oro Wilkes third to William Penn in his first race and fourth to Silicon in his second, and Sabina third to Directum, Hazel Wilkes being unplaced in both of the events in which she took the word. She was also unplaced

to Greenleaf the following week at Nashville, where Muta Wilkes won a race for four-year-olds, and Una Wilkes saved her entrance in the race won by Nelly Mason. Lallah Wilkes was also started in three races at this meeting, being distanced by Directum, unplaced by Henrico and third to Eli in a mile dash. The following table shows that the San Mateo stable made a very successful campaign:

Starters.	Record.	Sire.	Starts.	First.	Second.	Third.	Fourth.	Unplaced	Amount Won.
Muta Wilkes (4) ..	2:14¼	Guy Wilkes.....	10	7	2	1	....	....	$15,875 00
Oro Wilkes (2)	2:21½	Sable Wilkes	7	2	3	1	1	....	4,650 00
Hazel Wilkes (7) ..	2:14¾	Guy Wilkes.....	8	1	2	1	....	4	3,800 00
Sabina (2).....	2:27½	Sable Wilkes	6	....	1	1	2	2	2,225 00
Una Wilkes (6)....	2:15	Guy Wilkes.....	10	2	1	3	3	1	2,575 00
Rupee (p, 5).....	2:11	Guy Wilkes.....	5	1	2	2	....	....	1,425 00
Sabledale (2).....	2:18½	Sable Wilkes	2	2	....	....		....	1,250 00
Lallah Wilkes (3)..	2:26	Sable Wilkes	6	1	3	....	....	2	975 00
Ulee Wilkes (4)....	2:23	Guy Wilkes.....	4	1	....	1	1	1	605 00
Jean Wilkes (3)	2:24¾	Guy Wilkes..... ..	4	1	1	1	....	1	550 00
Lesa Wilkes (2) ...	2:28¾	Guy Wilkes.....	1	....	..	....	....	1	.....
Total.....			63	18	15	11	7	12	$33,930 00

1893—ORO WILKES.

Arion, Bevis, Borak all in one.

The campaign of 1893 was the most successful in the history of the San Mateo Farm. With ten horses, three of which were not owned by William Corbitt, although one of them was foaled on his

farm, John Goldsmith started in eighty-two races, of which he won twenty-three, was second in twenty, and was awarded premiums amounting to $47,565. After a preliminary skirmish at the Philadelphia and Meadville meetings, at which he picked up two firsts with Siva, a second and a third with Sabina, a second with Hazel Wilkes and a second with Ben Ali, Goldsmith wheeled into line at Pittsburg for the last Grand Circuit meeting held over Homewood Park. On the opening day he started Double Cross and Sabina, the former finishing third to Fantasy and the latter second to Miss Lida in 2:16½. On the following day Chris Lang won the race for two-year-olds, making a record of 2:26½, and Muta Wilkes defeated Wardwell, Miss Alice, Aline and Elko in the 2:15 class, cutting her mark to 2:13¼. Of Goldsmith's other starters, Hazel Wilkes finished third to Martha Wilkes in the free-for-all, and Sabina was second to Silver Star, the latter being forced to step to 2:16½ in the first heat to stall off Beautiful Chimes. This gave Goldsmith a line on the brown gelding's speed, and when he started favorite in the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Stake at Detroit the following week, he backed Siva with confidence and won in 2:14½, 2:13¾, 2:16½. She was all in at the finish, and after being unplaced to Bellini at Buffalo and behind the money in the race Prince Herschel won at Rochester, Goldsmith sent her home.

On the trip down the line Chris Lang won the two-year-old stake at Detroit, but failed to show in front again during the season, Director's Flower having too much speed for him at Cleveland, Buffalo,

Rochester, Springfield and New York, while he was beaten by Cut Glass at Providence, unplaced to Nellie A. at Lexington and fourth to Axinite at Nashville. Double Cross won at Buffalo, where she made a record of 2:18¾ and one of the races in which she was started at New York, the record of her other starts showing a second to Fantasy at Detroit, second to Oriole at Cleveland, second to Fantasy at Rochester, second to Margrave at New York, third to Nemoline and fourth to Bellini at Providence, unplaced to Bellini at Boston and third to Fantasy at Nashville in the race in which the Chimes filly cut the world's record for three-year-old trotters to 2:08¾.

Muta Wilkes cut her mark to 2:11 at Detroit, where she won a heat from Hulda. At Cleveland she was drawn after the second heat of the race won by Little Albert. Hulda defeated her at Buffalo and New York, and she was unplaced to Walter E. at Rochester. These failures were followed by four firsts at Philadelphia, Providence and Boston, where she defeated Fanny Wilcox, Martha Wilkes and Jean Valjean. Hazel Wilkes trotted the race of her life at Cleveland, where she took the word with Pixley, Dr. Sparks, Wardwell, Dandy, Miss Alice and White Stockings. Dr. Sparks won the first two heats in 2:13¾, 2:13½. Hazel Wilkes showed in front in the third and made her record of 2:11¼. Pixley was then awarded two firsts in 2:14¾, 2:14¼, after which the Guy Wilkes mare gathered in the laurels with two miles in 2:13, 2:16¼. After this event she was defeated by Phoebe Wilkes at Buffalo, Pixley at Rochester, and Directum at New York.

At Providence she won the free-for-all from Jean Valjean, Martha Wilkes and Belle Archer, after which she was second to Pamlico at Lexington and second to Directum at Nashville, when he made his record of 2:05¼.

Sabina made her record of 2:15½ when she won at Rochester, after being defeated by Courier at Detroit, Miss Lida at Cleveland and Prince Herschel at Buffalo. She also won again at Springfield at the last Grand Circuit meeting held over Hampden Park, but was third to Harry C. at Providence, unplaced to Caprice at Boston, fourth to Charley C. at Lexington and third to the same horse at Nashville. Oro Wilkes was not started until the stable reached Buffalo, where he trotted second to Margrave. His next starts were at Springfield, New York, Philadelphia and Mystic Park, Boston, all of which he won, his record being reduced to 2:15¼ at Philadelphia, where he defeated Myrtle R. and William Penn in a five-heat race. At the meeting of the New England Trotting Horse Breeders Association, this great three-year-old took the word with nine others in the 2:20 class. Early Bird won the first two heats and Jay Hawker the next three. In the deciding heat Goldsmith stepped Oro Wilkes up to second place in 2:16 and secured third money. The race keyed him up for his engagement in the Representative Stallion Stake at Lexington, where, after Medio had gathered in two heats in 2:14¾, 2:14½, the Sable Wilkes colt went on and won in 2:15, 2:16¼, 2:17¼. This stake was worth $9,850 to the winner. After trotting second to Eoline on the last day of the Lexington meeting Oro Wilkes was retired for the season, during which he won $13,925.

Of the other horses in Goldsmith's stable Island Wilkes trotted third to Lobasco at Detroit, won at Rochester in 2:17¼, 2:13¾, 2:13¾, after losing a heat to Corinne, and was unplaced at Springfield and New York. Una Wilkes was unplaced to Pixley at Buffalo, third to Azote at Springfield, outside of the money in the race won by Prince Herschel at Lexington, and third to Pamlico at Nashville. Ben Ali was also tried in good society at Philadelphia, where he was third to Daylight, and at Providence, where he was unplaced in the 2:21 class. After this showing John Goldsmith decided that the Patchen gelding was not up to the standard and sold him. When next heard from Ben Ali was being "rung" as Home Brewed. He was detected and expelled, but subsequently raced as an outlaw as John Y., Sagwa, Weskora, etc. The following table presents the returns for 1893.

Starters.	Record.	Sire.	Starts.	First.	Second.	Third.	Fourth.	Unplaced	Amount Won.
Oro Wilkes (3)	2:15	Sable Wilkes	9	6	2	1	....	....	$13,925 00
Double Cross (3)..	2:18¾	Sable Wilkes	12	2	5	3	1	1	7,900 00
Muta Wilkes.....	2:11	Guy Wilkes.....	10	5	2	....	2	1	5,750 00
Sabina (3).....	2:15½	Sable Wilkes	14	2	3	3	4	2	5,590 00
Siva.....	2:13¾	Guy Wilkes.....	5	3	....	....	1	1	4,750 00
Chris Lang (2)....	2:26½	Sable Wilkes	11	2	3	1	3	2	4,000 00
Hazel Wilkes.....	2:11¼	Guy Wilkes.....	9	2	3	4	....	....	3,475 00
Island Wilkes	2:13¾	Red Wilkes	4	1	....	1	....	2	1,300 00
Ben Ali.....	.....	Geo. M. Patchen, Jr...	4	....	2	....	....	2	500 00
Una Wilkes.....	.....	Guy Wilkes.....	4	....	....	2	....	2	375 00
Total.....			82	23	20	15	10	14	$47,565 00

1894.—MARY BEST—ALAR.

Like an arrow of light she flashed through the field,
Passed Bowne and challenged the black;
Aunt Delilah was beaten and Judge Fisher reeled,
As Mary Best burned up the track.
She was not in the play and brought many to grief,
When she trimmed the brown horse and crumpled Rose Leaf.

John Goldsmith spent the winter of 1893-4 in the old homestead at Walnut Grove Farm in Orange County, his California bred horses and the few others which he had accepted for the campaign of 1894 occupying the box stalls which had in former days sheltered the descendants of Volunteer, and when he shipped to Cleveland to fill his Grand Circuit engagements, Alden, the only son of his brother, was acting as his assistant. John was not feeling any too well at the time, but when the bell rang at Detroit in July he was ready for the word and won with the Alcantara mare Alar in 2:14½, while Oro Wilkes was third to Azote, Mary Best, a sister to Muta Wilkes, fourth to Rose Leaf, and the Albert W. pacer Amelia fourth to Joe Patchen. At Cleveland the following week Rose Leaf was considered invincible. When Col. Edwards gave the word she was a favorite over the field, and when the result was announced it was found that she had saved her entrance. E. R. Bowne stepped out in the first two heats and won with Mahogany in 2:13, 2:12¼. As the Bayonne Prince stallion had never gone such a clip before, he faltered in the third mile and Goldsmith won with Mary Best in 2:12¼, her record. After that it was all over but

the shouting, the Guy Wilkes mare winning the next two heats cleverly in 2:13½, 2:15½. Of the stable's other starters Alar won the 2:23 class in straight heats, Oro Wilkes was second to Azote in 2:10, while Burlingame, Muta Wilkes, Lesa Wilkes, Paul and Judge Austin were unplaced. The last two were turned over to W. H. McCarthy after the Buffalo meeting, where they saved their entrance in the races won by Hal Braden and J. M. D., respectively.

Mary Best and Alar won again at Buffalo, where Arena picked up first money in the 2:24 class, a record of 2:15½ going with it. Of the other starters Whalebone won a 2:30 class for two-year-olds in 2:27¼, 2:27½ and trotted second to Marie D. in another event, Amelia was unplaced to Joe Patchen and Ada, Oro Wilkes third to Azote and Muta Wilkes unplaced to Pamlico. The following week the stable was split, the Alcantara pair Alar and Arena going to Rochester, where both of them were beaten by Carldon. The balance of the stable was at Terre Haute, where Venita Wilkes won in 2:26, Mary Best trotted second to Silicon in the Terre Haute Purse, Oro Wilkes second to Trevillian, Lesa Wilkes second to Ballona and Whalebone unplaced to Boreal.

After starting at Chicago, where Whalebone won the Juvenile Stake in 2:24 and trotted third to Oakland Baron, Oro Wilkes second to Trevillian, Muta Wilkes fourth to Pamlico and Amelia unplaced to Star Pointer, the stable was shipped to Hartford for the stake meeting at Charter Oak Park, during which John Goldsmith drove in nine races and won $16,569

in premiums. On the first two days he won with Arena, Whalebone, Mary Best and Oro Wilkes. On the third day, when the Charter Oak Stake was called, he appeared behind Mahogany and won second money, the honors going to Ralph Wilkes. Alar also won her engagement in 2:11¾, 2:13, 2:14, after losing two heats to Carldon, Muta Wilkes was third to Belleflower, Amelia unplaced to Judge Sterling and Burlingame behind the money in the stake won by Nellie A.

Alar was marked in 2:11 at Fleetwood Park, New York, the first week in September. She was started in the 2:11 class with Phoebe Wilkes, J. M. D., Cobwebs and Aunt Delilah, the latter being distanced in the first heat which Alar won in 2:11½ with J. M. D. second. The next heat went to Phoebe Wilkes in 2:13, after which Alar scored again in 2:11. On the next trip Phoebe Wilkes was first under the wire in 2:11¼, after which the race went over to the following day, when Alar won in 2:13½. At this meeting Amelia was second to G. O. Taylor, Oro Wilkes third to Fanny Wilcox, Lesa Wilkes fourth to Ralph Wilkes, Whalebone second to Miss Kate and Burlingame distanced by Red Bud. The following week during the meeting of the New York State Trotting Horse Breeder's Association, which was also held at Fleetwood, John Goldsmith won with Whalebone and Mountain Maid and was distanced with Venita Wilkes after winning two heats. The other members of the stable were on the same dates at Philadelphia, where Oro Wilkes gathered in a first, Lesa Wilkes a second in the race won by Ralph Wilkes, and Arena lost his entrance in the event awarded

Sallie Simmons, After a trip to Providence, where Mountain Maid was beaten by Sirock and Miss Carroll, Arena second to Margaret L., Hilda S. third to Sirock, Whalebone second to Amboise, Mary Best unplaced to Aunt Delilah and Venita Wilkes won in 2:22½, the Goldsmith stable was shipped to Lexington where Venita Wilkes won a first and a third, making a record of 2:14½, Alar saved her entrance in the Transylvania won by Azote and Mary Best was fourth to Ballona.

Nashville was the last stand, and it also proved the stopping place of John Goldsmith's turf career. He won there with Alar, equalling her record of 2:11 in the first heat of her race, was second to Heir at Law with Mary Best, and won the 2:40 stake with Venita Wilkes in 2:15, 2:13, 2:14¾, after losing a heat to Red Bud. This was his last mount. The following table presents a synopsis of the campaign:

Starters.	Record.	Sire.	Starts.	First.	Second.	Third.	Fourth.	Unplaced	Amount Won.
Mary Best	2:12¼	Guy Wilkes	8	3	2	....	2	1	$15,900 00
Alar	2:11	Alcantara	9	7	....	1	1	....	11,250 00
Oro Wilkes	2:11	Sable Wilkes	8	2	3	3	....	....	2,000 00
Whalebone (2)	2:24	Sable Wilkes	9	4	1	3	....	1	3,596 00
Venita Wilkes	2:13	Guy Wilkes	8	4	....	1	....	3	3,300 00
Mahogany	.....	Bayonne Prince	1	....	1	....	....	....	2,500 00
Arena	2:15½	Alcantara	5	2	1	....	....	2	1,778 00
Lesa Wilkes	2:11½	Guy Wilkes	4	....	2	....	1	1	1,700 00
Amelia (p)	.....	Albert W	6	....	1	2	....	3	675 00
Mountain Maid	2:22¼	Anteeo	3	1	1	....	1	....	580 00
Paul	.....	Bald Hornet	2	....	....	....	1	1	500 00
Muta Wilkes	.....	Guy Wilkes	4	....	....	1	1	2	300 00
Judge Austin	.....	McCurdy's Hamblet'n	2	....	....	....	1	1	200 00
Hilda S	.....	Stamboul	1	....	....	1	....	....	120 00
Burlingame	.....	Guy Wilkes	3	....	....	....	....	3	.....
Total			73	23	12	12	8	18	$47,394 00

DEATH OF JOHN A. GOLDSMITH.

Death treads in pleasure's footsteps round the world.
—*Young*.

When John Goldsmith returned to Walnut Grove Farm from Nashville, he was very much concerned about his physical condition. In fourteen years he had amassed a fortune amounting to over $200,000, the bulk of it having been earned by fortunate investments in horses or drawn from the betting ring, and now at a time when he could have settled down in the home of his ancestors, there was one jewel missing from the cabinet—health. In three years he had with twenty-eight horses won premiums amounting to $128,889, their two hundred and eighteen starts being divided into sixty-four firsts, forty-seven seconds, thirty-eight thirds, twenty-five fourths and forty-four times unplaced. This was in itself glory enough for one man in the field of harness racing, but like his brother before him, John Alden Goldsmith, would not stop until exhausted nature demanded a halt. Early in 1895, acting under the advice of a number of New York surgeons, he had an operation performed for kidney trouble. He recovered, was married and, after resting for a time in Orange County, saw Alden start off for the races with a few of his horses. He started Elf and Thelma at Poughkeepsie, Albany and Rome, where Thelma won a seven-heat race and made a record of 2:24¼. Elf also won two races at Syracuse and made a record of 2:22¼ in one of them.

In September when the Grand Circuit horses were at Fleetwood, John was about among his friends and

a few thought that, with another season's rest, he would be back in the sulky. The hope, however, only proved the bright flicker of the candle when it has burned deep in the socket, as in November the kidney trouble returned. Another operation was imperative. Two weeks later, Johnny Goldsmith was dead, Friday, December 13, 1895, being the date of the sad event. His remains were taken to Walnut Grove Farm, which he purchased after the death of his father. On the following Monday he was laid by the side of his father and brother in the village cemetery. He was the ablest and most energetic of his line, as is evidenced by the following table, which presents a synopsis of his work in the sulky from the year that he took Driver to Chicago until he answered the bell for the last time at Nashville in 1894:

Year.	Starters.	Starts.	First.	Second.	Third.	Fourth.	Unplaced	Amount Won.
1879	5	17	4	3	6	1	3	$ 3,675.00
1880	5	63	21	17	10	5	10	14,335.00
1881	3	7	4	1	2	....	....	2,175.00
1882	5	14	7	5	1	....	1	4,085.00
1883	2	24	12	6	3	1	2	21,080.00
1884	12	46	29	12	3	....	2	15,867.50
1885	13	60	19	19	15	4	3	11,647.50
1886	15	62	29	19	10	....	4	14,047.50
1887	13	60	25	15	11	5	4	9,136.25
1888	10	27	18	6	....	3	....	8,322.50
1889	15	39	20	10	4	3	2	8,433.75
1890	19	66	37	15	11	1	2	17,057.25
1891	17	65	29	16	9	7	4	17,197.75
1892	11	63	18	15	11	7	12	33,980.00
1893	10	82	23	20	15	10	14	47,565.00
1894	15	78	23	12	12	8	18	47,394.00
Totals.	170	768	318	191	123	56	81	$275,899.00

John H. Goldsmith's style in the sulky was peculiar. With elbows and hands almost on a level with his shoulders, he rustled the Guy Wilkes family into the front rank with a vim and a dash that was electrical. Many of the old timers considered it faulty, as he had very little control over a horse with his hands so high that the reins were almost lifting the terrets out of the back pad, but they overlooked the fact that a shift of the bit and a light tap with the whip was all that his pupils required after he had completed their education. No one ever saw a better mannered or purer gaited lot of horses. They were the evidence of John Goldsmith's skill as a trainer and, as he seldom broke one down, his skill as a conditioner must be put on a par with his success as a reinsman. The following from the columns of the "Breeder and Sportsman" is very much to the point in this particular:

"As a judge of horses, he was one of the best, and whenever he selected a colt or filly and concluded it was worthy of being entered in a stake or purse race, he never gave it up until he proved his prediction correct. A visitor at the San Mateo Farm said 'the rapidity with which he would select yearlings, two-year-olds and three-year-olds, and insist upon them being entered for stake events, was most remarkable, and after the races ended I always noted that he made no mistakes in his selections.'

"As a judge of pace, he was one out of a thousand. He could time quarters and eighths without a watch, and tell just how fast he was going. He was a peculiar driver, carrying his hands high, and never used a whip or artificial appliances to make his colts

and fillies trot or pace fast. He never shod a descendant of Guy Wilkes forward with a shoe heavier than ten ounces in front or lighter than five ounces behind. And when he got behind a horse the animal seemed to be imbued with the magnetic force so prominent in him. He could keep a horse tiptoeing without breaking longer than any one who ever sat in a sulky, and for rallying a tired horse and keeping him doing his utmost to the wire, we all remember a number of exhibitions of this kind he gave us.

"He has gone! His pleasant smile and merry twinkling eyes have been dimmed; his kindly voice been hushed; the blue jacket and cap which he wore so neatly have been laid away forever, and only the remembrance of that strong, manly figure among the greatest turf generals of the last decade remains. In the ranks which he graced so well; in the center of the little groups of social friends that hovered around him; by the fireside where his love and kindness were at all times manifest, his place will never be filled. He has gone the path we all must go, and, even though we live for many years, we shall never forget the impressions his individuality left upon the tablets of our memory, for there, and only there, shall we gaze upon his kindly face again."

The story of John Goldsmith has been told and I shall

> "No further seek his merits to disclose.
> Or draw his frailities from their dread abode,
> (There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
> The bosom of his Father and his God."

Such is the story of the Goldsmiths. John died without issue. James left a son, Alden, who is fol-

lowing his father's profession. Their memory will endure when all those who knew them have passed away. In years to come visitors to the village cemetery where their ashes lie interred, will ask for the spot.

"Where is the grave of the Knight of Orellian?
Where may the grave of that good Knight be?
By the marge of a brook on the slope of Helvellyn,
Under the boughs of a young birch-tree.
The oak that in summer was pleasant to hear,
That rustled in autumn all withered and sere,
That whistled and groaned through the winter alone—
He hath gone, and a birch in his place has grown!
The Knight's bones are dust
His good sword is rust—
His spirit is with the saints,
We trust!"

LOU DILLON—THE QUEEN.

THE QUEEN.

Bear the crown to Lou Dillon, the queen of the turf,
That startled the world when she turned Readville Park,
With her hoof beats as swift as the sobs of the surf,
When wind bends the trees and the storm clouds are dark.

The big star in her face and her coat of old gold,
Were wet with her sweat when the crowd cried "She'll win,"
But each stride was as true and her action as bold,
As when the bell tapped for the trial to begin.

In the rosy hued past a few looked for the day,
A trotter would march to the two-minute score,
Until Lou Dillon found the blue ribbon of clay
As soft as a glove and as firm as a floor.

The salt air was as crisp as a morning in June,
The flag on the stables hung limp to the pole,
The surroundings all showed the time most opportune,
'Twas grasped, the mare started, she flashed to the goal.

'Twas the hope of her breeder to raise such a horse,
He saw her developed and trot in two eight;
When death claimed him it made the sole strain of remorse
Which clung to the mile at the two-minute rate.

When his stable was scattered, the matinee king,
Who loves a fast horse for the road or the park,
Was enthused with her speed, bid her off in the ring,
And trained her and raced her to lower the mark.

'Tis of Billings I speak, the new king of the road,
Successor to Bonner, the road drivers' dean,
And in Billings dame nature has reaped what she sowed,
His father owned Princess and he has the Queen.

OLD BILL.

With a neigh so faint and feeble that it touched me like a groan,
"Farewell,"he seemed to murmur, "ere I die;"
Then set his teeth and stretched his limbs, and so I stood alone,
While the merry chase went heedless sweeping by,

Am I womanly and weak
If the tear was on my cheek
For a brotherhood that death could thus divide?
If, sickened and amazed,
Through a woful mist I gazed,
On the place where the old horse died.—*Melville.*

Carey was the life of the shanty. When I first met him he was a man of about twenty-four, standing six foot in his shoes, as strong as an ox, and ready to fight his weight in wild cats. That winter—it was in the latter part of the sixties—he was the boss of the log gang. For some reason or other, the men under him were always on the jump and the books showed that they did more work than any in the bush. From morning until night Carey always had a good word for the men, and there never was a time when he would not take hold with a cant hook or handspike to help out. Later on in the spring it would have done your heart good to have seen him step about on the logs in a jam or ride a stick of timber over the water as high and dry as if he were in the cabin of a steamboat. Carey was a dream in shanty life, sure enough.

With the breaking up of the camp he passed out of my life for over ten years. How I met him again came about in this way: I was walking across country on what might be called a visiting tour, the next point of attack being a distant relation living near North Gower, in the County of Carleton. It was a warm day, along towards the latter part of June, when a farmer, who had given me a lift from Becket's Landing, dropped me at a corner of what he called the Concession. On our way over I told him where I was going, and before parting he said that I could cut off three or four miles of the journey by going through the bush by way of a place called Carey's Clearing. In those days I was not very particular whether I lost my way in the woods or not, so I struck into the bush on what looked like an old winter road, but which proved to be the eastern outlet for the man who had made the clearing. After walking for what seemed to me at least an hour, I came to a bush fence, and farther on, three or four rails across a gap between the roots of two trees that had been blown over, with considerable soil and earth still clinging to them. As the road led to it, I knew that it must be the entrance to the clearing, and as I could step on the head of my shadow I knew that it was midday; but where was a hungry traveler going to get a meal in that "neck of woods?" With this thought uppermost, I slipped between the bars and made a survey of the clearing. As near as I could see, there was a patch of corn and potatoes at one side of it, while to the left there appeared to be a bunch of hay and a few acres of either oats or wheat growing in the rich virgin soil, while the black

stumps and rampikes standing like sentinels all over the clearing showed that fire had lent a hand in making this opening in the forest. A tidy looking log cabin stood on a sandy knoll in the middle of the opening. Back of it I could also see the end of a stable or small barn, as well as a mound of earth, which I afterwards learned was a root house.

While I was taking observations the door of the cabin opened and who should appear at the threshold but dear old Carey of shanty days. He did not look a day older as he stood there with his shaggy hair and beard silhouetted against the sky. A home-made flannel shirt open at the neck, a broad belt, and a pair of overalls stuck in the tops of a pair of cow-hide boots, completed his outfit. He recognized me before I could speak, and the memory of his "I swan, where did you drop from," comes back with a relish after a lapse of twenty years. "Come in, old sailor boy, and have a bite to eat. I knew someone was coming, and so I told Mandy," he went on, "when my fork fell on the floor at breakfast and stood up. Now don't stand looking around there like a duck in a thunder storm, there ain't nothing to see 'round here, so step up. Mandy," this I learned was his wife, "come here, girl, and see one of my old shanty boys. You will be glad to see him, even if he does look like one of them city gents that wear collars and blacking on their shoes." And so he ran on until I had been ushered into what he termed the "home plate of the clearing" and was installed on a chair without a back opposite him at the end of the table.

Mandy, in the interval, was busy dusting a place for me with her apron and getting down a plate, knife

and fork, from a little shelf over the stove. It did not take her long to pass over a couple of mealy potatoes, "early roses with their jackets on," Carey called them, a strip of pork as broad as your hand, fried in its own grease, and a slice of bread at least an inch thick. I tell you, it tasted good, and as a baker of bread, let me tell you now for fear I may forget it, Mandy was a success. I could see Carey was proud of her, and while there would have been no prizes coming her way at a beauty show, she had that wholesome, tidy look that is stamped on every genuine home-maker. None of this "I'm so sorry I am not dressed and have not a little cake or pie for you," not a bit of it, but plenty of that whole-hearted welcome which says plainer than words, "this is our home and we are proud of it. This is what we live on. It is good enough for us. It is the best we have, and we know it is good enough for you." Mandy, I lift my hat to your memory. It is true that her home was only a cabin of one room with the stove at one end and a bed at the other, but everything in it was as neat as a pin and you could, as the old saying goes, have eaten your dinner off the floor without getting any specks in it. Mandy called her husband Carey. So did everyone that knew him, and, so far as I knew, he had no other name.

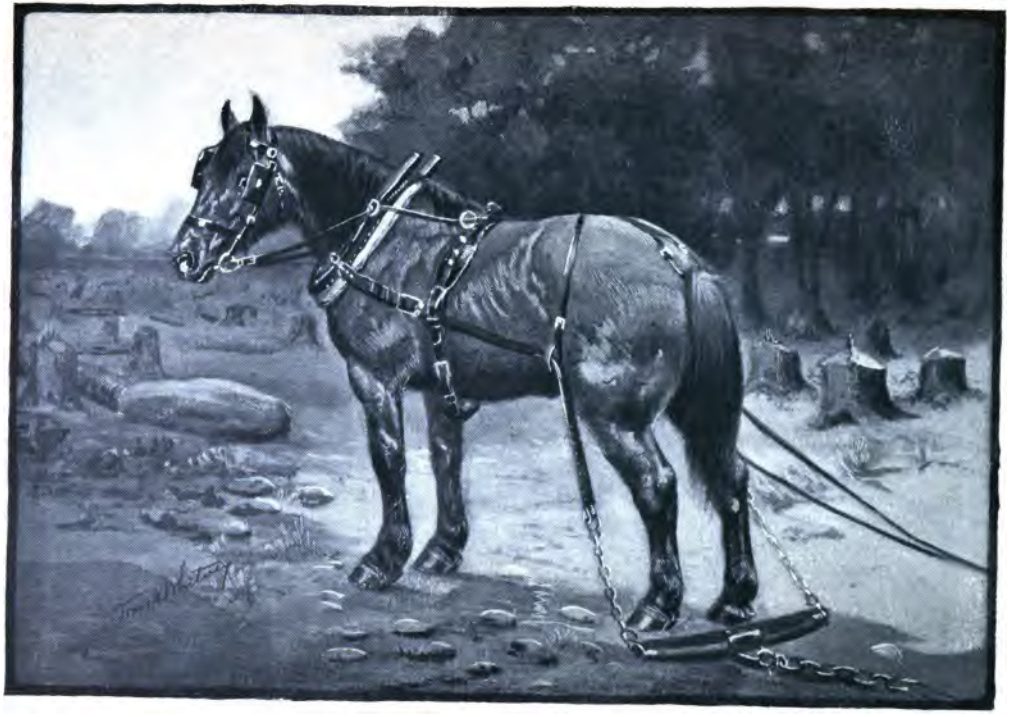
After dinner the pipes were lit and the smile of contentment on Carey's face showed that he had nothing to bother him. As Mandy stepped out to the spring for a bucket of water, Carey reached over and with a wink, poking me in the ribs said, "Isn't she a darling?" When I nodded, Carey continued: "Dum if I know why she ever had me. I hadn't the courage

to ask her, but she did it, and I'm glad she did." With that he lapsed into silence and blew up such a cloud of smoke that I began to think he was on fire.

When Mandy returned, Carey proposed that we could "make a day of it." By that he meant, as I learned later, a trip to the Corners, and as Mandy was as anxious that we should go as Carey was to take me, I had no objections to offer, so Old Bill was hooked to the single wagon and we started, Mandy waving her sunbonnet at us as we passed out of the clearing.

"Now," said Carey, as we jolted over the roots and through the ruts of the bush road, "put your eye on that horse. I'll admit he is not much to look at, as he has, like myself, roughed it in the bush, but he can outpull any horse in these parts, and there are some people with two horses that cannot hold a candle to him. It would do your heart good to see him brace himself and take a pull on a stump. Somehow he takes to it natural like; just slips up into the collar kind of easy, then bears away until everything is tight. Not a tug or a strain, mind you, but just a steady, long pull, until the chain snaps or whatever he is hooked to begins to come. Then Old Bill wakes up and marches. Curious, ain't it," said Carey, and I had to admit it was. But that did not satisfy him, so he stopped and insisted that I get out and take a closer look at Old Bill, as he termed it, "make his acquaintance."

Old Bill, to be candid with you, was a peculiar kind of a horse. When getting into the wagon I had scarcely looked at him, but now, with Carey as exhibitor, I had an ample opportunity, under the direction



OLD BILL.

of a man who was clearly in love with him, if such a term is applicable to a fellow-feeling between an animal and a human being. Old Bill had what might be termed a large head for a horse standing only a shade over fifteen hands, while his small muzzle and sharply pointed ears, with the width of your hand between them, and heavy jowls, gave him an odd look, but one that to my eye meant courage. His neck was so short that the big padded collar covered more than half of the space between his shoulders and crest, while his body and hind quarters looked like a block of bone and muscle. The quarters were let down very deep, or, as a racing man would say, he was well muscled. Old Bill's legs and feet looked like short posts, not that they were filled or round, but because he was so heavily boned, while the tendons were clearly defined, notwithstanding the growth of hair at the fetlock joints. As he stood there on the bush road, the sunlight filtering through an arch of green, seemed to play hide and seek with the dapples on his rich, brown coat. I looked and looked again at that block of a horse with all four feet well under him, and with the sight of him came back the memories of the horse I pictured Sir Walter Scott had in mind when he was writing of Richard, the Lion Hearted, at the tournament in "Ivanhoe."

Old Bill had a blemish, possibly you might call it a distinguishing mark. It was a large rim-burst on his right side, and when I noticed it, Carey told me it was on account of that he came to get him. According to his story, he was coming home from the Corners on foot one night about three years before I made my appearance in the clearing and met a travel-

ing circus. He said it was Dan Rice's, and I have now no means of learning whether it was ever in that section of the country or not. At all events, this horse had broken through a culvert and had been impaled on a splintered rail. The men had him up when Carey came along, and as they could not take the horse with them in that condition and could not stop, they made a bargain with him to take care of the horse and they would send for him in a couple of weeks. Whether they sent of not, Carey did not know; at all events, no one ever came to the clearing. He named him Old Bill, after a dog that had died a few weeks before the horse was added to Carey's worldly possessions. The horse recovered, but had the rim-burst referred to. It did not lower him one iota in his new owner's estimation, and as the horse that could pull the most was the most valuable in that community, "Old Bill" was soon the "cock of the walk," as Carey expressed it.

In due time we arrived at the Corners. It was simply a place where four roads met, and, as I remember it now, there were but three houses with a few barns and a section of what had once been a shed. One of these buildings was either a school or a church, possibly both, while the other two were supposed to be hotels. One was the old house. It was a long, low affair, painted white, with dull, brown colored windows and doors. It had that woe-begon appearance which clings to a house that has lost its trade, while the sheds and barns looked as if they were run down at the heel. The other house was two and a half stories high, and had, to all appearances, been built two or three years. It had never been painted and

was passing through that shabby, genteel period which follows in the wake of people who go up like a rocket and come down like a stick. This was Pierce's, or at least one of the places was Pierce's, or perhaps both were, as there seemed to be a great number of people of this name in that locality. At all events, before I left I learned that the big house had been built to eat up all the trade of the old house, and the result was that both failed. At the time I was there neither of them had a license, "couldn't afford it," Carey said, but both sold what was called "proof." Oh, but it was vile, and Carey said that "one could not tell on the t'other, as he dasn't." Then the minister could not say a word, as if he did, he would not have a place to stop at when he came to the Corners to preach. But this is local history.

Bill patronized the old house. He did not believe in new-fangled affairs with high ceilings and three or four flights of stairs. He had lived in a shanty and wanted things so that you could reach out and get them without running over all creation. Driving into the shed, he tied Old Bill to a post and made a move for the house. Up to that time no one was in sight, not even a dog or a hen. As we entered, a man of about fifty-five, with an iron-gray mane that would have done credit to a Percheron, rolled over on a bunk, and after rubbing his eyes for a minute or two, said: "How do," without making a move to get in an upright position. Thinks I, "what kind of a time is Carey going to have at the Corners?" To tell you the truth, it did not look very exciting.

In due time, however, Carey induced the landlord, who was a Pierce, to get up and "give us something

and take a little himself," and after it had been repeated a few times, he remarked that he had come to make the bet. "Oh, you have, have you," said Pierce. "Well, I reckon you have taken plenty of time to think it over. But I'll go you. An offer's an offer at the Corners since I have been here."

From the conversation that followed I learned that about six months prior to this visit a few of the neighbors met at Pierce's on their way home from a bee, and among other things began boasting of the pulling qualities of their horses. Carey was there, but did not say much until all of them had reached what he termed a "betting pint." He then offered to pull any two horses in the shed, but as they had an idea as to what Old Bill could do, there were no takers. At last someone stumped Carey to hitch to a sill in the long shed and pull it out. This plate, or sill, was a long piece of timber standing on three large boulders, and was the bottom log in the back of the shed. With it out the building would either settle or tumble over; but the loss would fall on Pierce, and as he did not have much use for it, no one thought he would object, and so it proved. The bet was a keg of "proof," and win or lose Pierce would get the money.

Word was sent around to the neighbors that Carey had come down with Old Bill to make the bet, and by sundown ten or a dozen sunburnt men had put in an appearance. During the interval Carey had been having what he called "a time," and when the crowd gathered there was no end to his enthusiasm. Before the pull, I found on examining the shed that a section of it had fallen or had been taken down and about ten feet of the sill of that section still projected beyond

the stone on which it rested. How Old Bill could pull it out was more than I knew; but Carey had planned it all out in his mind while up in the bush. Taking me to one side he said: "Now, don't you offer to bet any money, as the neighbors do not know what that kind of business is, and at the same time they might think I brought you here to cheat 'em. At the same time remember that while they are strong and hearty, they are a bit shy on the matter of strangers, as some of them have been nipped by lightning rod fellers and chaps that sign your name to a piece of paper for one kind of a book and then have some other one come along with another kind and your name on a note to pay for it. They don't come near me, as they cannot find their way to the clearing, but somehow they haunt the Corners. Lige, that is him in the big straw hat, says they can smell proof like a bear can a bee-tree, and I guess it's so."

After inviting everyone, including what Lige termed "the stranger," to have something, Carey began to make preparations for the pull. Old Bill was unhitched from the wagon and stripped of all his harness except the bridle, collar, hames and traces. These were fastened to a heavy second growth hickory whiffletree which Carey pulled from under the seat in the wagon, while a chain was at the same time unwound from the stakes over the back axle. It was plain that Carey had come prepared to make the bet, and as Old Bill had never been worsted in a pulling match, everything looked favorable. Pulling against another horse or a pair, however, was different from snatching a dead weight or wrenching a sill from under a tumble-down shed. At the time, I

thought it was the strangest bet I ever heard of, but I now think that old Pierce, who did nothing but sleep and scheme when not selling "proof," wanted the shed down, and took this way to do it and at the same time make a little on the side.

As a preliminary, Carey had the neighbors carry a couple of dozen heavy oak plank to the rear of the shed and lay them flat, making a floor for Old Bill to stand on. He then covered the plank with three or four inches of loam, making it just deep enough to not bother the horse and at the same time keep him from slipping. Old Bill was then led around and hitched to the whiffletree which was dangling at the end of the chain. When Carey adjusted the latter he gave it a half rolling hitch on the sill, which was partially flattened on the underside, and I noticed with some surprise that he placed the chain about a foot inside of the first stone on which the plate rested. There were two other stones between it and the end of the shed. Carey's idea was to give it a roll and when it heaved, the chances were the sill would slip out, while the shed could tumble over or settle, which he or no other person for that matter cared.

When everything was ready he took Old Bill by the head and with a pat on his neck spoke to him. The horse knew what was wanted, and after feeling his way up into the collar, just as I have seen a fighter feel of a man in the ring, he began to move. As the traces tightened and the chain began to eat into the wood, Old Bill settled down to the work. He seemed to lengthen, as his belly almost touched the ground, while his eyes began to stick out under the strain. Every foot held as he made a heave, but the sill never

budged. At the first strain the projecting end of the beam trembled, but that was all. Carey saw that it was a hard one, but instead of using up his horse in one effort, he spoke to him and finally backed him.

The neighbors were good judges of such matters and they were sure that Old Bill was "stumped," as they termed it. Carey did not think so, as after unhitching the horse and walking him down the road a bit to get the numbness out of his legs, he came back for another pull. The rules at the Corners in matters of this kind permitted three trials. This was to be the second one. Before hitching, Carey moved the chain, pulling it further around and in so doing added to the purchase of the rolling hitch. I knew enough about such matters to see that he now hoped to twist it out, as the first trial showed that it could not be pulled out by straight work. In a hitch of this kind quick work is required, as Carey had learned in the shanties. Backing Old Bill up to the wall, Carey spoke to him sharp, and at the same time stepped forward quickly. Quick as he was, Bill was quicker, and as the chain scrunched when the links slid into place, I saw the shed heave, while a grinding sort of noise came from the lower end. There is not speed enough in words to tell you what happened in the next few seconds.

I saw it all, and when the dust cleared away the shed was down and Old Bill was under it. Later on it was found that the sill at the end of the shed was rotten, for that matter the whole end. When Old Bill put the strain on with a snap, the sill broke loose and swung around. This, with the rolling hitch on the log, twisted the partially flattened plate so that it rolled off the stone behind the horse and caused the

long plate to swing around. As the horse stumbled forward, the projecting portion of the sill struck him and knocked him down. Carey dodged under the plate like a flash and unhooked the chain, but he could not get the horse out. The blow had stunned him, and before he could be moved the shed was down on top of him. The neighbors pulled the logs away in the faint hope of saving Old Bill. They hoped in vain. He was dead. The last I saw of Carey he was sitting on the grass with Old Bill's head in his lap. The tears were running down his sunburnt cheeks, while the neighbors busied themselves in digging a grave near the spot where the old horse fell. I turned away and left the place, as "when strong men weep"—well, you know what happens.

A YANKEE TRADE.

Old Amizah Allyn said that he would stand a treat
As the noddler in his noddy swept the street.
He was up behind a spike-tailed mare, and you should have seen her fly,
When he picked her up and trotted by singing "how is that for hi!"
—Nutmeg Ballad.

"Hen" Capen lived in Windsor, Conn. He was a Yankee born and bred in Connecticut, with a pedigree that traced back to Barnard Capen, a man of Puritanical principles, that landed in Dorchester, Mass., in 1636. The said Barnard Capen did not take very kindly to the rule of Charles I. in England, so like thousands of others, for religion's sake, he abandoned a home beyond the Atlantic for the wilds of America. According to the returns shown by his descendants the exchange proved a profitable one, although very little of the world's goods clung to "Hen." The Puritanical ideas were also bred out of his pedigree on the way down to him, but what he lacked in steeple-crowned hat and brown coat palaver, was more than made up by a sunny disposition and a devil-may-care sort of life which suited him to a T.

Now, while "Hen" was a dyed-in-the-wool Yankee, he was not one of the typical sort that you will, from time to time, find labeled Uncle Sam or Brother Jonathan in the daily papers, as he was thickset and as bright as a button, with a ruddy face and had, like Santa Claus

"A little round belly
That shook when he laughed
Like a bowl full of jelly."

In a professional way "Hen" was a noddler, a pure, unadulterated Connecticut Yankee horse trader, while as a side issue, and for his own amusement, he consumed rum. It was his besetting sin, and it, as it has with thousands of others, kept him broke. Still, for some unexplainable reason, "Hen" was never so happy as when he touched bottom, as after he sobered up, a matter that usually took three or four days, he would borrow a five or ten-dollar note from someone and begin to run it into material which could be placed on the market. At such times he would start off with a five-dollar trader or, in other words, a horsehide with a few bones and a spark of life in it, hitched to a borrowed wagon, and in all probability wearing a set of harness which had more rope and strings in it than leather. "Hen" was then in his glory, and from that time on till he felt like a capitalist, any man or boy from Windsor Locks to Wethersfield could have a trade, and when he nodded you were on and in up to your neck if you were interested financially.

Sometimes "Hen" would exchange horses five or six times during a day, it all depending how the run of people came to the stable yards he frequented. But for that matter, he would swop horses with a man on the road or any place you met him, and every time he traded you could rest assured that he got either a better horse or some money. There are people in this world who trade horses for amusement, but "Hen" Capen was not one of them. With him it

was business, all wool and a yard wide, and so it would run on until he felt that his wealth was a burden. Then he would start on a "tear" and never pull up until he was down to a shoe string.

In his day "Hen" Capen made thousands of trades, but all of them are now forgotten, except one that was consummated a short time after the close of the war. At that time Peter Pointdexter, possibly that was his name and possibly it was not, kept a meat store on Clark Street, in Hartford. He required a good horse in his business. One morning while driving from Hartford to Windsor, Peter decided that the horse he was driving did not suit him. Men will do that sometimes, and why they do, is more than I know. Just as this thought was rumbling about in Peter's head, who should swing around a bend in the road but "Hen" Capen. From the way he was weaving about in the seat of his wagon it looked as though he had been taking a little ballast, or at least was letting on he did, and they do say "Hen" was able to do a little shamming when he felt it might lead to new business.

As Peter hailed him he pulled up. For the next few minutes Peter and "Hen" talked horse as only Yankee and gypsy traders can. This brand of trader, unlike the Tennessee product, never find fault with the other man's horse, but can always slip in a sweet word or two in favor of their own. As Peter wanted to trade, "Hen" had no objections to offer. That was his business, and the result was that after a busy quarter of an hour, the meat wagon started towards Windsor with a new horse between the thills and "Hen" jogged on to Hartford with $50 added to his worldly possessions. The following morning, as the story runs,

"Hen" Capen drove into Clark Street, Hartford, before the sun was up. Peter Pointdexter was just putting the finishing touches on the proverbial forty winks before getting up, when he heard a wagon stop in front of his door, and, with an eye to business, stuck his head out of the window to see what was in the wind. He soon learned that he was wanted, and on coming down to the yard, he found "Hen" with tears running down his cheeks, weeping and wailing over how he had been beaten in that horse trade. The only excuse he had to offer was that he was drunk and he felt that Peter Pointdexter, owner of a big estate and a good business, should at least give him $25 more. Now, Peter was "as close as the bark to a tree," as the saying goes, but it tickled him to have "Hen" Capen, the prince of horse traders in Windsor, admit that he had bested him at his own game, so, after no end of hemming and hawing, he pulled out his wallet and handed over two tens and a five, which made the difference between the two horses $75.

In a few days Peter Pointdexter found that the horse he had of "Hen" Capen was a counterfeit, and that the longer he had him, the worse he became. Someone had apparently fixed him up for the trading market or "Hen" had done it himself. Who, he did not care to inquire, as his pride was touched; but like a good betting man, he decided after thinking it over, that the best place for a man to find his money was to go and look for it where he lost it. The next move was to find "Hen" Capen without letting that individual know he was looking for him. A week slipped by without seeing him, and all that time the

horse was going down hill like a barley fed horse prepared for an army contractor. Finally, taking the bit in his teeth, Peter Pointdexter started for Windsor and drove into "Hen" Capen's yard. The proprietor of the establishment was at home and in the best of humor. Smiles and sunshine seemed to flutter about his head as Peter Pointdexter pulled up, and the warmth with which he shook the worthy merchant's hand would make you think he was a long-lost brother.

After a little sparring Peter blurted out that he had come over to trade the horse he had off him, as after a trial he found that he did not suit him, because he would not stand without hitching, was afraid of the steam cars, and all that sort of thing. Of course, he added that if it were not for these little shortcomings he would never part with him, and, strange to say, "Hen" agreed with him. As they stood there talking a man drove into the yard behind a big bay horse which had been clipped. His mane was "hogged," or, in other words, removed, while his tail was also cut square off at the end of the dock. This horse was unhitched and led into the stable. Peter Pointdexter looked at him and "Hen" could see he liked him. That was one trick for "Hen." When they began to talk business, "Hen" asked Peter how the clipped horse would suit him. "Well, he didn't just know," but they talked and talked, and finally Peter swung around to him. "Hen" said that he would trade for $50, and they traded. Peter Pointdexted drove home congratulating himself, while "Hen" walked across the street and had a drink.

There were a number of sheds and stables in the rear of Peter Pointdexter's home on Clark Street. In order to make the circuit a stranger required a chart, but the stock on the place carried the plan in their heads and knew the routes from the yard to the water trough and to their respective stalls like animals in a circus. When Peter, all smiles, drove into the yard the horse swung around and backed the wagon under the shed without so much as being guided by the reins. As Peter told the story, this made him open his eyes, but when he unhitched and the new horse walked up an alley to the water trough and then wheeled around and made a bee line for a stall, he took out his spectacles and polished them. Even then he could not understand it, but his mind was made clear the following morning, when the stableman asked him why he had traded for the old horse. All Hartford and Windsor had a good laugh over it, and it was many a day before Peter Pointdexter, if that was his name, heard the last of his $125 investment in his own horse.

THE LUKE LIGHTWOOD LEGACY.

I'd one foot in the stirrup, a hand in his mane,
As he took the sod bank in his stride,
I could feel he was going and gave him the spur,
He responded and won, then lunged forward and died
With the cheers in his ears and the sweat on his hide.
'Twas a glorious death, but a few of us cried.
His four shoes are down stairs on the wall.

All of the curious and unemployed on the lower end of Manhatten Island were at the Battery on the morning of August 10, 1888, to see the City of New York finish her maiden trip and bring into port James G. Blaine, the Plumed Knight of Maine, who was returning from a coaching trip through Great Britain with Andrew Carnegie. That morning I was detailed for a trip to one of the Long Island tracks, and on reaching the South Ferry station of the elevated I decided to stop over a boat or two to see what had been heralded as the finest passenger vessel that had ever sailed for the port of New York. Those who had glasses soon picked her up in the lower bay, and in a short time she swept by the Statue of Liberty, on Bedloe's Island, and passed the cheering and handkerchief-waving multitude on the Battery on her way to a pier in the North River. As she steamed by old Castle Garden, which is now only a memory, I heard some one in a sing-song voice say:

"She walks the water like a thing of life."

"And see her lines; they are as fine as those of the high-mettled racers I rode when a lad in Jersey."

"It is poetical you are this morning, Luke," came a gruff voice at my shoulder. "Where on the green earth did you ever learn such a foine tale?"

"New York police, nothing else," said I; but when I turned a view of the first speaker surprised me. Perched on a park bench, with his hands on the officer's shoulder, was a little old man who would not weigh over ninety or one hundred pounds, wearing a high hat that had been ironed many a time, a high collar with an old black stock, such as you read about in novels running back to the Revolutionary period, a long frock coat, a little the worse for wear, a pair of light pants creased to a razor's edge, buff-colored gloves and patent leather shoes with pointed toes. His hair was white and clipped so close that you could see the skin of the scalp through the stubble, while an unusually heavy moustache for a man of his physique was waxed and twisted into points fine enough to go through the proverbial eye of a needle. This all came at a glance as I passed on to the ferry.

The following day, while making the same trip, I saw him again, and upon my return, the same officer being on the beat, I asked him who he was. He told me that the little old gentleman was known as Luke Lightwood, although he had reason to believe that it was not his only name, and that the boys about the Battery had favored him with the title, "Dot and Carry One," from the manner in which he banged his cane on the pavement and dragged a game leg after him. The officer also told me that Luke had been a jockey in his early days, and now picked up a living by assisting in the gambling rooms up town. All of this was imparted sub rosa at the time, being one of the official secrets which are handed about from day

to day between the police and those who spin stories for the press. At a later date I learned that Luke Lightwood had made it a rule for many years to walk from his lodgings, in what was called Greenwich Village in the old days, and remain on the Battery from twelve to two in summer, and from twelve to one in winter, before taking a car up town. He was so regular in his movements that the clerks in the Custom House were in the habit of regulating their watches by his coming or going, while Luke, all unconscious of the attention he attracted, took his constitutional, watched the vessels passing up and down the river and talked with the boys, with whom he was a prime favorite.

As newsgatherers are fond of odd characters, I had the officer arrange matters so that I was added to Luke's list of Battery acquaintances, and when the old man learned that I was fond of a galloping horse he was only too anxious to again live over in memory the old days, when he was in the saddle and riding on the tracks between New York and New Orleans. On one occasion, when in a communicative mood, Luke recited the words of the old song, "The High-Mettled Racer," which he said was from time immemorial sung each year by the President upon the removal of the cloth at the Jockey Club dinner of the South Carolina Jockey Club, which held its meetings at the Washington course, near Charleston. He also said that he stood on the lawn and heard it the year (1846) Childe Harold won the Jockey Club purse from Jerry Lancaster and Sally Morgan. As I appeared to be much taken with the words, Luke repeated them, line for line, while I wrote them in a memorandum book. The following are the words of the song:

THE HIGH-METTLED RACER.

See the course thronged with gazers! the sports are begun;
The confusion but hear! "I'll bet you, sir"—"Done!—done!"
Ten thousand strange clamors resound far and near;
Lords, hawkers and jockeys assail the tired ear.
While with neck like a rainbow, erecting his crest,
Pampered, prancing and pleased, his nose touching his breast,
Scarcely snuffing the air, he's so proud and elate,
The high-mettled racer starts first for the plate.

Now Reynard's turned out, and o'er hedge and ditch rush
Hounds, horses and huntsmen, all hard at his brush;
They run him at length, and they have him at bay,
And by scent and by view cheat a long, tedious way;
While alike born for sports of the field and the course,
Always sure to come through, a staunch and fleet horse,
When fairly run down the fox yields up his breath,
The high-mettled racer is in at the death.

Grown aged, used up, and turned out of the stud,
Lame, spavined, and wind-galled, but yet with some blood,
While knowing postillions his pedigree trace,
Tell his dam won that sweepstakes, his sire gained this race,
And what matches he won, too, the ostler's count o'er;
As they loiter their time at some hedge alehouse door;
While the harness sore galls, and the spurs his sides goad,
The high-mettled racer's a hack on the road.

Till at last having labored, drudged early and late,
Bowed down by degrees, he bends to his fate;
Blind, old and feeble, he tugs 'round a mill,
Or draws sand, till the sand of his hourglass stands still.
And now cold and lifeless, exposed to the view,
In the very same cart which he yesterday drew,
While the pitying crowd his sad relics surround,
The high-mettled racer is sold for the hounds.

From other conversations I learned that Luke Lightwood was born in a New Jersey town and acquired a fair education for the period. Upon leaving school his father wanted to apprentice him to a tailor, but his mother objected. She decided that Luke was cut out for the law, and as in such matters a woman usually has her way, Luke was, as he termed it, "articled" to a lawyer. As Luke had no taste for the calling, he put in the most of his time reading Smollett and Fielding and dreaming of the days still far away in the future when he would be free to follow in the footsteps of Tom Jones, providing he was as fortunate with the ladies, Roderick Random or even Peregrine Pickle. Being supplied with pocket money by his mother, Luke ingratiated himself with a set of young bloods who were striving to turn night into day, and in time became so clever that he found his winnings at the card table were greater than the amount acquired by his system of practicing law.

Luke left his native town when his mother died. At that time he had enough knowledge of the law to hang out a shingle in a frontier town, while at heart he was a gambler, with that hunger for excitement which comes with winning and losing, getting some-

thing for nothing, but usually nothing for something. Like the majority of the flotsam and jetsam of creation, imbued with the ideas of sudden wealth without toil, he turned towards New York, wooed the fickle goddess of fortune and lost. Too proud to return home after everything was gone, he secured employment as caretaker of a no account race horse. This took him to the race track, where, after learning to ride, he became an exercise boy, and finally a full-fledged jockey with a silk jacket, cap and top boots. As he was light, had age and good hands, Luke soon found steady employment, and in time rode in races on nearly all of the tracks between New York and New Orleans, while he also made a trip into Texas and the adjoining states, and I should infer by the two stories which he left that he also, for a short time, made an attempt at practicing law there.

Luke Lightwood's turf career closed on the old Beacon course in New Jersey. He was schooling a horse over the jumps when it stumbled at a sod bank, rolled on him and broke a bone in his hip. From that day he was a cripple, or old "Dot and Carry One," as he said, with a sad smile. As soon as he was out of the hospital Luke found work about the gambling rooms, his temperate habits and tidy appearance guaranteeing him steady employment.

Whenever I had occasion to cross the Battery on "Luke's hours" I always stopped to talk with him, and one day, after we had become chummy, he told me that he had two articles on racing very different from any I had ever seen; that he had published them, or intended to publish them, I do not now remember which, and that he would give them to me if I cared to have

them. Being called out of the city, I did not see him again for a month or two, but at our next meeting he told me that he would bring them the following day, and if I was not there he would leave the parcel with the officer on the beat. The following day came, but Luke failed to appear. He was also absent on the succeeding one, and as the regular officer was not on duty, I was unable to make an inquiry until the next afternoon. I then learned that the man I knew as Luke Lightwood was dead and buried.

During a misunderstanding, in a room up town, he happened to be in the way of a bullet and was killed instantly. An inquest, at which the officer was present, followed by a funeral from an undertaker's rooms, and Luke Lightwood dropped out of sight without a ripple. I had read of the shooting in the papers, but there was nothing in the name to connect the victim with the man I knew. The officer explained it all with the remark, "Two names." Later in the day I accompanied the officer on a visit to Luke's rooms. Everything remained just as he left it. On a table in the center of a little sitting room we found a large envelope bearing my name. It contained the stories he spoke about. The landlady, who fell heir to Luke Lightwood's personal effects, bade me take them, and they are presented here, not only as unique productions with a sparkle and verve all their own, but as a tribute to a man who, after being a lawyer, jockey and gambler, was still a gentleman with a fondness for books, Shelley and Byron being his favorites, while he was also well read in Scott and Burns, and told me that, in addition to reading all of Dickens and Thackeray, he had met both of them

when they visited America. Luke Lightwood, alias .... he was buried under the latter, lies in an unmarked grave at Woodlawn, but the long sleep in his little house of clay shall not be disturbed on account of it.

JEWED.

When I first made the acquaintance of Col. Pierch is not material at present. Years have passed since that time. Yet I think I see him now. Perfect in his unities of outfit, he arises before my memory; his erect form, meagre in its outline, but full of rugged strength, is clad in a high-collared, short-waisted, brass-mounted garb of battered blue; his lower limbs protected by a pair of pants of home manufacture, and of that color known to western housewives as the copperas dye, fitting with the exactitude of an adhesive plaster. Leaving the imagination of the reader to fill out the deficiencies of the man, as far as clothes be concerned, we will pass on to remark that the contour of the Colonel's visage was Roman in its outline, the physique entirely devoid of adipose matter, its cutaneous outposts having retired upon the bones of the face, making there a fiery stand against the sun and elements. The Colonel's eye was of a whitish gray, set obliquely, with the outer corners elevated from a straight line across his face. What though the storms of more than half a century had spent their force upon him; what though he had been the bully of several counties in which he lived, and had maintained

his laurels by the sacrifice of divers finger-joints, and such other favorite points of vulnerability, with his antagonists; not to mention fractured ribs, gouged eyes, etc.? What though he had stood by Jackson in his Indian wars, and in his grand triumph at New Orleans; had passed through the Texan struggle for independence; had scouted upon the frontier against the Comanches, yet, when I first saw him, his footstep had the lightness of twenty-five, and although so nearly approaching the close of his mortal career, a more decided worldling in heart I have never met.

The following letter, received from the Colonel at a period when the writer was practicing law in Texas, at the town of Crockett, will open the story of a quarter race. We propose placing the communication verbatim before the reader:

"Bucksnort On The Brasis, October 16th, 184-.

"Deer Squire:—After due compliments ov sich friendship as has ever been between us, I rite more particularly to inform you that I much wish that you will come out here next saturday week, to act fur me in the bisiness we was speaking ov; and, furthermore, to be at a real full-deck race. I've got on my hoss Rolette agin' a mar oaned by a feller name Cook, ginerally noan as Keeno Cook—having interjuce that game in these parts. Teh mar is called Slidin' Jenny. I'm to put up a thousand dollars wuth of land switifikets agin hoss property valleyed at cash price.

fur further perticulars wait ontwell I see you, which I'm in hopes you'll not disappint me in not coming.

"Yours, etc., B. D. K. Pierch."

The morning set for the race found us within the town of Bucksnort, a little village consisting of one grocery and some out-buildings. The contest which was to come off had attracted a crowd of some two hundred persons, the mass of whom, upon our entry, were gathered about the grocery, from whence proceeded the sounds of music and dancing, accompanied by a variety of fancy noises, in the way of imitation of Indian yells and the various cries of wild beasts, peculiar to the region of country in which the village had been located.

In mingling with the crowd, many of whom were old acquaintances, we found the race the ruling topic of discussion, with occasional diversions upon the subject of Indian depredations, regulating cattle-thieves, inquiries after stray ponies, etc. Rolette seemed the favorite, and odds were freely given against the mare, Sliding Jennie.

"If I weren't afeerd," said Bill Speck, a withered, shrunken old fellow of advanced age, with one eye, clad entout in buckskin, a handkerchief bound about his unkempt locks of iron gray hair, a bristly beard, and chewing a huge quid of tobacco, forcing the amber in two tiny streams from either corner of his mouth, like juice from a cider-press, "if I weren't afeerd it was a 'throw off,' I ain't shore but what I mout bet a little sumthin' myself. But," continued Uncle Billy, "you see I've knowed old Baron de Kalb Pierch a long time; he's a good naybor, but powerful onsartin in sportin' matters. I wunce lost a yoke of steers and three yearlins on a hoss ov his, named Flitter Foot, that didn't suit me no way you could fix it. I told Pierch, in mighty plain talk, what I thought;

but you know he's run for the Legislature, and spoke about so much a stumpin' uv it, that he kin make things look all right if you'll oney listen to it.

"Ef er put up we'r struck, boys," concluded Uncle Billy; "less be shore we'r gwine in on the winnin hoss."

In the course of the morning I made acquaintance of Mr. Keeno Cook, and received, and accepted, an invitation to take a drink with that individual. Mr. Cook was a large, raw-boned man, with nothing of note in his appearance, except a grave restraint of manner, rather at variance with the boisterous deportment of the mass of the assemblage. The contour of his face reminded me somewhat of the head of a buffalo fish, and his dim blue eyes were in good keeping with the resemblance. He was a man of few words, and evidently felt himself capable of keeping his own counsel.

The day was on the decline before many vexing preliminaries, such as choosing judges for the start and outcome, valuing the horses which were staked on the race, etc., were gotten through with. These business matters were dispatched not without much profanity and rough sarcasm upon the part of Col. Pierch directed toward Keeno Cook, who bore them with a tranquility of manner in perfect keeping with my preconceived opinion of the man.

On arriving at the paths, I found them located upon the verge of a prairie that was spread out to the east and north. The early frost of autumn had tinged the grass slightly with a russet hue. The evening was lovely in the extreme—a faint hum of insect life pervaded the air, and thousands of gossamer webs

floated before the eye. The distant low of cattle, and the musical chant of water-fowl, winging their way toward the Mexican Gulf, fell with wild sweetness on the ear.

One great point in a quarter race is in "getting the bulge," as it is termed; that is, the foremost start when the word "go!" is given to begin the race. The rapidity with which the race is run, and the advantages to the horse gaining it, makes this a matter of prime consideration. The fast starter is a man of more importance, perhaps, than either trainer or rider. On the occasion I am relating, "Greek had met Greek" in the persons of Col. Pierch and Keeno Cook, who were considered by their respective friends to be twenty feet faster than any men known in Texas. Long after the judges at the start, to decide which (and by how many feet) of the horses got the start, and those of the outcome, were posted, were these two worthies contending against each other for the advantage in turning their animals loose.

At length, by a wild plunge, Rolette tore loose from the grasp of his master, and set off down his path. "Come back! No start!" was loudly shouted by the judges. The rider of Rolette, thus arrested, sought to restrain the frantic animal he bestrode; in doing which, a pair of keen spurs, wherewith his heels were barbed, came in unlucky contact with the horse's sides. The consequence was that by a desperate struggle, in which the girth bursted with a report like the smack of a whip, that injured animal, sent his tormentor a heels-over-head cruise among the wild geese passing by.

"Now, Aignog," said Col. Pierch, addressing the proprietor of the Bucksnort Saloon; "Now, Aignog, do you turn that hoss; I'm gwine to ride him myself." This remark was made after Rolette had been caught and returned to his owner.

'Twas a beautiful sight to behold the Colonel divesting himself of the long-tailed blue, binding his brow with a red cotton bandanna, having first kicked off his low-quartered shoes, and thrust the extremities of his copperas dyes into his green hose, then encircling his waist firmly with his suspenders. Before mounting, like a prudent jockey, his critical eye and hand swept every fixture about the horse; finding girths, buckles, bits, reins all correct, with a nimble bounce he vaulted into the saddle, and gathered himself up for the struggle. The voice and chirrups of his master seemed somewhat to soothe the troubled temper of Rolette, and a prospect of a speedy turn-loose animated the feelings of the bystanders.

At last, after several skillful and masterly manoeuvers, like ships in action beating to windward, Keeno and Aignog, almost abreast, near the starting-poles. The eye of Keeno has lost its leaden hue; his face glows, for one instant, electric fire; his glance is firmly riveted upon the face of the judge who gives the signal, and as the thought of utterance fills his mind, Keeno's grasp falls from the mare's bridle, and like a flash of light she bounds forth with the word "go!" a length in advance of Rolette. Ah! Aignog was no match for Keeno.

"Hoorah! hoorah! my roaring Pierch," shouted the crowd at the starting pole. "Hoorah! hoorah! clear the track, they are a-coming—they're a-coming," is

answered in whoop and yell from the out-come. Now the two horses, closely locked, sink into a slight depression of the track, and now, with fearful speed, they rise the elevation beyond. Look at Pierch, standing high in his stirrups, and thereby showing several inches of clear daylight between him and the seat of the saddle—his elbows flattened to his sides, his knees firmly pressing against Rolette's shoulders, he is lifting him at every bound.

A small streamer of the bounce bandanna is fluttering like a fiery meteor through the troubled atmosphere. The struggle has been fearful, but it is past; they are rapidly nearing the out-come. Col. Pierch, some lengths in advance, is animating his flying steed with shrill exulting cries, although his eye has never wandered from between his horse's ears. His practiced ear has caught the thunder of his rival's tread in his rear, and before him reeling, shouting in a maddening frenzy of joy, are his friends and backers, already hailing him victor of the—— But, ah! like all of life's uncertain ways are the issues of races. Well said the wise man, "the race is not always to the swift;" for lo! at that very moment an Hebrew huckster, who, during the day had been seeking to vend a limited assortment of wares to the assembled multitude, with an eye for interest never sleeping, beheld a delinquent customer upon the opposite side of the tracks from where he stood. This person the Israelite had been seeking throughout the day, with a fixed purpose of bringing him to an adjustment of accounts.

It formed no part of Israel's most extreme hope of finishing the business then and there, but he wished to keep near his debtor, to seize the first golden oppor-

tunity to consummate the business affair, and for that desirable end, he determined to cross the tracks at all hazards, and keep in the wake of his man. A moment he gazed adown the tracks at the approaching horses—

> "A moment listened to the cry
> That thickened as the race grew nigh."

and then, with one brave bound, he crossed the path nearest him, for one instant bewildered; he crouches like a hare in the little space of grass that divides the two paths; amidst cries of "lay down," "go on," from the many-headed; he plunges into Rolette's path, and receives from the knees of that animal, in a rising bound, a glancing blow upon the pack strapped upon his back, and, amid a loud crash of smashed glass and boxes, he is spun in a variety of somersets high in the air, and breaks the force of his fall by carrying an old man and boy, mounted double, to the earth from their mule. The accident was fatal to Col. Pierch's interest. Rolette floundered and fell, and ere his rider, with frightful oath and imprecation, could rouse him from the earth, Sliding Jennie had swept by like a storm, and passed through the poles a winner, amid the shouts and yells of the crowd.

The scene that ensued I will not attempt to describe. After a partial lull had taken place, I beheld Col. Pierch elbowing his way through the crowd, and glaring about him with an eye that absolutely flashed with rage. It was plain to see, as Uncle Billy Spark remarked, that the devil was in him. "I want to speak with that peddler a minit," the Colonel ejaculated through his bloodless lips—"only a minit." "Now," said Col. Pierch, con-

fronting the peddler, who had escaped miraculously from his adventure with but trifling injuries, and had been endeavoring vainly to make his egress from the crowd, which hemmed him in on all sides, as by a living wall, "now, what did you git in my horse's path for? Don't tell me about not meaning anything; you was hired to do it—hired! You'd risk anything for money! You needn't to look around, fur I'm gwine to have a settlement in full, ole feller, before you leave this ground. I jest wonder what's keeping me from chewin' you rite up now, instead ov givin' you any chance to say a word fur yourself. You don't remember ov cheatin' my ole woman in a passel ov rotten cap truck last week? Oh, no, ov course not; you are are awful—frightful. Gentlemen," said the Colonel, suddenly elevating his voice to a shriek— addressing the crowd that was thickening fast around them—"you wouldn't believe that that outlandish, aig-sucking, cent-shavin', black-bearded furrier, which they're all gwine about eatin' out the intruls of the country, cheated a poor grass widder, 'Betsey Stillwater,' as lives on the crick below me, an's got a whole houseful of yearlin' children to support, outen a dollar an' a half, in changin' money fur some of his cussed stole goods." The reminiscence was too much for the pure-minded Pierch; he forthwith attacked the peddler, tooth and nail, being stimulated thereto and encouraged therein by the shouts of the bystanders, who made the welkin ring with cries of "give it to him, Pierch," "under-handed licks," "follow him up," etc. The gallant Colonel, having, at length, by a well-directed blow, felled his antagonist to the earth, and presently getting astride of his body, proceeded to

carry him through a process of gouging and punching that reminded me greatly of an excited female domestic kneading dough. The appalling yells of the miserable peddler at length excited commiseration in the breast of some of the bystanders, who, by an exertion of main strength, rent the Colonel from his victim.

A short time afterwards, on joining a crowd which was rapidly gathering about a common center, I found Col. Pierch had mounted a stump, and was proceeding to address the assemblage. The speaker was fond of the art, and never let any suitable opportunity escape improvement. He began: "Feller citizens, I have arize before you on this egsitin occashun, called forth, I mout say, by circumstances which no man could have calkalated on. We've bin (at least those backin' Rolette) powerfully exercised in feelins by the conduct ov a worthless critter as ought never been allowed on the ground, which it'll be a lesson, I hope, to every man here, that whenever he sees sich varmints a-sneakin' about, to give 'em a warping that'll put 'em in notion of huntin' some other market, and that pretty fast, too. I've come to the conclusion, feller citizens, ov raisin' no squabble about the matter, but to give up the stakes. It weren't Keeno's fault, who's a good feller, and wouldn't fur a minit uphold the peddler in sich doin's as has been gwine through; but though he won by accident, yet he won the race. Ef we were in his place, I expect we would most probably be for keepin' the money, too. The fair, even thing, is the real clever thing. It's the mottow I've stood by all my life to have a karecter. And I've often, when ridin' home from a muster or horse race,

or camp meetin', said to myself, you may take my puss, take my hoss, take my liker, but leave me my karecter, fur it's a stake as'll do to lariat to the wost night that kin fall. I've had some satisfaction, feller citizens," continued the speaker; "I've had some satisfaction, for I've laroped that cussed peddler ontwill I don't think he's gwine to git in a hoss's way agin soon. Whippin' the cuss has put a bad taste in my mouth; less all go back to the grocery and licker."

The Colonel descended from the stump amid the loud applause of his audience, most of whom were soon proceeding back to the town to avail themselves of his general invitation.

"Squire," said the Colonel in a low tone to me, as we rode back together, "keep dark, but I ain't as bad hurt as you mout suppose. I compt'd with Keeno, and got back half my stake. And mind, I don't say they're fraudulous to my certain knowledge, but I'm mighty afeard that Keeno, or whoever locates, will find diffikilty in gettin' patterns on them surtifikits he's got—left."

FLUSHED.

In the spring of 185-, Tom J. ——— and myself were employed upon opposite sides of a cause, which was set to be tried before the Probate Court of Poinsett County, Arkansas. Lawyers are always cheek by jowl, except when actually engaged before the Court; consequently, we started and traveled to the county seat together. As each wished to examine the

records before the case came on, we arranged our departure so as to arrive there several days before Court. Up to the Saturday preceding court-day, we were busily engaged; and I must confess that on that morning I for one was rather pleased than otherwise when we were informed by the landlord that we might expect "a pretty smart sprinkling of folks in town to-day, " 'cause there's to be a big quarter-race run over thar on the race-track to-day."

"Whose are the horses, and what are the stakes?" we inquired.

"Why, Jim Donavan's mar' is a gwine to run against Mat Martin's big black hoss for a hundred dollars," answered he, "and the hull county will be out to see it."

Now, Jim Donavan was the Sheriff of the county, and Mat Martin was the keeper of a favorite grocery near by; and as both were great favorites, we felt convinced that the landlord was right in expecting a crowd.

Sure enough, as the sun began to rise, the people began pouring in from all sides, and by ten o'clock there were between one hundred and fifty and two hundred men, women and children, followed by about four hundred dogs, gathered in front of the town grocery. Tom and I were standing by looking on, having saluted our acquaintances, when the Sheriff, with whom we were favorites, came into town riding the mare.

"How-de-do, boys! how-de-do!" exclaimed he as soon as he recognized us, springing to the ground, and extending to each a hand. "I knowed it," continued he; "I knowed you down-the-country fellers

couldn't be kept away from this here hoss race as soon as you heerd that this here mar' was gwine to run! You've come up here to bet your pile on her, and to win, too, for I tell you what it is, that thar hoss don't stand no manner of chance! He can't tich bottom no how! This here mar' can out-run a hatful of bad-skeered lightnin', she kin! Come, all you what's for the mar', let's lick'r."

This invitation was addressed to the crowd; and from the number that availed themselves of it, an inexperienced observer might have inferred that the black horse had no partisans whatever in the crowd. That such was not the case, however, was soon proved, by the arrival of Mat with a similar invitation, when a fully equal number "lickered" for the "hoss." The fact is, the whole crowd drank both times. And now came the closing scene preparatory to proceeding to the race-ground. The horses were brought around, amid the cheers of the crowd, and the hectoring of Mat, who, in loud tones of voice, began advising his opponents to "blindfold their mar', or put her in the stable, 'cause if she was to cotch sight of this here hoss, she'd swooned right away, she would!" And occasionally he would pretend to blindfold his horse, "'cause as how, if he war to get a good look at the critter he had to run against, he'd be dead sure not to run a mite, he'd be so 'shamed." Here the Sheriff interfered—swore "he warn't a gwine to hear his mar' abused that way"—stepped out from the crowd dashed his hat upon the ground and invited Mat to step out and "take a chunk of a fight." Mat, nothing loth, complied with the invitation; others of the crowd took sides for one or the other, and matters appeared very fair for a general "scrimmage," when Tom and I

interfered, and, by a little judicious management, succeeded in quieting the excitement and restoring peace.

At our suggestion (and expense) the crowd again "lickered," and then repaired to the race-ground. But if we were surprised at the preliminaries, we were astonished when we arrived at the ground and surveyed the track, or rather the tracks. I will try and describe them, and sporting men can take items if they choose. There was no quarter of a mile in the country level enough to make a track, so they commenced upon the top of a small hill, descended that, ascended and descended another, and terminated in the hollow. Thus, on account of the intervening hill, persons at one end of the track could not see what was transpiring at the other. Two spaces, each about two feet wide, had been cleaned the whole length of the tracks; and in order to obtain a good bottom, these tracks had been dug down below the surface of the earth, so that the horses were to run in trenches, or ditches,—intended, I suppose, to keep them from flying the track. These two trenches, or ditches, were about ten or twelve feet from each other; and as the undergrowth had not been cleared out of the intervening space, and there grew thick and heavy, only occasional glimpses could be obtained by the rider upon one track of any one upon the other. This fact Tom and I demonstrated to our own satisfaction by riding over the tracks. but the tracks were not the only objects of interest. An observer of human nature might have passed days in that crowd, and each minute of every day might have discovered some new, and to him astonishing, trait to wonder at and admire. About a hundred, or a hundred and fifty persons, of all ages and sexes, had collected to witness the race, and as

each horse had his partisans, there was a considerable amount of excitement visible. There was a great deal of betting, too, and jack-knives, dimes, and thimbles were waged freely upon the result of the race, while a pair of ardent bare-footed lovers, who appeared upon the course hand in hand, were heard to bet a kiss; and in a very short time afterwards were both seen to pay up before it was known who was to win.

The greatest character upon the ground was Mat Martin's wife, who, knowing that "doubtful things are mighty onsartin," and that Mat might possibly lose the race, had determined—spirited woman that she was(!)—that she would try to make something sure anyhow, and so appeared upon the ground, in a little wagon, well stocked from her husband's grocery. Tom and I soon found her out, and by a few well-timed compliments paid to the horse so completely won her heart that she invited us to drink, and immediately produced a bottle of liquid, which she pronounced to be the "rale brandy, none of your make-believe stuff," and told us to help ourselves. We complied without hesitation, and each poured out a moderate drink and drank it. How I ever managed to swallow my share of it I do not know, for a more detestable compound never was labelled brandy. I did swallow it, however, but could not repress the look of disgust which rose to my face, nor prevent the involuntary application of my hand to my burning "innards." The woman turned fiercely toward me, and exclaimed: "Now, look here, stranger, you needn't put on any of your squalmishness and city ways about that brandy, 'cause I know it is the rale stuff, 'cause my old man paid sixty cents a gallon for

it in Wittsburg, and, moren' that, if you don't like the brandy, he's here himself, and he can whip it out of you in less than no time, and will do it, too, if you say so."

This was what might be called a "knock-down and drag-out argument;" and as I did not doubt Mat's ability and willingness to do it, I hastened to apologize. It took some time to molify the dame; but after awhile I succeeded, and was able to turn my attention again to the preparation for the race. Mat and the Sheriff were mounted upon their respective horses, some hundred yards apart, and communicated with each other by means of ambassadors. Their intercourse, free enough before, was immediately stopped when they arrived upon the ground; and, like opposing generals arranging the details of a truce, each had taken his station, surrounded by his staff, and communicated with each other, or with the different bodies under his command, only by means of aids. These important individuals were careering wildly over the grounds, bearing messages to every part of the field, while, occasionally, after a close and eager consultation among those composing one or other of the principal groups, some one would pace forward at a more dignified gait, charged with some communication for the opposite party.

Foremost among the supporters of the Sheriff, I noticed his deputy and a tall, thin, straight man in a red shirt, while Mat had for his "Bowers," a short and dirty little man, whose name I did not learn, and a larger specimen of the "genus homo," who rejoiced in the peculiar and appropriate cognomen of "Rip." Each and every one of these four evidently considered himself as second in importance only to the owners

of the horses, and bore himself accordingly. It was truly surprising to see with what grace and dignity "red shirt" would step out of the ranks and advance to receive "short and dirty," who approached, bearing some message to the Sheriff, and how "Rip" would bear himself as he repeated some order of Mat's to the minor aids. From the time that was consumed in these transactions, vast and important affairs must have been settled, but what they were I am unable to state, as outsiders were carefully excluded. In the meantime, Mrs. Martin drove a thriving business; and I began to suspect, as evening drew on, without the preparation being completed, that the managers of the race were in "cohoots" with her, and were protracting the "preliminaries" purposely.

Everything must have an end, however, and so did the horse-race. The horses were put upon the track—a whoop from the further end proclaimed the start. Anxiously we waited for their appearance. At length they appeared, the mare somewhat in advance. A loud shout from her friends proclaimed their interest in the race, but the shout stopped the fun for the day. Both horses became frightened, reared, threw their riders, and plunged into the woods. Never did I see men look so blank! Tom and I shouted with laughter, but we soon found, from the lowering looks bent upon us, that unless something was done quickly to turn aside their resentment, our mirth might be changed into mourning. Fortunately, however, we knew a panacea for that evil. Before many minutes we had bought out Mrs. Martin's stock. We placed the barrel upon the ground, removed the end, and invited the crowd to pitch in—and they did. On Monday morning, when Court met, there weren't enough sober men to be found to make up a jury, and the Judge fined the both of us for contempt of court.

JOHNNY'S COLT.

Johnny's wee fuzzy colt with the light bushy tail,
And the big, dreamy eyes so good natured and brown,
Which reflected your face as he stood by the rail;
Was the pet of the farm when the folk came from town.

He was foaled in the lot near the brook where the skegs
Mark the spot where I took my first trout with a fly,
And was stumbling about on his long wobbly legs
When the groom who first saw him was galloping by.

All the men on the place said he was highly bred,
By a great racing horse, name unknown, while the mare
Had at one time belonged to a neighbor now dead,
And was known to have won a fast race at the fair.

She was high strung and flighty, but game to the core,
And would try to the finish, to harness or pole,
But went wrong in her hip and was heard of no more,
Until after the boys fell in love with her foal.

In the long summer days I oft leaned on the bar,
And dreamed honors for him on a fast strip of dirt;
Made him tramp on the records like Major Delmar,
Or spread eagle the pacers like old Prince Alert.

And the cute little chap with a mane like spun silk,
Would look at me and whinner or scamper and play;
Snuggle to me for sugar or call for the milk
Which the farmer prescribed for the colt twice a day.

'Tis these small dreams of hope which prompt many to try
In the struggle of life for a fortune jolt
Which will make them a winner in the public eye
With a yacht, with a gun, or a bushy tailed colt.

THE TOUT.

"Come on! I'll bet you two to one
I'll make him do it! Will you! Done."—*Holmes.*

You have seen him. You have heard the rattle of his brassy voice as he offers to bet a dollar on the outside after the judges have given the word. There may be a few who have cause to remember the crafty confidence man of the turf, as touts come in all colors and flourish in all lands. They swarm in the wake of the gallopers and "sweat" from town to town with the trotters. Wherever there is betting you will find them. They manage to hang on by their eyelids, but how, none but themselves can tell. To an outsider, the mysteries of a crap game are simpler than the wriggling of the tout from one end of the season to the other.

The average tout's apparel and wardrobe, like a fresh water fisherman's, depends on the run of "suckers." If they are plentiful, nothing from patent leather shoes and a diamond pin up to a swell hotel is good enough; but the fall comes as sure as fate. Turn the average tout loose with money and he blows himself. Wit runs out when wealth goes in, but returns as the roll decreases. There are exceptions, however, as there has been cases where the dollar bettor climbed the ladder of success and settled in Easy Street.

Stable secrets are the tout's stock in trade. When he finds an empty ear it does not take him long to fill

it with the performances and the breeding of the starters. He is as familiar with their physical condition as the trainer, and, in addition to that, knows what each owner and trainer is going to do in the race. A hint that you will put down fifty and declare him in, should it win, makes him your boon companion until after the race. Should it fail, and you are not game enough to look for your money where you lost it, the information bureau looks for another "game sport," if he has not already touted a couple of other horses in the same race to different parties.

As soon as a new man pulls in with a couple of horses, the tout, if he is inside a good suit of clothes, interviews him. If down at the heel, he worms his way into the good graces of the help, boards with them, if they have a cook, and sleeps in the feed stall, if they will let him. By doing odd jobs around the stable he learns what is going on, while he is always looking for some one who will pay for what information he can glean.

Touts have unlimited assurance, and to become expert in their line of business they must also remember all of the fairy tales they weave during a meeting. A gullible man will believe another without a whimper, if he will stand pat even after a losing. He figures that the man with the information has a key to something which failed to connect, while he is convinced that the tout, with his apparently flattering connections, knows more than he does, or even claims to.

On all of the large tracks there is another class termed "betting commissioners," or "gentlemen touts." They have money. At the hotel they have

the finest suit of rooms, and by a little maneuvering manage to secure the confidence of a few of the drivers. As a rule, the manager of a stable wants some one to look after his interests in the betting ring, providing he plays a little money. The "gentleman tout" is on hand and ready to do it. He can watch the tide of affairs and report. If a driver has to be seen, the "gentleman tout" is ready to report for duty, or, if it is too glaring, hunts up some one who will do the work.

The usual method of the "gentleman touts," and the "sure thing players," is to get their heads together and pick out a race for a killing. The outsiders, if their starters are considered of any account, are interviewed. Should they decline to do business, and enough pressure cannot be brought to bear to bring the owner and driver, or at least the latter, into line, they either call it off or start out to win, sink or swim. At such a time the outsider can look for war. If he has not speed enough to go out in front and stay there, he can look for pockets, cutoffs, fouls and all kinds of impediments. A fresh horse will tackle him each heat and carry him all over the track, up against the fence, or over it, if the money is on and being singed.

The "gentleman tout" is also a clever entertainer. When he is looking for the smiles of a new man, and if that man is fresh from the bushes, a quiet little dinner, with a cold bottle, followed by a trip to the show, usually does the work. He will put a hundred on for Mr. Freshman to win; will see that so and so does not interfere with his horse, and do a dozen other things to keep the ball rolling. Nothing is too

good for the new arrival until after the race, when, if his starter does not come up to expectations, they part. Should he have a clever horse, Mr. Freshman is declared in with all the good things in which he has a starter and is a member of the guild just so long as his horse holds his form, always providing that he does not talk too much.

But of "tout," the word itself, Webster says, "One who secretly watches race horses which are in course of training to get information about their capacities, for use in betting." There is nothing in the Dictionary to show where the word comes from, but from other sources I learn that it, like English racing, dates from the reign of Charles II., when the sprucer sort of citizens galloped from London to Epsom not to see the Derby or the Oaks, as they were then unheard of, but to do a little Epsom water drinking. The waters were considered efficacious, and the citizens east of Temple Bar were supposed to receive much benefit from their use. The citizen on his way to Epsom, during the reign of the "Merry Monarch," was met at Tooting by tradesmen, quack doctors and lodging-house keepers, with so many importunities for patronage that the word "touting" derives its origin from the village where their plying for trade was carried to such an extent. The step from "tooting" or "touting" to "tout" is too apparent to require comment.

GETTING EVEN.

Harry called her a Morgan, high-mettled and gay,
With her head in the air and her tail in the breeze,
While her tapering ears were as quick in their play
As squirrels when they romp on the limbs of the trees,
With a neck like a swan; her big eyes had the glint
Which you see in the stars on a cold winter night;
She pleased me—we exchanged without even a hint
That the beauty was balky, could kick, and would bite.
Being sound and well-bred with a place for her feed,
I repeated her 'till she was willing to rest,
And when balanced I found that she had enough speed
To engage in the circuit and score with the best.

There are horse traders, and then there are horse traders, and all of them follow the calling (you can scarcely dignify it with the title of a profession) if you can believe them, to use a racing term, "for some fun and some money." Its devotees learn from one another, and by the time one of the old guard becomes a past master in the art of reading the defects of another man's nag, a youngster comes along and gives him a sleeper. This is the exception, however, and only goes to prove the rule that nature, in the end, evens up all things between the good and the bad, the sharp and the flat. But in a horse trade those who have made a study of it will tell you that the only way to succeed is to let the other fellow do all of the talking and, if you can hold your tongue, let him do the trading, or, at all events, propose something. That is the starting point.

Experience has also taught the silent trader that it is not necessary to look at the other man's horse if you want to learn what is the matter with him, but it is necessary to keep an eye on what is being done with your own. You can put it in your pipe and smoke it for a solemn fact, that when a man is making all kinds of motions to learn if your horse is blind, that he is anxious to get clear of one that has a bad pair of eyes. If he asks about the heaves or begins to look for spavins or ring bones, in nine times out of ten you will find something of that kind on his bag of bones.

There was a day, however, when I did not think that way. I was driving a stage over the hills in Vermont, that paradise of horse swappers, and had made a few good trades. Finally, one pleasant morning, a farmer with an eye for a horse and church matters, put a "fitty" one on to me. It was a bad piece of business and might have been the death of someone, but, fortunately, I found it out before any damage was done except a pair of broken thills and a severe strain on my temper. There was no use crying about it, however, and instead of sitting down and taking my medicine, I made up my mind to get even.

Some time after the "fitty" horse had gone, as all trading horses go, to another stable, I managed to get a rip staving, fine five-year-old horse that could make the old coach hum. I put him on the off side, so that he would not be bothered when passing teams and saw that he was kept busy from the time he pulled out in the morning to the end of the run. I had my reasons for it, as this clever young horse, not-

withstanding all of his good qualities, had a fault, and a very bad one. He was a kicker, and one of the worst you ever put an eye on. The only time he ever bothered me (I do not know what he did with other people, neither did I inquire, except in one case, of which I will relate later,) was in the morning. Then if you went near him, after he had been fed, it looked as though his feet were in the air all of the time. He was so bad that I had to arrange matters so that I could drop the harness on him from the loft, and the strangest part of it all was, that as soon as he felt the straps on his back he became as gentle as a lamb—or at least he did for me.

As soon as I learned the ways of this horse, I made up my mind that he was the proper subject for my friend who gave me the "fitty" one. About a week after the kicker came to me, I was driving the coach over a hill when I saw my dear friend on the top of another one. He appeared to have a right shifty kind of a horse, but one that did not have as much style as the off one in my pair. As the teams approached each other I kept my eye on the horse coming down the road and saw that he put every foot in its place, and acted as if there was nothing the matter with him. We met in the middle of a little valley, and as there were no passengers on board, I stopped and stumped him for a trade. He knew that he owed me one, so I introduced the business by asking him how he would trade for my nigh horse.

"I would rather have the off one," said he.

"Would you?" says I.

"Yes," said he. "I'll trade you even for him."

"Done," said I, "and we can change them right here if you say the word."

We changed, my horse to all appearances not being in the kicking humor at that moment. As he took up the reins to drive away he turned half around in his seat and, with a fox-in-the-hole smile, asked me if there was anything wrong with the horse.

"Well, now," said I, as I climbed into the seat, "if you will ask the barn man at the first hotel down the road, he will tell you all about that horse," and with a good morning, I drove on. The following day, on the down trip, I learned that the barn man had given him due warning by telling him that the handsome off horse would kick his hat off if he did not look out. He tried him good and plenty and found it was only too true, and as he did not have enough work or patience to get along with him, I sent a man over and bought him back for $40. The next time I met my friend with an eye for a horse and church matters, the kicker was in his place on the off side. He did not offer to pull up or even return my salute when I tipped my hat to him.

CHAMP

"I would not have the horse I drive
So fast that folks would stop and stare;
An easy gait—two-forty-five—
Suits me; I do not care;
Perhaps, just for a single spurt,
Some seconds less would do no hurt.'—*Holmes.*

Lemuel Jenkins and Uncle Si did not get along well. They never exchanged words for over thirty years and Lem went down to his grave without, so far as the world knows, forgiving the man he supposed to be his enemy. In a roundabout way I heard that the trouble was originally caused by a trade, but it had taken place so long ago that those who referred to it had forgotten the details, if they ever knew them. As the years rolled by they seemed to move further and further apart, and when Lem's only son, on the day he was of age, married Uncle Si's daughter, Lizzie, in open defiance of the expressed wish of his father, it looked as though there would be trouble. Father and son parted in anger, and as the young man had nothing but a sound constitution and plenty of pluck to fall back on for a living, Uncle Si opened his door and took him into partnership in his livery and sale business. Then there was talk galore in the village, but neither Uncle Si nor Lem Jenkins said a word, and the young man was too busy learning the details of the livery business to pay much attention to gossip.

This Lemuel Jenkins was a cold, sullen man, with a disposition to find fault with everything from the weather up, while Uncle Si was just the opposite. He always looked the world in the face with a smile and had a good word for everyone, from the little tot tugging at his mother's apron strings up to the minister. He and Lem had been boys together, attended the same school and joined in all of their amusements until both of them were men grown. I might also add that Lemuel Jenkins was the son of Uncle Si's oldest sister, Helen. She was married when Cyrus was in dresses and her boy was but two or three years younger than his uncle. When Helen was married to Lemuel Jenkins some said he was old enough to be her father, and at that she was his second wife. He had a two-hundred-acre farm three miles from the village. It was one of the best in the county, and it did not lose any of its good qualities under her care, as, according to the old proverb, in this case the "gray mare was the better horse."

Helen began life by looking out for Number One, and it grew on her; but Uncle Si always remarked, when he referred to the subject, "he never laid it up against her." Lemuel was her only child. He was named after his father, and he, in turn, gave his son the same name. It was said that there was always a Lemuel in the Jenkins family for time out of mind, and I believe it. The above was learned after a diligent inquiry from the older people in the neighborhood, while the balance of the story came to me from Uncle Si the day after Lemuel Jenkins was buried. He seemed to be in a reminiscent mood when the mourners drove away. After looking in the fire for

some time he bade me close the door and bolt it. When I had done so, he made the following statements:

"When I returned to the village at the close of the war, I had very little money, but, thank the Lord, a good stock of health, which has remained with me from that day to this. Three years in the cavalry gave me a fair idea of what a horse can do and what he should look like in order to 'stand grief,' as the expression goes. This knowledge carried me into the livery and sale business, which I have followed from that day to this. My first move was to purchase the good will of a man that was leaving town. His business was located in an old barn in the rear of the hotel on the north corner of Main Street, where the Post Office now stands. On making an inventory of the stock I found he had half a dozen wagons for light driving and as rough a looking lot of horse stock as ever eat hay and oats. Trading was his long suit, and from the looks of things he had been getting the hot end of the poker.

"In order to even up matters, I auctioned the whole lot and made a trip to Buffalo to buy three or four good livery horses. I found what was wanted and then added a pair of workers as a starter in the sale business. After a week or two I let them go, doubling my money, as in those days the farmers did not breed as many mares as they do now. This gave me an idea as to where the money was in the horse business, and from that time on I always had a few for sale. Then when I saw a fresh young horse that I thought would suit the city trade, I bought it and sent it on. By 1867 I was on my feet and had a little

laid by. That spring I made three trips to Buffalo for horses, and on each trip I saw one that pleased me clear to the ground. I wanted him for myself, but could not get him, as the man would not sell.

"From the start, it looked to me that a man in the horse business should have a good horse for a trade-mark, and one that the people would know as soon as they saw him coming down the road or into town. This horse caught my fancy, and the more I thought of him the better he pleased me. He was a golden sorrel, standing sixteen hands full, with four white pasterns and a broad, white strip in his face. His owner said he was of the Champion breed, from up Auburn way, but of that I knew nothing at that time. I did know, however, that there was not such another horse in our county, and that he could trot a mile in three minutes, which was fast enough to keep out of the dust in this section. In these days the big sorrel would be termed a 'chancy horse,' as he seemed to be at home, no matter how or to what you hitched him, while his bold, fearless way of going filled me full every time he stepped by. Perhaps you have never had that kind of horse fever, but I am free to admit that I had it once, and had it bad. Whenever I thought of Buffalo I could see that big sorrel horse with the white face, and it was so set on my mind I finally decided to go and get him if he could be bought in reason."

At this point Uncle Si walked over to a tall desk in the corner of the room and opened a little drawer, from which he took a time-stained newspaper and what proved to be an ambrotype of a horse. As he unfolded the paper I could see that one of the articles

had a heavy mark drawn around it; but before referring to it, he handed me the ambrotype with the remark, "that horse was the cause of my quarrel with the late Lemuel Jenkins." As I examined it I could see it was the picture of the horse he had been describing, and the sparkle in the old man's eye showed that the sight of it still pleased him. Handing me the newspaper, he said he would continue his remarks when I had read the marked article. The paper was a portion of a copy of the "Buffalo Express" of August 15, 1867. The following was the article, marked:—

THE DEXTER TIME RACE.

Two Seventeen And A Quarter.

Naturally, the all-absorbing interest of the occasion centered in the race which Dexter was to trot against his best time, and his appearance on the track was the signal for prolonged applause, which grew louder as Doble, with a smile, leaped into the sulky preparatory to the warming-up process. Fawcett was standing on the seat of a barouche near the judges' stand, watch in hand, and smiling significantly, as he viewed the movements of the driver, who went back and forth several times, and at length swung around for a full mile, first giving the judges to understand that the heat was merely preparatory. It was evident that if the horse could beat 2:19, today was the time for the trial. Every movement showed perfect condition. Meanwhile, in a carriage on the right stood a gentleman who few in the vast crowd recognized, but who kept his eye upon the horse, and as he passed, shook his head, as if to say,

DEXTER.

"He'll do it." At length the white-footed flyer was ready, and a hundred watches clicked as he passed beneath the line. "Thirty-four," shouted a hundred voices as he flashed by the quarter. Dead silence ensued. "One ten," whispered the same voices, with suppressed excitement, as the white face disappeared behind the half-mile post, and a pin could have been heard to fall on the grand stand as the horse dashed into the homestretch, moving swiftly, but without apparent effort, toward the goal. "Two-sixteen." "Two-eighteen." "Two-nineteen." (a long breath.) "Two-twenty-one-ahalf," and a wild cry of disappointment went through the vast throng. Fawcett glanced at Doble, who merely cast up his eyes, and the owner of the trotting king quietly replaced his watch and sat down to await what he now knew was to be the result. Meanwhile, the unostentatious gentleman in a linen duster, and looking like a traveller whom, moreover, nobody knew, drew his time-piece and rubbed his hands with satisfaction, saying nothing.

It was four o'clock when Doble again appeared on the track, with difficulty restraining the eager horse.

As before, Ben Mace, on Charlotte F., rode leisurely after him, as they rolled up to the distance flag and turned for the second trial. Again the watches leaped to view and the quiet gentleman rose from his seat, while ten thousand people held their breath in suspense. The pace was already tremendous as the horses went under the line and the watches ticked the start. "Thirty-three and a fifth" at the quarter. "One-seven" said the time-keeper when the half was reached.

In a cloud of dust red against the sky, onward sped the flying feet. With difficulty the excited crowd was kept from the track, the unerring watches swiftly marking the seconds as they flew. "Two-ten." Two-fifteen—without a skip." "Two-seventeen," and the horse touched the shadow of the line and was gone like an arrow. A wild roar of applause swept from the assembled thousands and rolled away in silence as the crowd, leaping all barriers, rushed up to the stand to hear the official decision. "Two-seventeen and a quarter." Again and again the cheers went up, "Dexter," "Doble," "Fawcett," "The Buffalo Park,"—in fact, everything and everybody came in for a share of the wild enthusiasm which would not be repressed.

The pleasant gentleman whom nobody knew was by this time safe in the press-stand, when Mayor Wells turned to the audience, and looking down upon the sea of up-turned faces, said:

"Gentlemen:—I am pleased to announce to you that the magnificent animal whose triumph you have just witnessed has been purchased by Robert Bonner, of New York. He will trot once more here and once in Chicago, and will then pass into the finest private stable in the world."

Words fail to convey any idea of the scene that followed. There was something that seemed to strike the popular fancy in this last crowning stroke of the man whom the moment before very few knew, but whom thousands recognized as if by intuition when his name was spoken. Amid a perfect tornado of applause the quiet looker-on stepped forward, in answer to loud calls of "Bonner! Bonner!" and said:

"Gentlemen—Like my friend, General Grant, I cannot make a speech, but I can at least return to you my sincere thanks." It was better than many words, and the vast throng once more roared their hearty admiration of Bonner and Dexter, and with an eager look at the gentleman in the linen duster they turned away, satisfied with the glory of having seen in a single day the master of the "Ledger" and witnessed the fastest trot in the world.

MR. BONNER'S STABLE.

"You know," said Mr. Bonner, turning to a friend, "I always had the ambition to have the largest circulation and the finest horses in the world; at last I think I have both;" and he immediately wrote the following characteristic telegram to a friend in New York:

"Buffalo, August 14, 1867.

"I saw Niagara Falls this morning for the first time, and I came down here this afternoon to see that other great wonder, Dexter, trot, where he beat the world, having trotted in the unprecedented time of 2:17¼. You know how I like to secure all the best things, and as I could not buy the Falls, I did the next best thing, and bought Dexter. He will go into my stable September 10."

Dexter will trot once more this week, and then go to Chicago, where he fulfills two engagements. On the 10th of September he goes into Mr. Bonner's stable, and will thereafter disappear from the turf. From that time he will never again trot for money, but in consideration of the fact that the Buffalo Park has witnessed his two greatest achievements, Mr. Bonner, it is said, has promised to show him here next

summer, together with his other horses, which are as follows:

Peerless, who has made the best time to wagon, 2:23¼.

The Auburn Horse, eight years old, who can beat 2:20.

Pocahontas, who can go in 2:23.

Lady Palmer and Flatbush Maid, who have together made two miles in 5:01¼ to a road wagon.

The price paid for Dexter is as yet a secret, but it is over $30,000, probably considerably more.

"I was there that day," said Uncle Si, "and I kept that paper to remind me of the first great trotter I ever put an eye on. The next day I bought Champ, which was the name of the sorrel horse. His owner was a well-known dealer in Buffalo, and, like many another man before and since him, took a flyer at the races and lost. At this fair there was, as I remember, a race for horses that had never beaten 2:30. Nine or ten horses started in it, and every one was positive that a mare called Crazy Jane would win it. Champ's owner was sure of it, and if he told me once, he told me fifty times it was like finding money to bet on her.

"Well, you never in your born days seen such a mixed up race as that one was before they were through with it. If I had been a betting man, which I never was, my money would have gone on Melton, as he was the only one in it that I had ever seen in a race. The year before a young man named Simon James came over from Canada with this horse and won a good race, and the best part of it was they were not looking for him. He sold the horse to a man up

Michigan way and he had him at this time. There is a summary of the race on that piece of paper pinned to that newspaper, and by looking it over you will find that they were at it two days and trotted nine heats. I remember that Crazy Jane was distanced after she won two heats, while May Queen and a horse named McClellan also won two heats; but Melton wore them all down and won the race.

"When Crazy Jane was distanced, Champ's owner found he had bet more money than he could spare, and he did not make any bones in telling me about it. I felt sorry for him, and when he asked me to let him have three hundred dollars to take up a note at the bank the next day, I told him I would think about it over night and tell him in the morning. He knew I had the money with me and was certain I would let him have it, but he did not remember the old song:

> "When one of whom a favor's asked
> Postpones it till next day,
> 'Tis to a man who knows the world
> As if he said him Nay."

"Next morning, when I told him I would give him $300 for Champ, but that I could not lend that amount, he looked at me rather hard, but did not say much. Finally he told me to come back at two o'clock and he would give me an answer. I was there on the stroke of the clock and got the horse. I learned afterwards that he tried every way he could think of to raise the money, but somehow the bank people learned he had been betting and would not advance any or extend the time on the note, and rather than have it go to protest, he let me have the horse.

"That night as we sat by the stable door he told me all about Champ and his peculiarities, and he had a few of them. I learned that Champ would stand anywhere without hitching until meal time, when, if you did not watch him, he would start for the stable. If you hitched him in the street he would break the halter, and if he could not, he would throw himself. In the stable, if you did not keep him in a box stall, all you had to do was to turn him loose in a tie stall. If you tied him he would never stop until he broke something. He would not go with a blind bridle, and if you had a whip in the wagon he would refuse to start until it was taken out or put where he could not see it. What he would have done if struck is something I never wanted to find out, and I drove him for over fifteen years. All you had to do was to speak to him and he was off, and he would keep going until you took him back. Up hill and down hill, it was all the same to Champ. He was as near a machine as flesh and blood can get, and for me just as easy to control. This was the horse that caused the trouble between the late Lemuel Jenkins and your Uncle Si.

"There was some peeking and craning of necks the first time I stepped Champ through the main street of the village. I timed myself so that I arrived home Friday evening, and on the following afternoon, when all of the country people were in doing their shopping, I hitched him to my light road wagon and let him parade. Champ had brought all of his city airs with him, and it seemed to do him good as he lorded it over the farm horses and workers tied around the square. When I returned to the stable there was a bunch of

fifty people to see him unhitched and two or three of them wanted to buy, one of them being Lem Jenkins, but I shook my head and told them that I had purchased Champ for myself and would keep him.

"In order not to get ahead of my story I must state that the fall before Lemuel Jenkins decided that he had had enough of farming. His father wanted him to stay at home and help keep up the place, but Lem would not listen to it. He was always wanting both his father and mother to sell the farm and move into the village or go to Buffalo. Both of them knew that the farm would not sell for enough to keep them when the money was let out at interest, and they also knew that they could not make a living at either place after the money was gone. Helen, that is Lem's mother, wanted him to marry their neighbor's daughter, Sarah Leroy, and settle down, but he was uneasy and wanted a change. The upshot of it all was that Lem came to the village and went to clerking in Flynn's store. This Flynn was a long-headed chap in his way. He saw that Lem could bring him some trade, which was worth considering when the business in the village was cut up between three of them. Then Flynn knew that Lem, with his prospects when the old folks were gone, would be a good catch, and all the mothers with daughters on their hands would look at it in the same light. And so it proved.

"Lem Jenkins, in his young days, was a right smart looking lad, and at a husking, dance, or church sociable, there were only two or three in those parts who could hold a candle to him. He could find more red ears of corn, dance longer, and play more games than any one I ever heard of, and when you pinned

those accomplishments to the fact that he had an eye for a pretty girl or a compliment for a plain one, you can form an idea of the didoes he cut up around here for a time. At all events, the spring after he came to the store it looked every afternoon like a church fair at Flynn's. I would hear every few days that this, that, and the other girl was eternally running down to Flynn's to buy a paper of pins, a spool of thread, a bottle of hair oil, or something like that. You never saw the like of it. It seemed as if all of them were after Lem hot foot, and he was as proud as Lucifer. You can rest assured that this did not make him very popular with the young men in the village, and they did not fail to show it whenever an opportunity presented itself. As I was too busy to bother with such matters, Lem told me time and again of his troubles and triumphs. I advised him to pull up, but I find that people do not like advice unless it chimes in with their own ideas.

"Another card in Lem's favor was played in May when his mother sent him a top buggy and a handsome brown mare. He put them up at my stable, and you can depend that neither the horse nor buggy were dusty for want of use. He was out every night until all hours, and in a short time the neighbors began to talk. I was told four or five times that he and one of the village girls were going to make a match of it, but something always happened. Since then I learned that his mother had someone watching him, and in a day or so she called on the girl's mother. This made Lem as cross as a bear with a sore paw, but he was not sharp enough to learn who did it.

"At that time Peter Pickle lived in a house three or four doors from my stable. He was one of those easy going mortals that always had time to help a neighbor, but no time to do a little work for himself. He would argue for one hour that two and two would make five, if the teacher only thought so, and never told the scholars different, or that the world was flat, and if you came too near the edge you would drop off in space. This was the kind of work he enjoyed. Then if there was a fire or a hurrah of any kind, he would toil from morning to night without a whimper, but if it came to hoeing a few potatoes or a patch of corn for himself, well, he would let that jog on until to-morrow, or until his wife or someone who knew her would turn to and do it. Under such conditions it is not hard to guess how he stood in money matters, but as the bills were always paid, and no complaints made to the village, those who passed up the street smiled as they saw Peter sitting day after day on a box in front of Flynn's store where the old fogies, as they termed themselves, met to talk matters over.

"The women folk, however, knew that Peter's wife was working week in and week out at her trade in order to earn food for herself and daughter, as well as her shiftless husband. As for rent, well, Riley, the miser, as they called him, owned the house at the time and I have been told by those who went over his books after he died, that they found an entry that no rent was to be charged for the place. Mary Riddle was a dressmaker when she married Peter Pickle. She told me herself that she refused Riley because he was stingy in money matters as a young man;

but that entry convinced me that he always had a warm place in his heart for her and did not forget her when she was in trouble.

"When Peter Pickle was married, he had a little money of his own. Up to that time he had lived at home and had never done a day's work. After settling down to housekeeping, he adopted the same plan as both he and his wife thought that the money would last forever. With all going out and nothing coming in, they in time, found they were mistaken. Then there was a spell of borrowing; after which Mary, who was too proud to go and live with the old people, told her friends that she was going to take up her trade again. This bit of independence resulted in Peter Pickle being cut off with a few dollars in his father's will.

"As soon as Peter found that his wife could earn money, he stopped making an effort to get any, and let her keep the house. Mrs. Pickle never said a word, but worked away until her daughter Mary was old enough to help her. When I enlisted, Mary was a slip of a girl in short dresses with a big braid of black hair hanging down her back. When I returned, she was the belle of the village. Everyone called her 'pretty Mary Pickle,' but with all her good looks, she worked away and never lost her head. Her father continued in the same old rut, while the village boys with whom he was never very popular, put in all of their spare time making jingles with his name, or repeating in his hearing such alliterative nonsense, as 'Peter Pickle put a pig in Pepper's pound,' or 'Peter Pickle picked a peck of pickled peppers.' Notwithstanding all this, the mother and

daughter appeared to be proud of him, possibly on account of his simple ways and old fashioned manners. They kept him well dressed, and every Sunday morning both of them walked arm in arm with him to service. At such times, he donned his broad cloth suit, long since shiny with age, a high collar and black stock. Poor simple old man, he has long since gone to his rest. He was a shiftless body, but he died without an enemy, which is something that few of us can say.

"The week after I returned from Buffalo with Champ, I learned that Lem was going with Mary Pickle, and I did not like it. His mother was the first one that told me. She drove into the stable bright and early one morning, and, taking me aside, told me all of her troubles. Now, while Helen was my sister, we had never been very close, as she was married when I was a little tot, and when I began to grow up, a look from her would make the chills run up and down my backbone. She told me how she wanted her Lem to marry the Leroy girl and with her he would get a farm as large as their own, just as soon as the old man 'turned up his toes,' as she put it, and it would kill her if he threw himself away on that Pickle girl. I could see she was worried, and had been for some time, when without a whimper she sat down and went on to tell how she had been heading Lem off all over the village.

"That did not interest me very much, but when she began to make unkind remarks about Mary Pickle, because she had to work for her living, and her father being 'no account,' something inside prompted me to take her part, and I just up and told

her that Mary Pickle's little finger was worth Lem's whole carcass. That staggered her. She was so mad, that she bit her finger nails and with a toss of head and a sniff that made the horses in the stalls jump, she wheeled right about face and marched out of the barn. In an hour or so, a man from Riley's stable came in with an order signed Helen Jenkins for Lemuel's horse and buggy. He got it. From that day, my sister would go round a block to keep from meeting me. I also learned that the same afternoon, she called at Mrs. Pickles and forbade Mary, in the presence of her mother, to go out walking or driving with 'her boy.' Mrs. Pickle was too much of a lady to make a scene, and the visit came to an end without Mary saying whether she would or not.

"When Lem heard of the didos that his mother had been cutting up in the village, there was a scene. I do not know what happened when he met her, but he told me that night, he was going to marry Mary Pickle, if she would have him. When I heard him make the remark, it sounded strange, and as he walked out of the barn whistling, says I to myself, 'I don't think you will.'

"That evening I called at Mrs. Pickle's and the next evening I called at the same place. The following evening, I took Mary Pickle out for a drive behind Champ, and she was delighted with him. You have an idea what a moonlight night in September is like. Well, it was one of them, and I thought she never would stop admiring that horse. After I had brushed him down a flat piece of road, she made me stop so she could get out and have a better look at him. Then she asked me to go up the

THE MOONLIGHT RIDE.

road, and drive him by her so that she could get a better view of him when in motion. Then she insisted that I should get out and let her drive him. Champ seemed to enjoy it, and I know I did, but when I left him standing loose on the road until I climbed over a fence after a hat full of apples, there was no end to her praises. She afterwards told me, that that drive was the first bright spot in her life, and I believe it.

"Next day it was all over the village, that Lem had been cut out by his Uncle Si, and do you know it rather pleased me when I heard it. After that, it was almost an every day occurrence for Mary Pickle and I to take a drive. As she had to take work home, I met her frequently. At such times, I picked her up. It was not out of the way, as she lived so near the stable, and I thought nothing of it. Champ also became her special pet, and there never was a day when she did not give or send him a piece of sugar or a sweetie. That pleased me as Champ was then the apple of my eye.

"Lem never mentioned the matter, but from the way he acted he was doing some thinking. That was the long suit of the Jenkins family. Along toward the latter part of October, he drove into the stable, and, after passing the time of day, said he wanted to trade his mare for something with a little more speed and style. I showed him three or four horses, but I could see that they were not what he wanted. Finally he blurted out 'why don't you show me the sorrel horse?' I told him that Champ was not for sale. That did not satisfy him. I could see he wanted him and would pay the price, but I did not want to sell

Finally I told him that I would not part with Champ except at three or four times what he was worth, and then if I did let him have him he could not drive him.

"Now, if there was anything that Lem prided himself on it was his ability to handle a horse, and, between you and me, he was a clever horseman, but he had never, up to that time, met as peculiar a piece of machinery as was wrapped up in Champ's hide. I learned afterwards how Mary Pickle had told him what a lovely horse Champ was, and how she enjoyed a drive behind him, and all that sort of thing. Lem put this and that together and decided that Mary went driving with Uncle Si, because she was in love with the horse, and that he would have smooth sailing in that quarter if he could only get Champ. I was not cute enough to see through this spider web, but I did know that Champ suited me clear down to the ground, and that I might never get another horse like him.

"Lem hung on like a bear at a root. I was sick and tired listening to his offers to trade or buy. In an hour or so he went away, and I thought that was the end of it. I was mistaken, as a little after dinner, when I was hitching Champ up for a jog, he walked into the yard and said he would go out with me if I did not object. I could not very well say no, so out we went. Then he started the same old story. If he told me once, he told me twenty times, he had made up his mind not to go home without Champ. Finally something tempted me to lead him on, and after he had offered $400 and his mare, I said, just as a feeler, 'if you will make it $600 you can have him, but if he does not suit you, I am to have the privilege

of buying him back.' I could see that the price staggered him, and there was nothing more said until the horse was being unhitched. He then took me to one side and said, 'Si, I'll give you the mare and $600 for Champ if you will take a ninety-day note for $200 of it.' Situated as I was I could not very well refuse, as I knew the note would be good some day if he did not take it up when due, so he led Champ away and sent me the mare. He was in such a hurry to get possession of the horse that he never asked me a word about him, and, to tell you the truth, I was not very anxious to tell him.

"About a month after the trade I turned out one morning before daylight to get a train to Buffalo. Before going down to the depot I ran into the stable to see if everything was O. K., and as I passed through the shed there stood Champ hitched to a wagon. He had a halter on over the bridle, while there was a foot or so of the shank still hanging to it. There was not, so far as I could see, a scratch on either the horse or wagon, but both showed that they had been out in a storm. I had at the time a half idea that Lem had tied Champ somewhere and that he had broken loose. In order to be certain, I drove the horse over to Riley's stable and there found that a man was still up waiting for Lem to come in. He told me that when he came on watch he was told that Lem had Champ out and would not be in until late, as he had driven out to a dance at the Four Mile House. I left the horse and went to Buffalo.

"On my return, Mrs. Pickle told me that Lem took Mary to the dance, which did not break up until about two in the morning. When they were ready to come

home the horse was gone, and as his team was the only one from the village, they were forced to either stay all night or walk home in the rain. Lem insisted on remaining where they were, but Mary would not hear of it. Then Lem said he would stay whether she did or not, so Mary started for home through the rain. She was a sight when she reached home, and was so done up that she did not get out of bed for a week. As for Lem, he came in on a farmer's wagon next morning, and when he learned what Champ had done, it did not improve matters any. As soon as Mary was up and about he called on her and tried to square himself, but she would not see him, and sent him word by her mother that she would never speak to him again. This pleased Helen, so I have been told, but it made Lem madder than a hornet, while the whole village had a good laugh over it.

"I never said anything, but every few days I heard that Lem was saying I had bested him in the trade; that I should have told him Champ would not stand when hitched, and all that sort of thing. When the note was due, he refused to pay it, and at the same time told the cashier of the bank that he never would pay it unless I went to law. This stuck in my crop, but I grinned and bore it, while all of the time I missed Champ more than I cared to tell. I was just aching to have a drive behind him, while from the day Champ went away Mary Pickle stopped sending or bringing over a piece of sugar or a sweetie. For a time I did not miss that, but it began to wear on me and I felt uncomfortable. Then I noticed that I did not meet Mary on the street as often as when I had Champ, and when I did meet her she usually had

an errand in the opposite direction to that which I was going. To be plain, before I sold Champ I thought that Mary was taking a shine to me; but after the horse disappeared I found that all of her favors were for him, and not his owner.

"That spring it seemed as if everything about the place was going at sixes and sevens. Lem greeted me with a distant nod when we met, which was very seldom, and finally, even old Peter Pickle failed to come near the stable to loaf for an hour or two. It looked to me so much like a case of freeze out that I became disgusted, and had just about made up my mind to sell out and emigrate, when one afternoon I met Lem with Champ hooked to a top wagon on the side road near the gravel pit. I stopped and signalled for him to do so. As I did so he took his horse over to the left hand side of the road and pulled up with the seat of his wagon opposite my dashboard, and so close that the hubs almost touched. Had he been driving any other horse than Champ it would have given me a chill to see him sitting there with only a foot or so of turf between him and the edge of a steep bank.

"As he tipped the top of his wagon back, Lem asked me what I wanted, saying it in a manner that was anything but encouraging. I told him what had been said about the trade and that the remarks had been traced to him, and also reminded him that when we traded it was on his proposition, not mine, as I did not want to let Champ go. I could feel myself getting a little warm as I talked, for it was an aggravation to have him sit there and never say a word, while Champ would keep turning his head to look at

me. Finally I told him that if he wanted to plead the 'baby act' I would then and there trade back.

"As I said this I could see a flush creep over his face, while a wicked look came into his eye. Then, when I asked him why he had not acted like a man and taken up the note, he grabbed the whalebone whip out of my buggy and raised it over his head as though he were going to strike me. Champ also saw it and, I suppose, thinking the blow was intended for him, wheeled like a flash and upset the wagon. As it went over the bank the king bolt snapped and Champ started for the village on a gallop with the front wheels behind him and the reins flying.

"It was all over in an instant, and before I could get my wits together, Champ had whisked around the corner at the foot of the hill, while the balance of the wagon was lying bottom side up about half way down the bank. As I looked at it, I felt like following the horse and leaving Lem to get out of it the best way he could. I spoke to my horse and was moving off when the thought of him being dead flashed through my brain. With it came the dread that people would say I killed him. The mere idea made my blood run cold, as in its wake came such details as an inquest, a jury trial and possibly worse.

"Nature finally got the better of my anger, and after tying my horse to the fence I tipped Lem's wagon over and laid him on the grass. He was insensible, dead for all I knew, while I could see a cut on the side of his head, and that his right arm seemed loose, as though it were broken. What to do I did not know. There is a little spring near the place, and getting some water in my hat I bathed his face with

it. About all the good it did, so far as I could see, was to wash away the blood. There was not at that time a house within a mile of the place, and I was afraid to go for someone and leave him by the side of the road.

"Just when I was at my wits' end who should walk over the hill but old Peter Pickle. He took in the situation at a glance, and without asking any questions, told me to drive to the village for the doctor. I was off before he had finished the sentence. You can guess the balance of the details. Lem was taken home in a wagon box half full of hay. When he came to, it was found that the arm he was going to strike me with was broken above the elbow. The cut was not very serious; but he was so badly bruised that it was three months before he was about.

"On the night of the accident I found that Champ stopped at my stable. He was in his old stall when I drove in. Three weeks rolled by and no one called for him. On the third Saturday Sarah Leroy called. I could see that she was rather pale as she asked for me. When I came up she handed me a letter from Lem. I opened it, and on reading it, saw that it was written by a woman. When I asked who wrote it, she said she did, as she was helping Mrs. Jenkins take care of Lem. In the letter Lem said that if I gave Sarah the note and sent him his mare I could keep Champ and he would never mention the subject to me again. I accepted the offer, and he never did mention that or any other, as we never spoke to each other from the day we met on the hill. From that time on he hated me, not so much on account of the affair on the hill, but what happened a few days later.

"On the evening that Champ was again my property I hitched him to the best wagon in the shed and invited Mary Pickle to go for a drive. She jumped at the chance, and as we stepped down the road she told me time and again that she would like nothing better than to go on driving behind Champ forever.

" 'Then why not?' said I.

" 'Of course,' said she, and a roguish twinkle came into her eye when she twisted her head to look at me.

" 'I suppose you would want to hold the reins,' said I, as I took a good look at her out of the corner of my eye.

" 'Under no other conditions would I go,' said she, as she looked off over the fields.

" 'Then marry me,' said I, 'and you can have the horse.'

" 'I will do it,' said she, just as free and easy like as if she were speaking a piece in school, but there was a hug and a kiss that went with it to bind the bargain.

"We were engaged before we returned and married in a week. That was speed for you, but Champ did it. As you know, Lemuel Jenkins married Sarah Leroy and now his son and my daughter are man and wife. Our little war is over, but of all that were here, I am the only one left to tell about it."

FICKLE GAMEY.

Hear the sledges with the bells,—
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
—*Poe.*

Yes, I'm a tout. What of it? You don't have to look at my teeth to learn that. My harness, my shoes and my tile tell the tale. Perhaps they have seen better days. So have I, but, as they say in the ring, I am down on my luck. Made good money up the line, got gay, went up like a rocket and came down like a stick. Trifle seamy! Well, rather; but good things will come again. Am on to one for to-day, and for a fifty spot you can be in with it. Furnish the long green and I will gather the tickets and split what we win. Are you on? Did you shake your head? Well, I never! Ten, did you say? That will help at times, but not for this one. It is too good for a nibble. A tenner will do for a heat, but when you find a forty to one shot, hit it. See! Hit it hard. Let them know you are on earth and stepping through the deep footing. Get busy; dip deep in the roll, so you will know you are playing. Lose a little, or win a strip of Broadway. Do you bite? What, did you shake your head again? Well, there are others. Oh; I thought you would thaw. Twenty-five, did you say? No nonsense. Peel a hundred off your roll, and when they cash in to-night you will have something. I'm on! Jump in the band wagon and let them play. It will give both of

us a lift. Will you step? Ah; that's proper. Fifty, it is—good enough. It will be put where it will do the most good when they open.

Was I ever there, did you say? Well, I should remark, that is a proper question for a gentleman who has made paths between race tracks for a bunch of years. In my whirl I have seen both sides of the card, played black and red, won on star green, been flushed with birds, and chased to cover by the Pinkies; and for what—to live without working. By my wits, did you say? Who told you? Ha! ha! It was Gamey tipped you the wink. Gamey of all the world. He lived before they were off at the Gut. Snowballs in plenty in those days—ey, Gamey! But for once I will chirp. Not in my line, but as Gamey has tipped me off, here goes.

In the old days when Harlem was further from New York than it is now, the transportation being slower, Gamey, the bird on the stick, hopped out among the goats to One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street. He was swagger, you had better believe, with his fedora and cigar at an angle of forty-five, like a well-shod trotter, and as he paraded down Lexington Avenue, what did he do but run full tilt into the arms of a maiden sister to a sporty butcher in Harlem. Like a bit of trading stock, her age was uncertain, but she wanted a man, and Gamey being a bird in the hand was worth two in the bush. Before you could prance around a block, the pair were thicker than thieves in Mott Street, and nothing would do but that Gamey would hop home with her for tea. Would he go? Well, when any of the craft steps by a feed, let me know it. They had buns, beer and

bologna and what not, and by the time for bedding down Gamey was ticketed for the spare room in the flat. No one could expect a gentleman of leisure to boom home in a horse car from Harlem at one in the morning. It was bad morals. Gamey struck it rich and did not know it. But when were we wise?

Off and on until the snow came, the amiable card kept popping up in Harlem, and then for the finish. The maiden lady's brother had a trotter which he had no time to drive, and as for Gamey he could do that to perfection. Had he not acted as an understudy for Mace, Murphy and all that ilk? Well, I should remark! Out he went one fair afternoon with the lady in the robes, and when bed time came they had not returned. But of that—well, do you want to hear the balance?

Go on, did you say? Well, see me step! The pair cut a splurge up Seventh Avenue to McCombs' Dam bridge, and tarried for a little air and refreshments at Gabe Case's old place on Jerome Avenue. Wheeling into the yard with a jingling of bells and the flourish of a Wall Street blood who had made his first strike, Gamey flung the reins to the head boy and flounced the lady into the back parlor. "A small bottle," says Gamey. Just think of it. I suppose in the excitement he forgot the warm bird; but no matter. Up came the fizz, and the tears popped into the maiden lady's eyes when she sipped it. They sparkled like the bubbles in the glass. Reckon she thought she had hooked on to an abbreviated millionaire in disguise. And there was Gamey. The way he put on airs, the waiter told me, was enough to crack the pictures on the wall. With a cigar as long

as a scraper in the corner of his mouth, he told the maiden lady of this and that on racing until she could feel the ponies tramping on her hair. After another small bottle, that was the limit, and with a wink to charge it to Murph—the gall of the beast—the pair stamped out on the stoop and called for the horse. He came out prancing, and the way Gamey trounced the lah da dah speed owners up and down the avenue that afternoon was a revelation to dogs and little fishes. His old "hicar" could be heard from Judge Smith's around the bend and by the glass front stoop at Case's, where Murphy and the rest of them were thawing out with hot toddies and cracking their sides laughing at Gamey's gall in charging two small bottles to Murphy's account. Murphy never winked an eye. He knew that he would catch up with the old peg later.

After trimming everything he tackled, Gamey pulled up at Judge Smith's and ordered his horse cooled out and fed. He was making a splurge, as the maiden lady told him she had two tenners knotted in the corner of her pocket handkerchief, and on the strength of it he ordered a supper that would bring up all standing. The likes of him had not been seen on the road for a few days, and Gamey was out to win. After the 'steenth, "here's looking at you," with the boys in the cafe, while the lady was up stairs brushing up for the banquet, one of the rakiest lads in the bunch stumped Gamey for a trade. It was the first nibble, and it went into the sawdust with the drinks Gamey had not swallowed. Oh, but he was a smooth one! After another bite that looked as though he had taken

the hook, the pair stumped out to the shed and looked at the goods. The blood offered two hundred and his nag. Gamey wanted four, but after a haggle and a hitch, took three and a check for the dinner.

How much was it? Oh, go away. How do I know, I did not see it. In the middle of the night Gamey and the maiden lady rode home over the snow by moonlight. They had a new horse, but she did not notice it, and Gamey was so busy with other matters that he did not peep. Gamey did not go in when they stopped at the home plate. Like a good boy he jogged the horse around to the shed, tied him under it, put all the blankets on to keep him warm, and left Harlem forever.

Hold up your palm to him. He is the pick of the basket. And now make it a hundred; three figures always make a good play. There, I knew you would. So long. Will see you to-night if the good thing connects. What is it, did you say? Waiting. As the embryo plunger looked at his score card, the tout disappeared in the crowd. Waiting was drawn.

TOM.

This happened in the good old days,
Before Budd Doble came
To Yankee land, with Goldsmith Maid,
And his "catarrhal name."

Uncle Si always remarked that a balky horse was annoying, and there are still a few people in the world who will believe him. I at one time had one that was just the reverse and one that I shall remember as long as I live. In the spring of 186- I drove a medicine wagon out of Springfield, my orders being to go west and keep going until I reached Detroit or thereabouts. I had a wagon full of medicine that would cure anything from a cold to hydrophobia, a fine set of harness and a rather shabby pair of horses. They had been over the road many a time, and I told the boss, when I climbed over the wheel, both of them needed trading. He did not object to matters of that kind so long as the wagon could keep on the move and a man came home with as good a pair as he went out with, which would be a very difficult matter unless he came back on the cars. I never heard of any of the drivers rendering an account for boot except when they traded in medicine, and by keeping awake a man with an eye for a horse could occasionally make a dollar. As spring slipped into summer, my wagon rolled over the Berkshire hills, across New York State, and the strip of Pennsylvania on which Erie is located, into Ohio. I do not remember now how many times I traded horses or swapped one for two, tieing the odd

one to the end of the wagon until I found a purchaser. But that is not here or there, as it is not a part of this story.

In due time I reached Toledo, and, as the roads further west were deep, I decided to turn back from that point and make for New England. I then had a gray and a black, both good horses for the road, but only ordinary every day horses. There was not much wrong with either of them and what it was, it would take a better man than me to find out. Now, while I do not wish to interrupt this tale, I wish to say on the side, as the actors do on the stage, that every horse trader, at least all that I have met and known, has away down in his heart the idea of a horse he would like to own and retire satisfied that he had the best to be found. With some it is a chestnut with four white feet and a flaxen mane and tail, and with others a gray with almost sense enough to talk. I also had up to that time an idea of the horse I wanted, but to save my life I could not describe him. It was, however, something that I had never seen, or, at least, examined close enough to feel that I wanted to own it. Like many another man, I found my horse in Toledo. He crossed my path on a Sunday morning as I was sitting in front of the stable where I had put up, and just after I had cleaned up everything so as to be ready to start east the following morning before the sun was high enough to take the starch out of a collar, as it is powerful warm in Northern Ohio about the first of September. On looking down the street, I saw a boy coming towards me leading a bay gelding with a diamond-shaped spot on his forehead. There was nothing remarkable

in this, but as that horse came up the street he seemed to grow upon my mind and fill my eye until I could see nothing else. Something seemed to say within me "there is your horse," and to be candid with you he was a tidy looking one.

When I shut my eyes I can see him now as he stood there that morning, a bright bay with black legs, short back and a shoulder, while a trifle straight for fast work, but just right to fit into a collar for a long and a strong pull; an eye that said plainer than words could tell, "you cannot conquer me," and an ear that played about as if he were still looking for the chickadees to sing to him. My, how I wanted that horse, with his clean flat legs, round hoofs, and short neck with just a little bit of an arch to it.

He looked like gold standing there with his legs well under him, just like a big buck in the woods getting ready to jump over a wind fall. To make a long story short, I traded for him, giving my gray horse and $100 in money. I would have given $150 just as quick, as I had the money and the fit was on me, but, instead of holding off, took the first offer made for fear I would not get him. I think now in my heart that the owner of the horse felt sorry for me, but he could not make me believe it, as there was something in that horse's make-up or action which drew me to him, just as some men say a snake can charm a bird, although I have never seen it done. After I had traded and had paid my money, the man I traded with took me aside and said, "Now, stranger, the bay horse is yours. His name is Tom. It is not necessary for you to tell every one what you gave for him or what you are going to do with him, but if you are going

TOM.

away from Toledo, let me advise you to never carry a whip in the socket or strike him with one."

Naturally I asked him why he made such a remark, as he had assured me that the horse was true and kind in harness.

"Do you want to know?" said he.

"I certainly do," said I.

"Well, then, stranger, if you want to know, and you do not care to ask any one in Toledo, I will tell you confidentially; If you hit him he'll balk and stay in his tracks from sun rise to sunset," and with that he left me.

Now that was a nice state of affairs, but I made up my mind to keep Tom whether he balked or not, and started east with him on the off side, while my whip with the lash rolled round the stalk was strapped on the top of the wagon where I could not get it if I wanted to.

As I drove over the roads near the southern shore of Lake Erie through Oak Harbor, Sandusky, and the other towns, I did a very fair business for September and exchanged the nigh horse of my team several times, but no one could show me a horse or a pair of horses that I would think of taking in trade for Tom. He and I took to each other and the longer I had him, the better I liked him. From morning until night he was right up on the bit and became so free that I believe he pulled about all of the load, as in those days I always saw to it that there was a strong pair of straps from the double whiffletree to the axle and equally strong straps on the neck yoke. No poles falling down or saw toothed pairs would satisfy me when driving a wagon on the road.

I reached a town called Elyria on a Saturday morning. It was well along in September, and, as I drove by the square in the center of the place, I saw fifteen or twenty teams hitched to posts and rails running round it. One horse in particular attracted my attention, it being a harum scarum looking chestnut mare with a white splash on her face and three or four white legs. Her owner had just driven up with her and, from the trouble he was having in hitching her and making her stand, I made up my mind that he was not very anxious to continue as her owner. She also looked to me like one that would stand training on the road, so I drove over near him and asked him how he would like to trade for the nigh horse of my team. The nigh horse was a very good one, but rather dull and what would be called in the trade so-so. The farmer jumped at the chance as I supposed he would, and, after looking my horse, as I thought, inside and out and asking all kinds of questions about his steadiness, and if he had ever run away, said he would trade even. I did not think he would, but at all events when I drove out of town that afternoon I had the chestnut mare and twenty-five dollars of the Lorain County farmer's money in my inside pocket.

I reckon that few people in Elyria ever saw such a pair of horses step out of town to a medicine wagon, and some of the old people there may remember them to this day. There had been a light shower during the morning. It laid the dust, cleared the air, and made a horse feel like going. Being of the opinion that the white-faced mare would require a little more attention than Tom, I changed him over to the nigh

side and he seemed to like it. From the way he stepped out of the stable yard around the corner and down the main street, I began to think he was a circus horse, while the mare acted as light and jaunty as a feather on your hat. In this way we started for Cleveland, and at a clip which I knew would whirl me east in short order.

I did not know then, but I have learned it since, that this chestnut mare was a noted runaway in those parts and had been in scrapes without number. I could never learn how many wagons she had wrecked or how many owners she had had, but that is not here or there, as I tamed her.

The road from Elyria to Cleveland is a very good one, being well gravelled and on high land. As Tom was in grand road shape, and the mare acted very free, I let them move along just enough, as it were, to take the wire edge off. After going five or six miles, I slowed them up a little, as both of them were taking hold of the bit hard, and let them cool off. From that time until I was within seven or eight miles of Cleveland, I did not have much bother.

In some way my whip, which had been strapped to the top of the wagon, worked loose at one end and made a slapping noise, something like a sliver will on a rail fence on a windy day, but a little louder. The mare did not like it and, as she looked around at me, I could see the white of her eye. As she began to fish for the bit or take hold of the iron, as the drivers say, I could not stop and fix it. Then the thought flashed through my head that if Tom saw the whip he might forget all I had taught him. What to do I did not know. Just then the mare be-

gan to switch her tail and twist her head from one side to the other and all the time feeling for the bit, as it were, and started to run. I could see the road ahead of me, dead level for over a mile, so thinks I, I'll let you have it out as a runaway horse, like a woman, will have her way. As soon as I let go of her Tom started and it was nip and tuck as to which could run the the faster.

The wagon was a strong one, having been built for heavy work, but I could feel it swaying as they bounded forward. I did not care as I made up my mind that I could ride as fast as they could run and, if the worst came to the worst, I could still jump and let them have it out between themselves. That, however, is the last thing that a driver should do, as I have always maintained in good and bad weather he should, like a pilot, stay with the rig.

As the pair raced head and head, I had time to look about me and found that the road was on a high ridge with a big valley on the right hand side. Through this I could see a small stream, so I knew there was a bridge ahead, but where was it and how was I ever going to get down to it. To be on a level with the road a bridge would have to be over two hundred feet high, and it looked like suicide to think of racing over it at the clip I was going. As this flashed through my mind, and I can assure you it only took a fraction of a second for it to come and go, I looked ahead. The road made a slight bend to the right, and after a sharp dip disappeared. That meant a corner on the edge of a ravine, and how was I going to make it behind a pair of runaways?

THE LITTLE BROWN HOUSE UNDER THE HILL.

Men tell that when drowning your whole life passes before you, as it were, in review and I believe it. In the span of a few seconds all that I had ever done or said seemed to come and go, these thoughts being as it were, a vivid background of what was going on around me. I was sure I was going to my death, as it would not require much of a bend in the road to send me with the wagon and horses rolling down among the rocks, stumps and logs, into the water.

As the wagon began to make the dip in the road, it flashed on me to jump and let the pair get out of it the best way they could. As I raised in the seat the wagon lurched and tilted me back. I threw out my left hand to save myself from falling between the wheels. It struck near a small guard rail which ran around the top of it and, striking the whip, broke it loose. As the whipstock rolled under my hand, I grabbed it, and with the familiar feel of it came the thought "would I strike Tom." If he failed me I could still jump. Swinging around I made another pull on the reins but it was no use, my arms were numb. At last in desperation, setting the brake with my foot, I raised the whip in my left hand and gave it a whirl around my head in order to get the lash free. I could hear the lash hiss and saw it knit into Tom's hide as it fell like a white band from the point of the shoulder to his quarters, then all was a blank.

The balance of the story was told to me a few days later as I lay on a cot in a little brown house under the hill and near the bank of the stream which I learned was called Rocky River. The man who related it was going towards Cleveland when he saw my team coming at runaway speed. In order to be

out of harm's way, he ran up the bank and from the crest of the hill saw what happened at the bend of the road. When he saw me put on the brake and strike Tom he said that he was sure I was a madman, and he could not understand it until I told him of the trade in Toledo.

He said that when I struck the horse he made an effort to brace himself and stop. With his haunches well under him he slid to the bend of the turn, the mare all of the while doing her utmost to pull him along. Her struggles swung Tom around, and as the wagon followed them, it tipped over. The mare was thrown, while Tom was flung clear and clean over the top of her. When he struck, his back was broken, and death soon put him out of misery. He was buried under a big maple tree near the brow of the hill. The mare escaped with a few scratches, but the wagon and harness presented a very battered appearance. This man also said that as soon as I struck Tom and the jolt came through him trying to balk, I went over the dashboard and was picked up for dead. Fortunately it did not prove as bad as that. A few days later I visited Tom's grave on the hillside and clipped a lock of hair from his tail. I had it made into a watch guard, which I have worn from that day to this.

THE CONFESSION.

On a cold, rainy night rather late in the fall,
When the wail of the wind makes you think of the dead,
A despatch took me out on a very strange call,
'Twas to hear a confession. This is what was said.

"When I'm dead tell the men not to bury me deep;
Dig my grave by the big sandy bluff near the road,
So my bones can forever be near the hoof beat
Of the teams as they pass up the hill with a load.

"And I'll tell you, but Jack, do not call me a slink,
I am guilty and stopped your brown mare at the Bay;
But, dear Jack, when I did it they gave me the wink,
And remember, you bounced me the very next day.

"The touts paid for a dinner and opened some wine,
And we then had a box at a vaudeville show;
The next day when I pulled her they said it was fine,
But they soon cut me dead and I saw I could go.

"You now know that I stole, still you're smoothing the way
For a villain who cheated you. These are the facts.
You have good cause to leave me and let the town pay
For the box to hide me. I'm ashamed of my acts.

"It almost broke my heart when I had to get down;
I was poor and help's scarce when you're loaded with grief;
In a week I was starving; in two weeks the town
Had to aid me because I was marked as a thief.

"It may not look as well to be down on the ground
When the tempters called winners roll by in a hack,
But I know I feel better when out for the round
That is coming to me on eternity's track.

"I'd have jogged out my race without ever a word
As I've had my full portion of trouble and fun,
But it may be that many who of me have heard
Will, when tempted, say No, see the course Charlie run.

"That is all; now the starter can send me away
On a trip that is dark, and I don't know the track,
With a chance for a pardon upon the last day
If you go by the Book, as no one has come back.

"I have broken the rules and with you played the deuce,
To all that and to more I am free to confess,
But I'm dying, dear Jack, and a limping excuse
Cannot lighten the burden or make my sins less.

"That is all. I feel strong. Do you think I'll get well?
Now my mind is at rest. There's no pain in my head.
But, dear Jack, where's the light? Did you hear the call bell?
Wait for me, Judge, I'll come." With the words his life fled.

THE END.

And this is all I have to say
About the parson's poor old bay,
The same that drew the one-horse shay.

—*Holmes.*

The yarn for this volume of "Tales of the Turf" has been spun. The horses whose names have been woven into the warp and woof of the book are again in their places on the shelves for another run out with the dust and to "dumb forgetfulness a prey." As they again pass into the shadow, thoughts of those who made them famous, and of those who recorded their performances peep through the smoke wreathes of memory and flutter for a few minutes like moats in an arrow of light. They, too, with few exceptions, have been carried to their little palaces of clay, the simple records of the facts being all that remains for their labor and sweat, toil and trouble, ambitious dreams and hope of reward. Others took their places and the world jogged on without a ripple. It has been so since Creation's dawn, and shall continue.

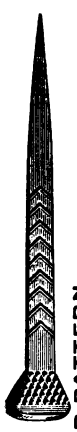
All come and all go. For a few the footing is good, sky clear and everything favorable, while others find the going heavy and rough, see banks of clouds on the horizon and meet obstacles at every turn, but when the race is finished and the last of the fates snips the thread, the end is the same.

"Question not, but live and labor
Till yon goal be won,
Helping every feeble neighbor,
Seeking help from none;
Life is mostly froth and bubble,
Two things stand like stone,—
Kindness in another's trouble,
Courage in your own."

In the deepening twilight troops of shadowy forms march down the avenue of memory. They bear thoughts of those we knew. An old friend that was buried last month spoke of it, now we speak of him. In time others will speak of you and I, for, notwithstanding the knowledge acquired by man and the control which he has achieved over the elements, the machine wears out just the same as when "Adam delved and Eve span." Still the old world is not half as bad as many strive to make it, and while like Tennyson's Brook "Men may come and men may go," you can rest assured that the ponies will go on forever.

PLAIN PATTERN REGULAR HEAD.

Lou Dillon, 2:00



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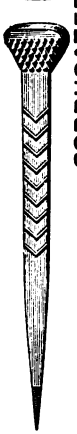

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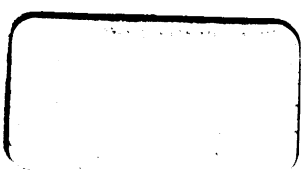
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